THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benj. Franklin

AUG. 30, 1913 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
PENRHYN STANLAWS

In This Number

Stories and Articles by

Irvin S. Cobb
Melville Davisson Post
Henry Beach Needham
Corra Harris
Samuel G. Blythe
Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch

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Walter Johnson—
"Washington Senator" in his Working Clothes

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Walter Johnson—
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ball player on and off the Ball field. The transformation is simply bewildering!

No matter how bemauled and inelegant your star may appear in ball togs—he's a model of good taste and good style when in dress clothes. The contrast between Muggsy McGraw at the Polo grounds and John McGraw on Broadway is the contrast between the disheveled and the genteel.

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Mind you, we said "made-TO-ORDER" clothes—for every Royal Suit is made to individual measure—and individual specification.

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No money can buy better tailor-made clothes than Royal clothes. Better clothes are simply not "makable!" Yet, you can get your Royal Tailored Suit or Overcoat to order for Fall at

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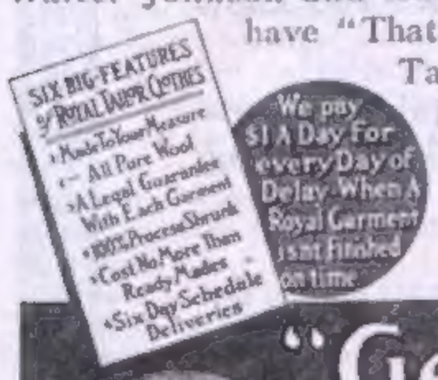
(Special to Foremost Clothiers:—
If your store—the best in your town—is without a Royal Corner, it is an exception to a fast growing rule. Write us for Special Proposition to First Rate Clothiers.)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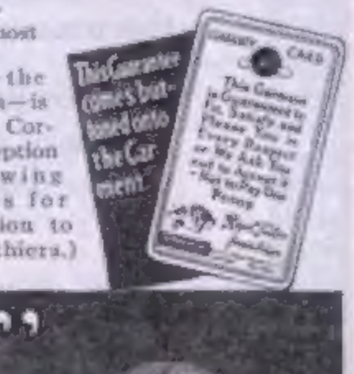
We pay $1 A Day For every Day of Delay When A Royal Garment is not Finished on time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This Garment is Guaranteed by the Royal Tailors to Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You not to Accept It and to Accept Nothing But Money Back

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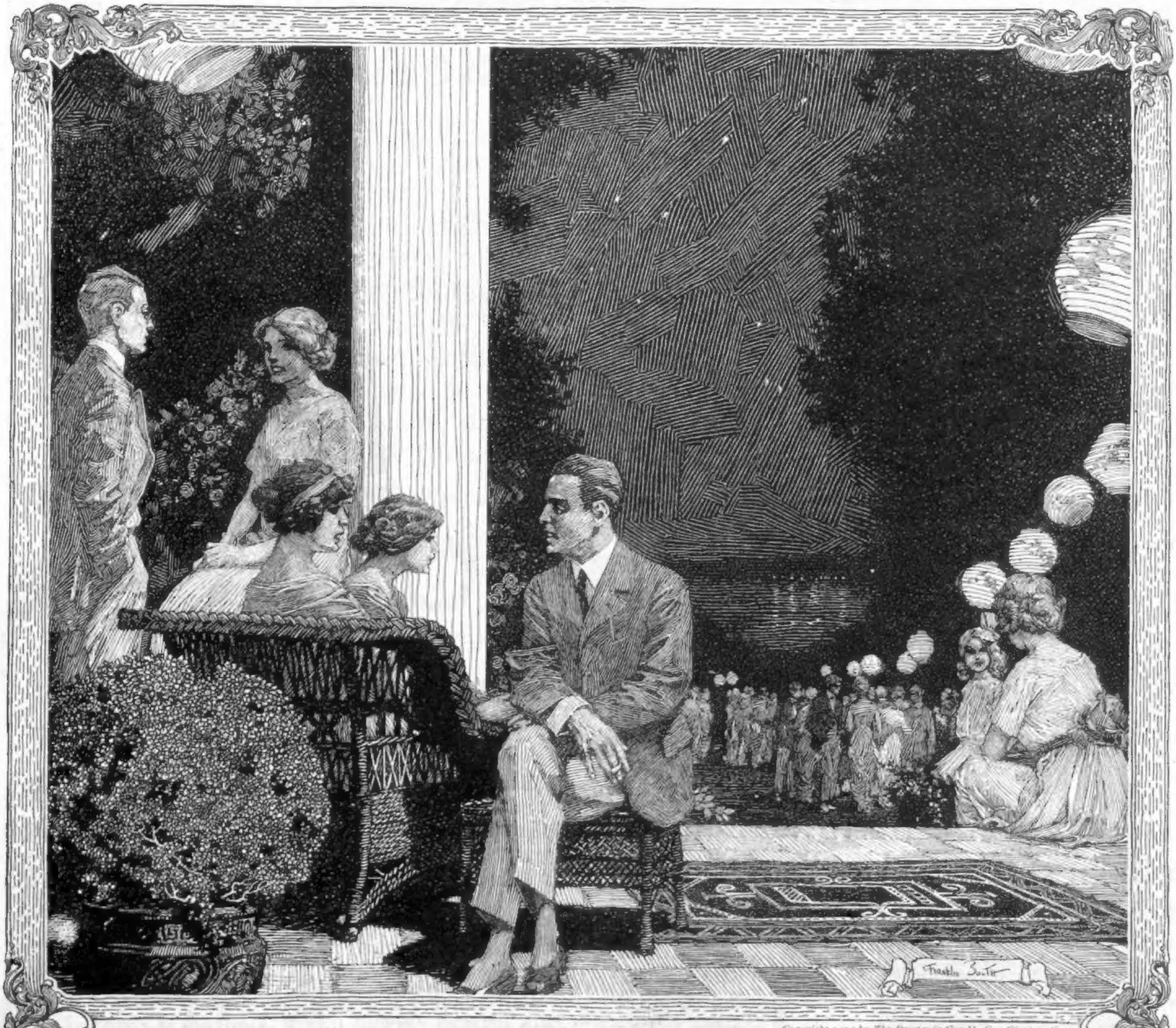

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The night is perfect and the scene on the lawn under the swinging lanterns is a gay one. The girls are wearing their most charming white dresses, while the men with their light summer clothes are equally in the spirit of the occasion.

A silent but largely contributing factor to the brilliance of the scene is Ivory Soap. Those delicate white garments would not look so pretty but for this mild, pure cleanser. In keeping better-than-ordinary fabrics not only clean but as white, sweet-smelling, soft and unworn as when new, nothing is to be compared with Ivory Soap. You know the reason:

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1913,
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the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 186 *PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 30, 1913* *Number 9*

High Cost of Living in Washington

By Henry Beach Needham

IF THE man from Mars, Missouri, happened to alight in Washington on a certain Tuesday when the Administration was nearing the completion of one-eighth of its allotted service, and chanced to buy an afternoon paper at the Union Station, he found that the big story of the day on the front page, first column, reported an unusual state of affairs at the White House.

The President, it appeared, had called off the regular meeting of the Cabinet and denied himself to all callers—even to those senators who were piloting the Wilson-Underwood-Simmons Tariff Bill through the upper branch of Congress. This was due, the White House reporters announced, to Mr. Wilson's desire to spend the day in careful study of the Mexican situation, preparatory to a conference with the American Ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson—not of the ruling Wilsons—who had been summoned to the Capital presumably to be put upon the carpet.

In another part of the newspaper the uninformed Martian learned that the Secretary of State, constitutionally and historically the president's right-hand man, was in Chicago, where at noontide he had told reporters he would talk with them if they would direct him to an eating place serving good, well-flavored cantaloupe.

Incidentally the organ of truth advised the man from Mars that the Secretary of State was flitting from one Chautauqua gathering to another, at which he was delivering lectures for pay.

Foreign Complications

THEN, if the curious Martian took it into his head to wander over to the Capitol and into the gallery of the Senate, he listened to a spirited debate upon the resolution: "That it is the duty of the United States to afford ample and complete protection to all its citizens, whether at home or abroad and whether native or foreign"—which, of course, sounds like Yankee common sense. He heard Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, long a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, tell of an outrage to a German subject and his family—and how the German Minister had gone immediately to the Mexican government and carried away with him an indemnity of about twenty-five thousand dollars. He also heard that many American citizens had been thrown into jail and otherwise mistreated and that nothing had been done about it!

Finally he was perhaps stirred by the impassioned speech of Senator Fall, of New Mexico, who, in asking redress for the wrongs suffered by Americans in Mexico, demanded that wherever an outrage had been committed upon a citizen of the United States an armed force should be sent into Mexico to succor him—indeed, "if no other method will secure his release he is entitled to the assistance of the last citizen of the United States to release him!"

Between the jocular comment on Secretary Bryan's predicament and the serious but not grave condition of our foreign affairs in particular aspects there ranges a variety of questions, some trivial, others important, and one especially worth unbiased investigation, namely: Do we handicap the head of the Cabinet by giving him an inadequate salary? This goes much beyond the fortunes—or fortune—of the present incumbent; but, for the reason that the main and correlated questions have been raised by the Secretary of State in his statement to the public, to discuss Mr. Bryan is unavoidable.

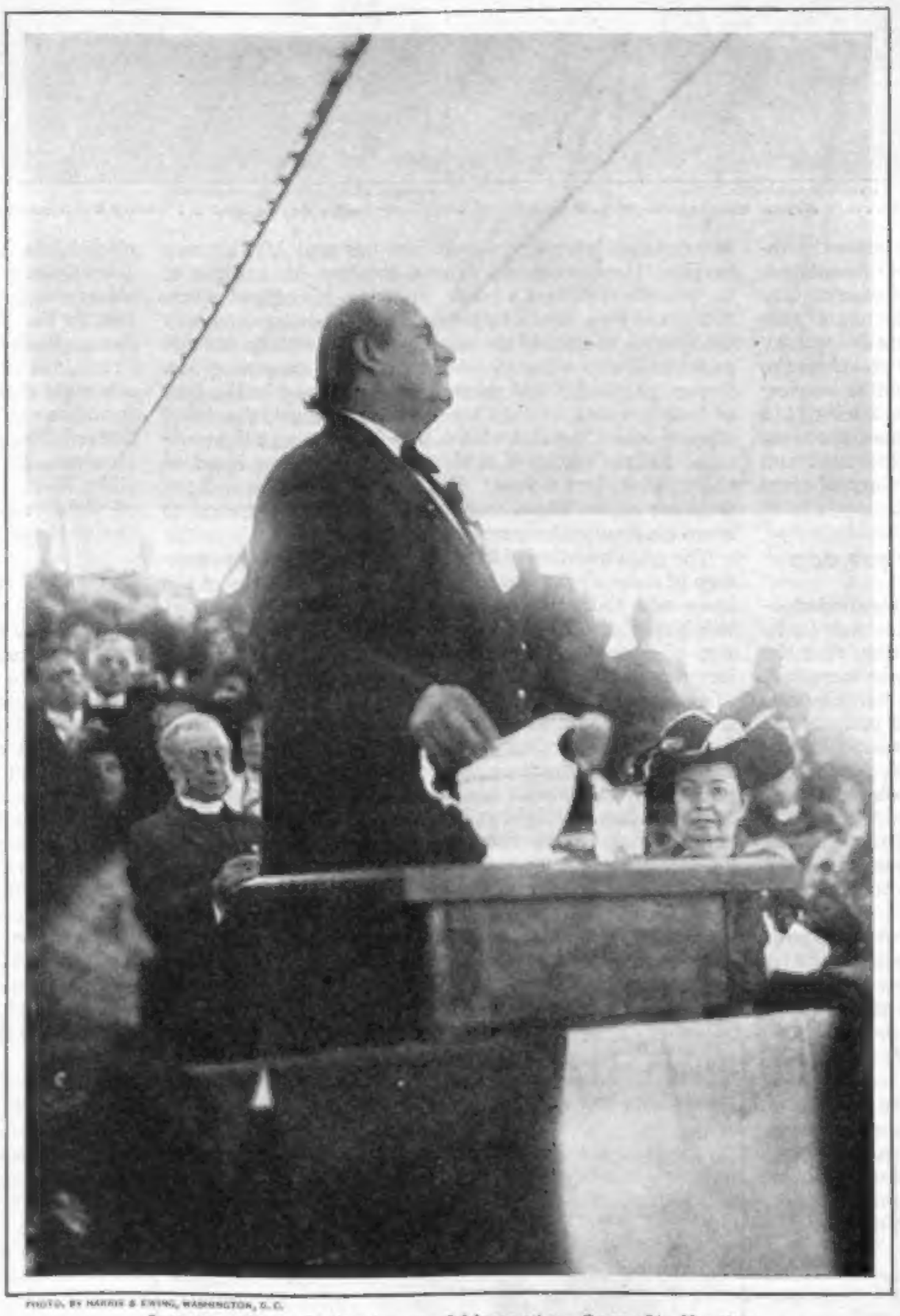


PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Secretary Bryan Delivering an Address at an Open-Air Meeting

In this discussion, based entirely upon the undisputed facts, together with their interpretation by the Secretary of State himself, it should be emphasized at the outset that what Mr. Bryan may have done or may have neglected to do in office has little bearing on what he has accomplished out of office. Future historical writers, intent upon giving the truth of events, will accord to William Jennings Bryan a very important share in the progressive movement of the last decade. But having long preached public office as a public trust, and having continually assailed public officers when they violated that trust, he was certain to be criticized if he did not prove himself equal to that trust in its highest essentials.

The Chautauqua Circuit

AS A POLITICAL preacher Mr. Bryan has to his credit fine work that will live long after him. Whether he is to crown this work with a notable career as secretary of state remains to be seen. Grant was a great general, one of the greatest in the world's history; but few, if any, would say he was a great president. Bryan was a great crusader; but as an administrative officer and as a diplomatist, is he to succeed in that noteworthy degree which his prominence in American public life would hopefully promise? Mr. Bryan alone can answer this question. In any event no fault reasonably can be found with the verse of poetry that introduces the first volume of Speeches of William Jennings Bryan: Revised and Arranged by Himself, With an Introduction by Mrs. Bryan. It reads:

I do not know
Where falls the seed that I have tried to sow
With greatest care;
But I shall know
The meaning of each waiting hour below
Some time—somewhere!

What are the facts? With a Mexican policy undetermined and pressing for determination; with our Japanese relations in a state of irritation; with the arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain hung up in the Senate because of the question of the Panama Canal tolls, the Secretary of State—about the middle of July—left Washington for the Chautauqua circuit. To excuse himself or to explain why, though receiving a salary from the Government, he was lecturing for money, Mr. Bryan subsequently announced that he was taking his vacation. But how the head of the Cabinet could permit himself to leave his post of duty for a vacation when diplomatic subjects of such vital importance and of such delicate nature were pending in his department, passes the comprehension of the oldest observers who have seen Cabinet officers come and go about as their fancy dictated. The President had set the Secretary of State a good example by postponing if not foregoing his vacation and sharing with Congress the discomforts of Washington in midsummer. Mr. Bryan, but twice removed from the presidency, might have followed the example of his chief.

Of course he looks upon his lecturing as a give-and-take proposition in which he gives the people inspiration and guidance while taking their money and keeping himself in the public eye. How do they feel about it? Enthusiastic admirers of the Secretary of State contend that the people who have paid to hear him feel they have a proprietary interest in the Secretary's time; that they have driven the wolf from his door, have made him comfortable, and have insured him against poverty in his declining years. But does this unselfish delight in the Secretary's prosperity go so far as to make

the people eager to increase his accumulations now that he is, to say the least, fairly well off? Such is not the word from the South—and again we return to the *res gestæ*.

On July thirteenth, the day being Sunday, Mr. Bryan was billed to speak at Hendersonville, a small town near Asheville, North Carolina. The people drove from miles round to hear their secretary of state. Most of these country visitors were amazed, then made angry, when they found that an admission fee was charged—and to their slender purses a large fee. Those who came late also found that speculators had bought many of the tickets and were selling them at double the fixed price. The unexpected drawbacks to a memorable occasion brought forth a protest which was so penetrating in its intensity that it reached the ears of the Secretary of State and he felt obliged to explain.

He said it was necessary to lecture for cash in order to eke out his official salary—twelve thousand dollars a year, or a thousand dollars a month. This statement instantly impelled comparisons with the earnings of other Americans. The folks told each other, or were told by the wise old boy in every community, that the average yearly pay of railroad employees is $651; that, though ministers the country over average $663 a year, if you exclude city preachers the average minister gets only $573 for twelve months' service; that workers in manufacturing establishments receive $518 on the average, and that common-school teachers must manage somehow to live on an average yearly honorarium of $436—less than half the salary the secretary of state receives every month from the Government.

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Secretary Bryan Waiting for Mrs. Bryan

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. Bryan and a Visiting Diplomatist

Mr. Bryan's Income Estimated at $22,000

NOW this is, I believe, an unfair method of comparison—but it is the comparison Mr. Bryan has invited; for he asserted dogmatically, in answer to a question, that the salary of the secretary of state ought not to be increased. Hence arose the query voiced in the Senate: "If it be true that the secretary of state cannot live and perform the duties of his office on the salary of twelve thousand dollars, and that the salary should not be increased, does it not follow that only wealthy men can be appointed to the office, or men who can make some money outside the salary of the office?" This appeals to one as logically unassailable, except that there may be still a third class, composed of the two classes named—that is, wealthy men who also make money outside the salary of the office.

Mr. Bryan said that for seventeen years, through writing and lecturing, he had enjoyed an income sufficient for his "immediate needs," and that he had saved in addition, "on an average, something more than ten thousand dollars a year." The expression "something more than ten thousand dollars" may cover quite a wide range of golden nest-eggs—twelve, fifteen, eighteen, twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But let us give the accumulator the benefit of the doubt—say he has saved a little over ten thousand dollars a year; to be exact, $11,765. Taking no account of interest, this would mean a total accumulation of two hundred thousand dollars—many of his friends estimate his fortune at a much higher figure. At five per cent Mr. Bryan's savings, thus estimated, would produce an income of ten thousand dollars a year. Added to his official salary this would give him twenty-two thousand dollars annually with which to uphold the dignity of the portfolio of state and not touch a penny of his savings—something Mr. Bryan, physically and mentally vigorous and in the best of health, young at fifty-three, seems strangely fearful of dipping into. But Elihu Root, in order to accept the portfolio of state, sacrificed a single retainer of one hundred thousand dollars a year. Not only this, but he did not whimper when obliged to draw upon his private means to serve his country as secretary of state.

The main question of importance—Do we pay the secretary of state a salary sufficient to meet all expenses of the home and those arising from official life?—is one about which opinions differ widely. Great Britain pays her secretary of state for foreign affairs twenty-five thousand dollars a year. In France the foreign minister receives a salary smaller than is paid in this country—ten thousand dollars a year; but he has the use of an official residence—a palace, in fact, equipped with a full staff of servants and maintained at government expense. Further, because he must entertain foreign statesmen and diplomats, he has an allowance that might well be called a popularity account, ranging from twenty thousand to thirty thousand dollars a year. The German minister for foreign affairs receives thirty-six thousand marks by way of salary and an allowance of fourteen thousand marks for entertaining—the equivalent of almost twelve thousand dollars; but he also enjoys, rent free, a furnished residence or palace, so that he is much better provided for than is the American secretary of state. In this comparison we should not lose sight of that commanding figure, the chancellor of the German Empire, who receives an annual salary of twenty-five thousand dollars and lives in a beautifully furnished palace in Wilhelmstrasse at Berlin. He is the German premier, just as our secretary of state occupies a position which virtually amounts to that of premier. So, you see, if we go abroad for our comparison the United States is parsimonious in its treatment of the secretary of state.

Neither British nor European standards are popular in this country, however, where Jeffersonian simplicity is supposedly our national lay. Look at the matter, then, solely from an American point of view. From 1789 to 1799 the salary of the secretary of state was thirty-five hundred dollars a year, during which period Thomas Jefferson and Edmund Randolph served in the office. Thence until 1819 the salary was five thousand dollars a year, and the secretaries of state included John Marshall, James Madison, James Monroe and John Quincy Adams. For the next thirty-four years the salary was six thousand dollars and in that time Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun and James Buchanan were in charge of our foreign affairs. From 1853 until 1911 the salary of the secretary of state was eight thousand dollars a year, and during that period the office was occupied by such eminent men as William H. Seward, Thomas F. Bayard, James G. Blaine, Walter Q. Gresham, Richard Olney, John Sherman, John Hay and Elihu Root. It was but two years ago that the salary of all Cabinet officers was increased from eight thousand to twelve thousand dollars a year.

Where Official Salaries Go

NOW it is true that members of the Cabinet, other than the secretary of state, can live comfortably and without detriment to their official positions on twelve thousand dollars a year, though the salary is not what one would term commensurate with positions of such great responsibility. At least three members of the present Cabinet are living on their Government salaries. One of the secretaries—and in many respects the ablest—pays for house rent but one hundred dollars a month, or twelve hundred dollars a year. Several of the secretaries are paying not over twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Mr. Bryan pays thirty-five hundred dollars a year for his furnished house.

There is a marked difference between the social demands imposed upon the secretary of state and the requirements incidental to the other Cabinet portfolios. To some extent a domestic Cabinet officer can limit his social entertainments about as he sees fit. If he accepts invitations, naturally he ought to return the hospitality he has enjoyed. Officially it is required of him that he give one Cabinet dinner, which is attended by the president and his wife and by the other members of the Cabinet and their wives, together with such unofficial guests as the host and hostess desire to invite. But, in addition to the dinner to the Cabinet, the secretary of state must entertain both visiting statesmen and resident diplomats.

(Concluded on Page 27)

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

This Furnished House Costs Mr. Bryan $3500 a Year

PHOTO. BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK CITY

Secretary Bryan Checking Up His Crops

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

The Bryan Home in Lincoln

SMOKE OF BATTLE

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I Didn't Have But Nine Dollars to My Name"

THIS befell during the period that Major Putnam Stone, at the age of sixty-two, held a job as cub reporter on the Evening Press and worked at it until his stock of fine linen and the patience of city editor Wilbert Devore frazzled out practically together. The episode to which I would here direct attention came to pass in the middle of a particularly hot week in the middle of a particularly hot and grubby summer, at a time when the major was still wearing the last limp survivor of his once adequate stock of frill-bosomed, roll-collared shirts, and when Devore's stock of endurance had already worn perilously near the snapping point.

As may be recalled, Major Stone lived a life of comparative leisure from the day he came out of the Confederate army, a seasoned veteran, until the day he joined the staff of the Evening Press, a rank beginner; and of these two employments one lay a matter of four decades back in a half-forgotten past, while the other was of pressing moment, having to do with Major Stone's enjoyment of his daily bread and other elements of nutrition regarded as essential to the sustenance of human life. In his military career he might have been more or less of a success. Certainly he must have acquitted himself with some measure of personal credit; the rank he had attained in the service and the standing he had subsequently enjoyed among his comrades abundantly testified to that.

It must be confessed, however, that as a reporter he was absolutely a total loss; for, as already set forth in some detail, he was hopelessly old-fashioned in thought and speech—hopelessly old-fashioned and pedantic in his style of writing; and since his mind mainly concerned itself with retrospections upon the things that happened between April, 1861, and May, 1865, he very naturally—and very frequently—forgot that to a newspaper reporter every day is a new day and a new beginning, and that yesterday always is or always should be ancient history, let alone the time-tarnished yesterdays of forty-odd years ago. Indeed I doubt whether the major ever comprehended that first commandment of the 'prentice reporter's catechism.

Devore, himself no grand and glittering success as a newspaper man, nevertheless had mighty little use for the pottering, ponderous old major. Devore did not believe that bricks could be made without straw. He considered it a waste of time and raw material to try. Through that summer he kept the major on the payroll solely because the chief so willed it, the chief being a fellow member of the major's at the Shawnee Club, and his friend besides. But, though he might not discharge the major, at least he could bait him—and bait him Devore did—not, mind you, with words, but with a silent, sublimated contempt more bitter and more biting than any words.

So there, on the occasion in question, the situation stood—the major hanging on tooth and nail to his poor job, because he needed most desperately the twelve dollars a week it brought him; the city editor regarding him and all his manifold reporter's sins of omission, commission and remission with a corrosive, speechless venom; and the rest of us in the city room divided in our sympathies as between those two. We sympathized with Devore for having to carry so woeful an incompetent upon his small and overworked crew; we sympathized with the kindly, gentle, tiresome old major for his bungling, vain attempts to creditably cover the small and piddling assignments that came his way.

I remember the date mighty well—the third of July. For three days now the Democratic party, in national convention assembled at Chicago, had been in the throes of labor. It had been expected—in fact, had been as good as promised—that by ten o'clock that evening the deadlock would melt before a sweetly gushing freshet of party harmony and the head of the presidential ticket would be named, wherefore in the Evening Press shop a late shift had stayed on duty to get out an extra. Back in the press-room the press was dressed. A front-page form was made up and ready, all but the space where the name of the nominee would be inserted when the flash came; and in the alley outside a picked squad of newsboys, renowned for speed of the leg and carrying quality of the voice, awaited their wares, meanwhile skylarking under the eye of a circulation manager.

Besides, there was no telling when an arrest might be made in the Bullard murder case—that just by itself would provide ample excuse for an extra. Two days had passed and two nights since the killing of State Senator-elect Rodney G. Bullard, and still the killing, to quote a favorite line of the local descriptive writers, "remained shrouded in impenetrable mystery." If the police force, now busily engaged in running clews into theories and theories into the ground, should by any blind chance of fortune be lucky enough to ascertain the identity and lay hands upon the person of Bullard's assassin, the whole town, regardless of the hour, would rise up out of bed to read the news of it. It was the biggest crime story that the town had known for ten years; one of the biggest crime stories it had ever known.

In the end our waiting all went for nothing. There were no developments at Central Station or elsewhere in the Bullard case; and at Chicago there was no nomination. At nine-thirty a bulletin came over our leased wire saying that Tammany, having been beaten before the Resolutions Committee, was still battling on the floor for its candidate; so that finally the convention had adjourned until morning, and now the delegates were streaming out of the hall, too tired to cheer and almost too tired to jeer—all of which was sad news to us, because it meant that, instead of taking a holiday on the Fourth, we must work until noon at least, and very likely until later. Down our way the Fourth was not observed with quite the firecrackery and skyrockety enthusiasm that marked its celebration in most of the states to the north of us; nevertheless, a day off was a day off and we were deeply disgusted at the turn affairs had taken. It was almost enough to make a fellow feel friendly toward the Republicans.

Following the tension there was a snapback; a feeling of languor and disappointment possessed us. Devore slammed down the lid of his desk and departed, cursing the luck as he went. Harty, the telegraph editor, and Wilbur, the telegraph operator, rolled down their shirtsleeves and, taking their coats over their arms, departed in company for Tony's place up at the corner, where cool beers were to be found, and electric fans, and a business men's lunch served at all hours.

That left in the city room three or four men. Sprawled upon battered chairs and draped over battered desks, they inhaled the smells of rancid greases that floated in to them from the back of the building; they coddled their disappointment to keep it warm and talked shop. When it comes to talking shop in season and out of season, neither stock actors nor hospital surgeons are worse offenders than newspaper reporters—especially young newspaper reporters, as all these men were except only Major Stone.

It was inevitable that the talk should turn upon the Bullard murder, and that the failure of the police force to find the killer or even to find a likely suspect should be the hinge for its turning. For the moment Ike Webb had the floor, expounding his own pet theories. Ike was a good talker—a mighty good reporter, too, let me tell you. Across the room from Ike, tilted back in a chair against the wall, sat the major, looking shabby and a bit forlorn. For a month now shabbiness had been seizing on the major, spreading over him like a mildew. It started first with his shoes, which turned brown and then cracked across the toes; it extended to his hat, which sagged in its brim and became greenish in its crown; and now it had touched his coat lapels, his waistcoat front, his collar—his rolling Lord Byron collar—and his sleeve-ends.

The major's harmlessly pompous manner was all gone from him that night. Of late his self-assurance had seemed to be fraying and frazzling away, along with those old-timey, full-bosomed shirts of which he had in times gone by been so tremendously proud. It was as though the passing of the one marked the passing of the other—symbolic, as you might say. Formerly, too, the major had also excelled mightily in miscellaneous conversation, dominating it by sheer weight of tediousness. Now he sat silent while these youngsters with their unthatched lips—born, most of them, after he reached middle age—babbled the jargon of their trade. He considered a little ravelly strip along one of his cuffs solicitously.

Ike Webb was saying this—that the biggest thing in the whole created world was a big scoop—an exclusive, world-beating, bottled-up scoop of a scoop. Nothing that could possibly come into a reporter's life was one-half so big and so glorious and satisfying. He warmed to his theme:

"Gee! fellows, but wouldn't it be great to get a scoop on a thing like this Bullard murder! Just suppose now that one of us, all by himself, found the person who did the shooting and got a full confession from him, whoever he was; and got the gun that it was done with—got the whole thing—and then turned it loose all over the front page before that big stiff of a Chief Gotlieb down at Central Station knew a thing about it. Beating the police to it would be the best part of that job. That's the way they do things in New York. In New York it's the newspapers that do the real work on big murder mysteries, and the police take their tips from them. Why, some of the best detectives in New York are reporters. Look what they did in that Guldensuppe case! Look at what they've done in half a dozen other big cases! Down here we just follow along, like sheep, behind a bunch of fat-necked cops, taking their leavings. Up there a paper turns a man loose, with an unlimited expense account and all the time he needs, and tells him to go to it. That's the right way too!"

By that the others knew Ike Webb was thinking of what Vogel had told him. Vogel was a gifted but admittedly erratic genius from the metropolis who had come upon us as angels sometimes do—unawares—two weeks before, with cinders in his ears and the grime of a dusty right-of-way upon his collar. He had worked for the sheet two weeks and then, on a Saturday night, had borrowed what sums of small change he could, and under cover of friendly night had moved on to parts unknown, leaving us dazzled by the careless, somewhat patronizing brilliance of his manner, and stuffed to our earlobes with tales of the splendid, adventurous, Bohemian lives that newspaper men in New York lived.

"Well, I know this," put in little Pinky Gilfoil, who was red-headed, red-freckled and red-tempered: "I'd give my right leg to pull off that Bullard story as a scoop. No, not my right leg—a reporter needs all the legs he's got; but I'd give my right arm and throw in an eye for good measure. It would be the making of a reporter in this town—he'd have 'em all eating out of his hand after that." He licked his lips. Even the bare thought of the thing tasted pretty good to Pinky.

"Now you're whistling!" chimed Ike Webb. "The fellow who single-handed got that tale would have a job on this paper as long as he lived. The chief would just naturally have to hand him more money. In New York, though, he'd get a big cash bonus besides—an award they call it up there. I'd go anywhere and do anything and take any kind of a chance to land that story as an exclusive—yes, or any other big story."

To all this the major, it appeared, had been listening, for now he spoke up in a pretty fair imitation of his old impressive manner:

"But, young gentlemen—pardon me—do you seriously think—any of you—that any honorarium, however large, should or could be sufficient temptation to induce one in

your—in our profession to give utterance in print to a matter that he had learned, let us say, in confidence? And suppose also that by printing it he brought suffering or disgrace upon innocent parties? Unless one felt that he was serving the best ends of society—unless one, in short, were actuated by the highest of human motives—could one afford to do such a thing? And, under any circumstances, could one violate a trust—could one violate the common obligation of a gentleman's rules of deportment——"

"Major," broke in Ike Webb earnestly, "the way I look at it, a reporter can't afford too many of the luxuries you're mentioning. His duty, it seems to me, is to his paper first and the rest of the world afterward. His paper ought to be his mother and his father and all his family. If he gets a big scoop—no matter how he gets it or where he gets it—he ought to be able to figure out some way of getting it into print. It's not alone what he owes his paper—it's what he owes himself. Personally I wouldn't be interested for a minute in bringing the person that killed Rod Bullard to justice—that's not the point. He was a pretty shady person—Rod Bullard. By all accounts he got what was coming to him. It's the story itself that I'd want."

"Say, listen here, major," put in Pinky Gilfoil, suddenly possessed of a strengthening argument, "I reckon back yonder in the Civil War, when you all got the smoke of battle in your noses, you didn't stop to consider that you were about to make a large crop of widows and orphans, and cause suffering to a whole slue of innocent people that'd never done you any harm! You didn't stop then, did you? I'll bet you didn't—you just sailed in! It was your duty—the right thing to do—and you just went and did it. 'War is hell!' Sherman said. Well, so is newspaper work hell—in a way. And smelling out a big story ought to be the same to a reporter that the smoke of battle is to a soldier. That's right—I'll leave it to any fellow here if that ain't right!" he wound up, forgetting in his enthusiasm to be grammatical.

It was an unfortunate simile to be making and Pinky should have known better; for at Pinky's last words the old major's mild eyes widened and he brought his chair-legs down to the floor with a thump.

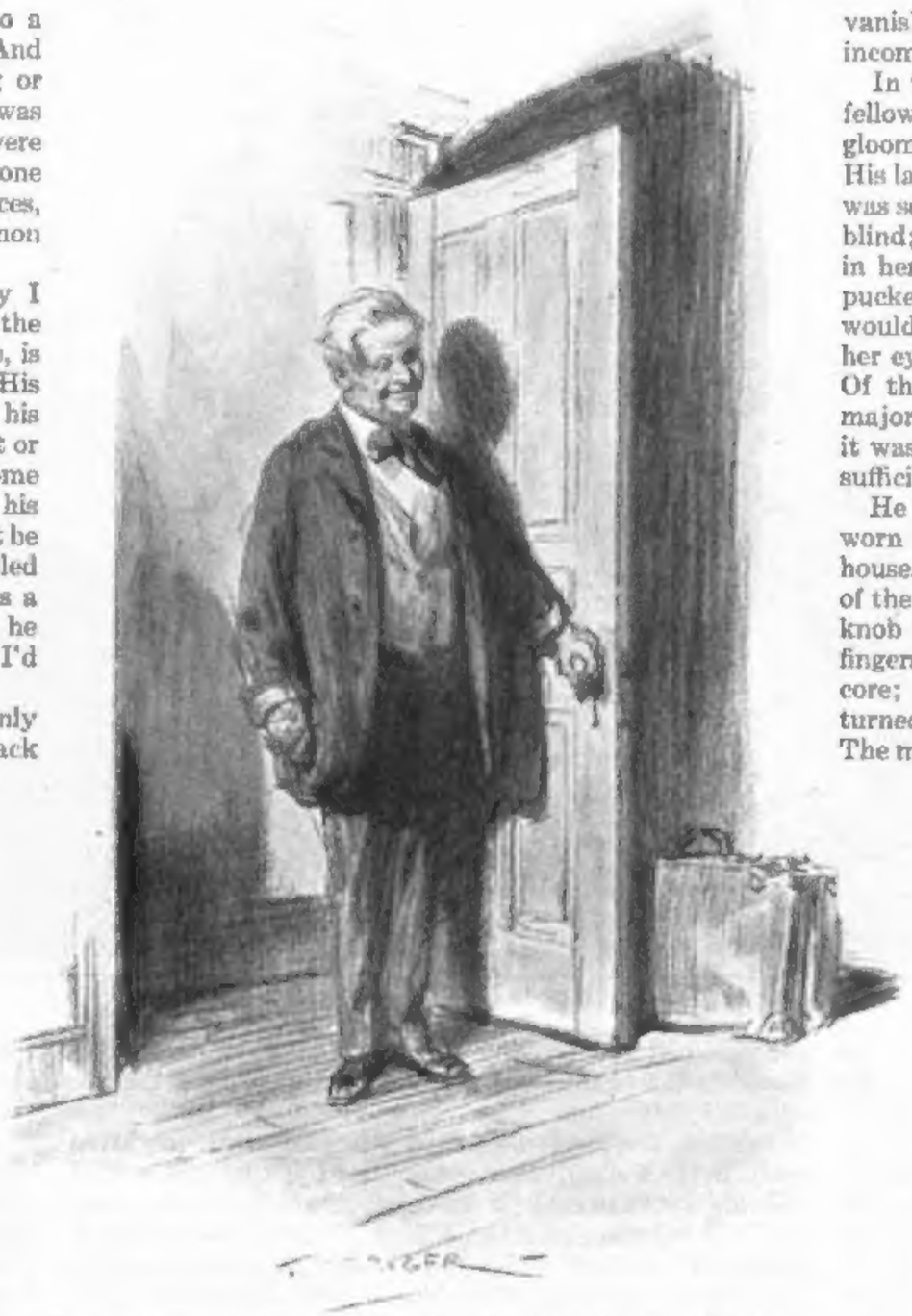
"Ah, yes!" he said, and his voice took on still more of its old ringing quality. "Speaking of battles, I am just reminded, young gentlemen, that tomorrow is the anniversary of the fall of Vicksburg. Though Northern-born, General Pemberton was a gallant officer—none of our own Southron leaders was more gallant—but it has always seemed to me that his defense of Vicksburg was marked by a series of the most lamentable and disastrous mistakes. If you care to listen I will explain further." And he squared himself forward, with one short, plump hand raised, ready to tick off his points against Pemberton upon his fingers.

By experience dearly bought at the expense of our eardrums, the members of the Evening Press staff knew what that meant; for the major's conversational specialty was the Civil War—it and its campaigns. Describing it, he made even war a commonplace and a tiresome topic. In his hands an account of the hardest-fought battle became a tremendously uninteresting thing. He weeded out all the thrills and in their places planted hedges of dusty, deadly-dry statistics. When the major started on the war it was time to be going. One by one the youngsters got up and slipped out. Presently the major, booming away like a bellbuoy, became aware that his audience had dwindled. Only Ike Webb remained, and Ike was getting upon his feet and reaching for the peg where his coat swung.

"I'm sorry to leave you right in the middle of your story, major; but, honestly, I've got to be going," apologized Ike. "Good night; and don't forget this, major"—Ike had halted at the door—"when a big story comes your way freeze to it with both hands and slam it across the plate as a scoop. Do that and you can give 'em all the laugh. Good night again—see you in the morning, major!"

He grinned to himself as he turned away. The major was a mighty decent, tender-hearted little old scout, a gentleman by birth and breeding, even if he was down and out and dog poor. It was a shame that Devore kept him skittering round on little picayunish jobs—running errands, that was really what it was. Still, at that, the old major was no reporter and never would be. He wouldn't know a big story if he ran into it on the big road—it would have to burst right in his face before he recognized it. And even then the chances were that he wouldn't know what to do with it. It was enough to make a fellow grin.

Deserted by the last of his youthful compatriots—which was what he himself generally called them—the major lingered a moment in heavy thought. He glanced about the cluttered city room, now suddenly grown large and empty. This was the theater where his own little drama of unfitness and failure and private mortification had been staged and acted. It had run a month now, and a month is a long run for a small tragedy in a newspaper office or anywhere else. He shook his head. He shook it as though he were trying to shake it clear of a joblot of old-fashioned, antiquated ideals—as though he were trying to make room for newer, more useful and more modern



"I Trust Your Night's Repose May Be Refreshing to You—Ma'am"

conceptions. Then he settled his aged and infirm slouch hat more firmly upon his round-domed skull, straightened his shoulders and stumped out.

At the second turning up the street from the office an observant onlooker might have noticed a small, an almost imperceptible change in the old man's bearing. There was not a sneaky bone in the major's body—he walked as he thought and as he talked, in straight lines; but before he turned the corner he glanced up and down the empty sidewalk in a quick, furtive fashion, and after he had swung into the side street a trifle of the steam seemed gone from his stiff-spined, hard-heeled gait. It ceased to be a strut; it became a plod.

The street he had now entered was a badly lighted street, with long stretches of murkiness between small patches of gas-lamped brilliance. In daylight the houses that lined it would have revealed themselves as shabby and gone to seed—the sort of houses that second cousins move into after first families have moved out. Two-thirds of the way along the block the major turned in at a sagged gate. He traversed a short walk of seamed and decrepit flagging, where tufts of rank grass sprouted between the fractures in the limestone slabs, and mounted the front porch of a house that had cheap boarding house written all over it.

When the major opened the front door the fetid smell that gushed out to greet him was the smell of a cheap boarding house, too, if you know what I mean—a spilt-kerosene, boiled-cabbage, dust-in-the-corners smell. Once upon a time the oilcloth upon the floor of the entryway had exhibited a vivid and violent pattern of green octagons upon a red-and-yellow background, but that had been in some far-distant day of its youth and freshness. Now it was worn to a scaly, crumbly color of nothing at all, and it was frayed into fringes at the door and in places scuffed clear through, so that the knot-holes of the naked planking showed like staring eyes.

Standing just inside the hall, the major glanced down first at the floor and then up to where in a pendent nub a pinprick of light like a captive lightning-bug flickered up and down feebly as the air pumped through the pipe; and out of his chest the major fetched a small sigh. It was a sigh of resignation, but it had loneliness in it too. Well, it was a come-down, after all these peaceful and congenial years spent among the marble-columned, red-plushed glories of the old Gault House, to be living in this place.

The major had been here now about a month. Very quietly, almost secretly, he had come hither when he found that by no amount of stretching could his pay as a reporter on the Evening Press be made to cover the cost of living as he had been accustomed to live prior to that disastrous day when the major waked up in the morning to find that all his inherited investments had vanished overnight—and, vanishing so, had taken with them the small but sufficient income that had always been ample for his needs.

In that month the major had seen but one or two of his fellow lodgers, slouching forms that passed him by in the gloom of the half-lighted hallways and on the creaky stairs. His landlady he saw but once a week—on Saturday, which was settlement day. She was a forlorn, gray creature, half blind; and she felt her way about gropingly. By the droop in her spine and by the corners of her lips, permanently puckered from holding pins in her mouth, a close observer would have guessed that she had been a seamstress before her eyes gave out on her and she took to keeping lodgers. Of the character of the establishment the innocent old major knew nothing; he knew that it was cheap and that it was on a quiet by-street, and for his purposes that was sufficient.

He heaved another small sigh and passed slowly up the worn steps of the stairwell until he came to the top of the house. His room was on the attic floor, the middle room of the three that lined the bare hall on one side. The doorknob was broken off; only its iron center remained. His fingers slipped as he fumbled for a purchase upon the metal core; but finally, after two attempts, he gripped it and it turned, admitting him into the darkness of a stuffy interior. The major made haste to open the one small window before he lit the single gasjet. Its guttery flare exposed a bed, with a thin mattress and a skimpy cover, shoved close up under the sloping wall; a sprained chair on its last legs; an old horsehide trunk; a shaky washstand of cheap yellow pine, garnished forth with a ewer and a basin; a limp, frayed towel; and a minute segment of pale pink soap.

Major Stone was in the act of removing his coat when he became aware of a certain sound occurring at quick intervals. In the posture of a plump and mature robin he cocked his head on one side to listen; and now he remembered that he had heard the same sound the night before, and the night before that. These times, though, he had heard it intermittently and dimly, as he tossed about half awake and half asleep, trying to accommodate his elderly bones to the irregularities of his hot and uncomfortable bed. But now he heard it more plainly, and at once he recognized it for what it was—the sound of a woman crying; a wrenching succession of deep, racking gulps, and in between them little moaning, panting breaths, as of utter exhaustion—a sound such as might be distilled from the very dregs of a grief too great to be borne.

He looked about him, his eyes and ears searching for further explanation of this. He had it. There was a door set in the cross-wall of his room—a door bolted and nailed up. It had a transom over it and against the dirty glass of the transom a light was reflected; and through the door and the transom the sound came. The person in trouble, whoever it might be, was in that next room—and that person was a woman and she was in dire distress. There was a compelling note in her sobbing.

Undecided, the major stood a minute rubbing his nose pensively with a small forefinger; then the resolution to act fastened upon him. He slipped his coat back on, smoothed down his thin mane of reddish gray hair with his hands, stepped out into the hall and rapped delicately with a knuckled finger upon the door of the next room. There was no answer, so he rapped a little harder; and at that a sob checked itself and broke off chokingly in the throat that uttered it. From within a voice spoke. It was a shaken, tear-drained voice—flat and uncultivated.

"Who's there?" The major cleared his throat. "Is it a woman—or a man?" demanded the unseen speaker without waiting for an answer to the first question.

"It is a gentleman," began the major, "a gentleman who——"

"Come on in!" she bade him; "the door ain't latched."

And at that the major turned the knob and looked into a room that was practically a counterpart of his own, except that, instead of a trunk, a cheap imitation-leather suitcase stood upright on the floor, its sides bulging and strained from overpacking. Upon the bed, fully dressed, was stretched a woman—or, rather, a girl. Her head was just rising from the crumpled pillow and her eyes, red-rimmed and widely distended, stared full into his.

What she saw as she sat up was a short, elderly man with a solicitous, gentle face; the coatsleeves were turned back off his wrists and his linen shirt jutted out between the unfastened upper buttons and buttonholes of his waistcoat. What the major saw was a girl of perhaps twenty or maybe twenty-two—in her present state it was hard to guess—with hunched-in shoulders and dyed, stringy hair falling in a streaky disarray down over her face like unraveled hemp.

It was her face that told her story. Upon the drawn cheeks and the drooped woeful lips there was no dabbing of cosmetics now; the professional smile, painted, pitiable and betraying, was lacking from the characterless mouth; yet the major—sweet-minded, clean-living old man that he was—knew at a glance what manner of woman he had found here in this lodging house. It was the face of a

woman who never intentionally does any evil and yet rarely gets a chance to do any good—a weak, indecisive, commonplace face; and every line in it was a line of least resistance.

That then was what these two saw in one another as they stared a moment across the intervening space. It was the girl who took the initiative.

"Are you one of the police?" Then instantly on the heels of the query: "No; I know better'n that—you ain't no police!"

Her voice was unmusical, vulgar and husky from much weeping. Magically, though, she had checked her sobbing to an occasional hard gulp that clicked down in her throat.

"No, ma'am," said the major with a grave and respectful courtesy, "I am not connected with the police department. I am a professional man—associated at this time with the practice of journalism. I have the apartment or chamber adjoining yours and, accidentally overhearing a member of the opposite sex in seeming distress, I took it upon myself to offer any assistance that might lie within my power. If I am intruding I will withdraw."

"No," she said; "it ain't no intrusion. I wisht, please, sir, you'd come in jest a minute anyway. I feel like I jest got to talk to somebody a minute. I'm sorry, though, if I disturbed you by my cryin'—but I jest couldn't help it. Last night and the night before—that was the first night I come here—I cried all night purty near; but I kept my head in the bedclothes. But tonight, after it got dark up here and me layin' here all alone, I felt's if I couldn't stand it no longer. Honest, I liked to died! Right this minute I'm almost plum' distracted."

The major advanced a step.

"I assure you I deeply regret to learn of your unhappiness," he said. "If you desire it I will be only too glad to summon our worthy landlady, Miss—Miss——" he paused.

"Miss La Mode," she said, divining—"Blanche La Mode—that's my name. I come from Indianapolis, Indiana. But please, mister, don't call that there woman. I don't want to see her. For a while I didn't think I wanted to see nobody, and yit I've known all along, from the very first, that sooner or later I'd jest naturally have to talk to somebody. I knew I'd jest have to!" she repeated with a kind of weak intensity. "And it might jest as well be you as anybody, I guess."

She sat up on the side of the bed, dangling her feet; and subconsciously the major took in fuller details of her attire—the cheap white slippers with rickety, worndown high heels; the sleazy stockings; the over-decorated skirt of shabby blue cloth; the soiled and rumpled waist of coarse lace, gaping away from the scrawny neck where the fastenings had pulled awry. Looped about her throat and dangling down on her flat breast, where they heaved up and down with her breathing, was a double string of pearls that would have been worth ten thousand dollars had they been genuine pearls. A hand which was big-knuckled and thin held a small, moist wad of handkerchief. About her there was something unmistakably bucolic; and yet she was town-branded, too, flesh and soul. Major Stone bowed with the ceremonious detail that was a part of him.

"My name, ma'am, is Stone—Major Putnam Stone, at your service," he told her.

"Yes, sir," she said, seeming not to catch either his name or his title. "Well, mister, I'm goin' to tell you something that'll maybe surprise you. I ain't goin' to ast you not to tell anybody, 'cause I guess you will anyhow, sooner or later; and it don't make much difference if you do. But seems 's if I can't hold in no longer. I guess maybe I'll feel easier in my own mind when I git it all told.

"Shet that door—jest close it—the lock is broke—and set down in that chair, please, sir."

The major closed the latchless door and took the one tottery chair. The girl remained where she was, on the side of her bed, her slippered feet dangling, her eyes fixed on a spot where there was a three-cornered break in the dirty-gray plastering.

"You know about Rodney G. Bullard, the lawyer, don't you?—about him bein' found shot day before yistiddy evenin' in the mouth of that alley?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "Though I was not personally acquainted with the man himself, I am familiar with the circumstances you mention."

"Well," she said with a sort of jerk behind each word, "it was me that done it!"

"I beg your pardon," said the major, half doubting whether he had heard aright, "but what was it you said you did?"

"Shot him!" she answered—"I was the one that shot him—with this thing here." She reached one hand under the pillow and drew out a short-barreled, stubby revolver and extended it to him. Mechanically he took it and thereafter for a space he held it in his hands. The girl went straight on, pouring out her sentences with a driven, desperate eagerness.

"I didn't mean to do it though—God knows I didn't mean to do it! He treated me mighty sorry—it was low down and mean all the way through, the way he done me—but I didn't mean him no real harm. I was only aimin' to skeer him into doin' the right thing by me. It was accidental-like—it really was, mister! In all my life I ain't never intentionally done nobody any harm. And yit it seems like somebody's forever and a day imposin' on me!" She quavered with the wan passion of her protest against the world that had bruised and beaten her as with rods.

Shocked, stunned, the major sat in a daze, making little clucking sounds in his throat. For once in his conversational life he couldn't think of the right words to say. He fumbled the short pistol in his hands.

"I'm goin' to tell you the whole story jest like it was," she went on in her flat drone; and the words she spoke seemed to come to him from a long way off. "That there Rodney Bullard, he tricked me somethin' shameful. He come to the town where I was livin' to make a speech in a political race, and we got acquainted and he made up to me. I was workin' in a hotel there—one of the dinin'-room help. That was two years ago this comin' September. Well, the next day, when he left, he got me to come 'long with him. He said he'd look after me. I liked him some then and he talked mighty big about what he was goin' to do for me; so I come with him. He told me that I could be his ——" She hesitated.

"His amanuensis, perhaps," suggested the old man.

"Which?" she said. "No; it wasn't that way—he didn't say nothin' about marryin' me and I didn't expect him to. He told me that I should be his girl—that was all; but he didn't keep his word—no, sir; right from the very first he broke his word to me! It wasn't more'n a month after I got here before he quit comin' to see me at all. Well, after that I stayed a spell longer at the house where I was livin' and then I went to another house—Vic Magner's. You know who she is, I reckin?"

The major half nodded, half shook his head.

"By reputation only I know the person in question," he answered a bit stiffly.

"Well," she went on, "there ain't so much more to tell. I've been sick lately—had a right hard spell. I ain't got my strength all back yit. I was laid up three weeks; and last Monday, when I was up and jest barely able to crawl round, Vic Magner, she come to me and told me that I'd have to git out unless I could git somebody to stand good for my board. I owed her for three weeks already and I didn't have but nine dollars to my name. I offered her that, but she said she wanted it all or nothin'. I think she wanted to git shet of me anyway. Mister, I was mighty weak and discouraged—I was so! I didn't know what to do.

"I hadn't seen Rod Bullard for goin' on more than a year, but he was the only one I could think of; so I slipped out of the house and went acrost the street to a grocery where there was a pay station, and I called him up on the telephone and ast him to help me out a little. It wasn't no more than right that he should, was it, seein' as he was responsible for my comin' here? Besides, if it hadn't been for him in the first place I wouldn't never 'a' got into all that trouble. I talked with him over the telephone at his office and he said he'd do somethin' for me. He said he'd send me some money that evenin' or else he'd bring it round himself. But he didn't do neither one. And Vic Magner, she kept on doggin' after me for her board money.

"I telephoned him again the next mornin'; but before I could say more'n two words to him he got mad and told me to quit botherin' him, and he rung off. That was day before yistiddy. When I got back to the house Vic Magner come to me, and I couldn't give her no satisfaction. So about six o'clock in the evenin' she made me pack up and git out. I didn't have nowheres to go and only eight dollars and ninety cents left—I'd spent a dime telephonin'; so, before I got out I took and wrote Rod Bullard a note, and when I got outside I give a little nigger boy fifteen cents to take it to him. I told him in the note I was out in the street, without nowheres to go; and that if he didn't meet me that night and do somethin' for me I'd jest have to come to his office. I said for him to meet me at eight o'clock at the mouth of Grayson Street Alley. That give me two hours to wait. I walked round and round, packin' my baggage.

"Then I come by a pawnstore and saw a lot of pistols in the window, and I went in and I bought one for two dollars and a half. The pawnshop man he throwed in the shells. But I wasn't aimin' to hurt Rod Bullard—jest to skeer him. I was thinkin' some of killin' myself too. Then I walked round some more till I was plum' wore out.

"When eight o'clock come I was waitin' where I said, and purty soon he come along. As soon as he saw me standin' there in the shadder he bulged up to me. He was mighty mad. He called me out of my name and said I didn't have no claims on him—a whole lot more like that—and said he didn't purpose to be bothered with me phonin' him and writin' him notes and callin' on him for money. I said somethin' back, and then he made like he was goin' to hit me with his fist. I'd had that pistol in my hand all the time, holdin' it behind my skirt. And I pulled it and I pointed it like I was goin' to shoot—jest to skeer him, though, and make him do the right thing by me. I jest simply pointed it at him—that's all. I didn't have no idea it would go off without you pulled the hammer back first!

"Then it happened! It went off right in my hand. And he said to me: 'Now you've done it!'—jest like that. He walked away from me about ten feet and started to lean up against a tree, and then he fell down right smack on his face. And I grabbed up my valise and run away. I wasn't sorry about him. I ain't been sorry about him a minute since—ain't that funny? But I was awful skeered!"

Rocking her body back and forth from the hips she put her hands up to her face. The major stared at her, his mind in a twisting eddy of confused thoughts. Perhaps it was the clearest possible betrayal of his utter unfitness for his new vocation in life that not until that very moment when the girl had halted her narrative did it come to him—and it came then with a sudden jolt—that here he had one of those monumental news stories for which young Gilfoil or young Webb would be willing to barter his right arm and throw in an eye for good measure. It was a scoop, as those young fellows had

(Concluded on Page 44)

Fighting the Good Fight Like a Soldier, Keeping the Faith Like a Gentleman

KEEPING THE BIG-LEAGUE GRASS GREEN

WHEN I was a kid I thought I was a baseball player. I know now I wasn't, and the manager of a ball club at Birmingham, 'way down in the old Southern League, probably knew it as soon as he saw me in uniform; but he was a kindly man and he gave me a whole month to convince myself—which was a great plenty of time.

Then he led me aside and sadly said he reckoned he'd have to get another player.

"Never," said he, "have I seen a poorer baseball prospect than you! But," said he, handing me a bunch of keys, "I like you. Suppose you stick round here and be my groundkeeper. I'll give you fifteen dollars a week."

He certainly must have liked me to offer me that kind of salary. He wasn't paying his ballplayers a whole lot more. I doubt if he'd promised any two of them as much money for the whole season as Ty Cobb or Walter Johnson gets a month. I grabbed those keys and hurried away for fear he'd change his mind. I hadn't any notion of what a groundkeeper was supposed to do, but I sure needed that fifteen dollars a week.

The Birmingham Club blew up along about the middle of the season, which was the habit of minor-league clubs in those days; but my future was fixed. I was a groundkeeper. I have been a groundkeeper ever since. And that was nearly thirty years ago!

Today I'm taking down twenty-five hundred dollars a year, with pickings. I'm lucky enough to be connected with a ball club that has been in a couple of World's Series, and the boys always make up a nice purse for me out of their prize money; but no salary has ever interested me like that fifteen dollars a week!

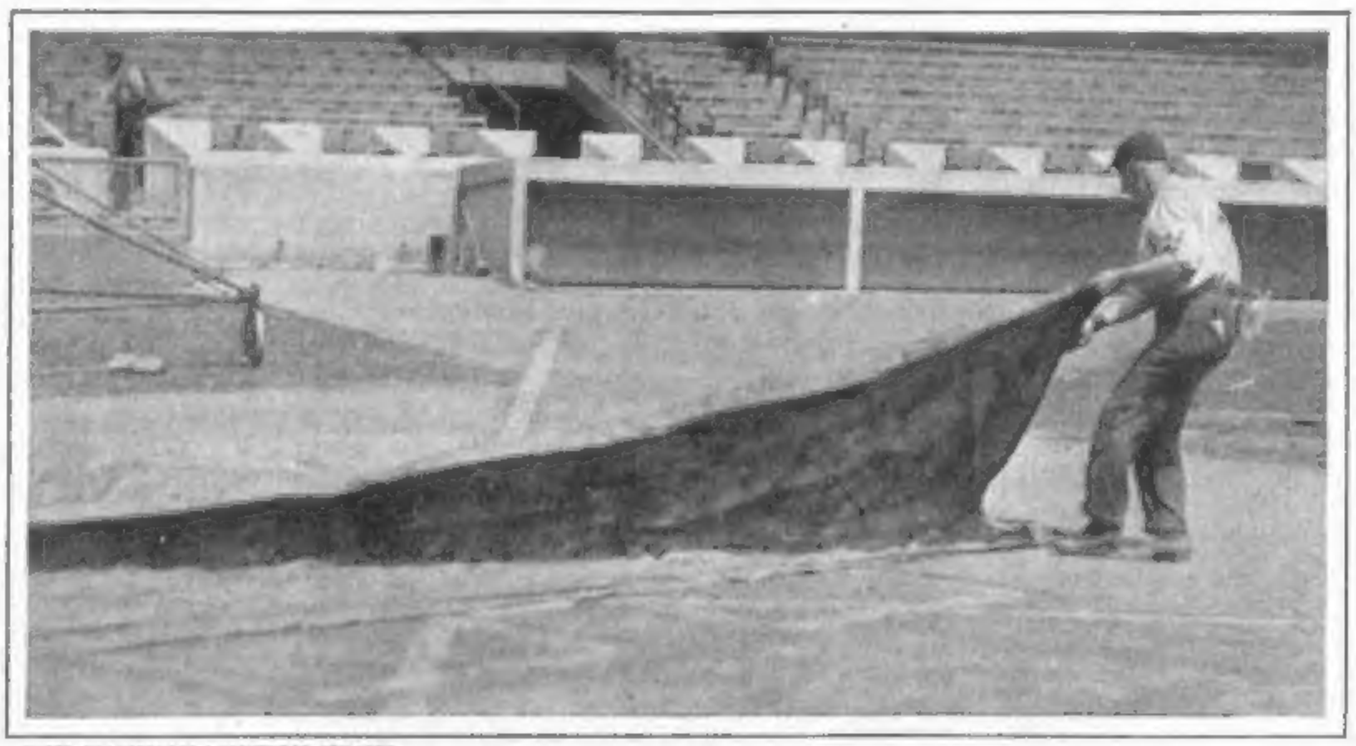


PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

Spreading the "Pajamas" Before a Shower

A Chew That Cost a Game

I MAKE no bones about saying that my job is now one of the most important jobs in baseball. If you're a fan that statement may surprise you, because you've probably looked on me as just a sort of stagehand of the game. You've seen me, just as you've seen the stagehands at a vaudeville show when they shove out a piano for the musical team or lay the carpets for the acrobats—your view of me has likely been during a rainstorm, when I'm directing the placing of the "pajamas"—the strips of canvas used to keep the diamond dry—and, as that's about the only occasion I appear before the public in my official capacity, I can't blame you if you don't think much of my job and its importance.

Maybe you've read about me in the newspapers occasionally; but if you have it's been some joking paragraph written by one of the fresh young squirts who are doing baseball nowadays, and who seem to think the groundkeeper is always their meat. I've never yet seen a serious line about my business.

Some of the young baseball writers are mighty thoughtless about what they call their kidding. They never stop to think about a man's feelings. One time, in a game on the ground I'm tending, our club had Brooklyn at a tie score. There were two out, and a Brooklyn runner on third. A ball that should have been easy for our shortstop hit something on the infield as he went lunging in, took a bad bound, and the runner scored. That run finally figured in winning the game for Brooklyn, or, rather, losing it for us, which is the way we figure those things.

I was out there in a minute, after the players left, hunting the trouble. I watch every game played on my field—not for the game itself, because I'm no longer much of a fan, but because I'm constantly studying my ground. I follow the course of every ball that's hit, and any time one takes a bad hop on my diamond I've got to find out why. A loose clod might lose a pennant or a little cuppy place turn an ankle for a twenty-five-thousand-dollar ballplayer.

It didn't take me long to figure out the cause of that bad bound in the Brooklyn game—or at least what I think was the cause, though I never said anything about it at the time, and it may sound funny. I think it was an old quid of tobacco, tossed on the ground by some player. I remember now that I noticed Pat Ragan, one of the Brooklyn pitchers who worked in that game, take something out of his mouth and toss it away. Most likely it was Pat. He's the greatest tobacco chewer I ever saw, and always has a big wad in his mouth when he's pitching.

Well, of course, the baseball writers didn't stop to find out the cause of the bad bound—they never go that deep into any ball game. The effect of it was enough for most of them. One fellow, however, had a long story, saying a pebble made the trouble—and tracing the loss of the game back to me for not finding the pebble beforehand.

I don't mind saying now that I went home and cried about that—old as I am. Afterward they tried to tell me the story was meant in a joshing way, and maybe it was; but the idea of being held responsible for the boys' losing a ball game made me feel mighty bad.

A groundkeeper nowadays has to be a cross between an expert landscape gardener and Job—the fellow who had all that patience. He—I'm talking about the groundkeeper—has to satisfy the manager, who's his real boss; the club owner, who pays his salary; the ballplayers and the fans. You can fix the fans up easy enough by working out some cute little doo-funnies on the grass and making the field look pretty, which is the very least of a groundkeeper's troubles.

The best you get from a fan anyway is a lot of extra work. When he's sore about the home club's losing he'll tear up his scorecard and toss a handful of scraps into the air to blow hell-west-and-crooked over the grass, for the groundkeeper to collect piece by piece after the game. And when the fan is glad about the home club's winning he'll tear up his scorecard—so there you are!

You never entirely satisfy the ballplayer unless he happens to be hitting a blue streak, and then he's satisfied with the whole world. A nice fat batting average is a sure cure for any baseball grouch. You don't see much of the owner. As for the manager, about all he says—at least all my manager ever says—is: "Speed 'er up, John! Speed 'er up!"

That's his bug—speed! He's got the fastest base-running team—take it as a whole—in the big leagues. The boys finish a season with their pants in rags from sliding into the bases. My manager wouldn't look at a young ballplayer unless he's got a lot of natural speed; and he depends on me to keep my diamond tuned up for fast footwork, for that's how he wins most of his ball games.

Cut-Outs for Finicky Players

A LOT of people in speaking of the diamond mean the entire playing field; but, as a matter of fact, the diamond is literally the infield proper. And it isn't really a diamond anyway, so far as the shape is concerned, but a square. When I say diamond I'm talking about the infield. That's the most important bit of territory in a ballfield, because nearly everything in a game happens there. There are four acres of ground in my entire field, but I spend most of my time on the diamond and let my helpers look after the rest.

As I understand it baseball, in the beginning, was played on grass. The field wasn't specially chosen for that purpose; they just happened to pick out a lot covered with turf. In running from base to base the players gradually wore paths through the grass, and the pitcher, catcher and basemen also scuffed away the turf round their feet, which gave rise to the idea of the bare parts of the diamond that we call the cut-outs.

When I went to Philadelphia years ago and took charge of the old National League ground there they were playing on a field that was entirely covered with grass, like a polo field. A. J. Reach and John I. Rogers, who then owned the club together, were having an argument about the matter, because one wanted the cut-outs and the other favored the all-grass.

Finally they left it to me and I put in the cut-outs. The ballplayers said they liked the ground that way. I learned practically everything I know about groundkeeping, and especially about ground-building, by hanging round the old ballplayers and getting their ideas.

The field is their workroom and they know how it should be fixed to be best suited to their purposes, though I must say some of them are mighty finicky in their ideas.

You see, the baseball rules don't have a whole lot to

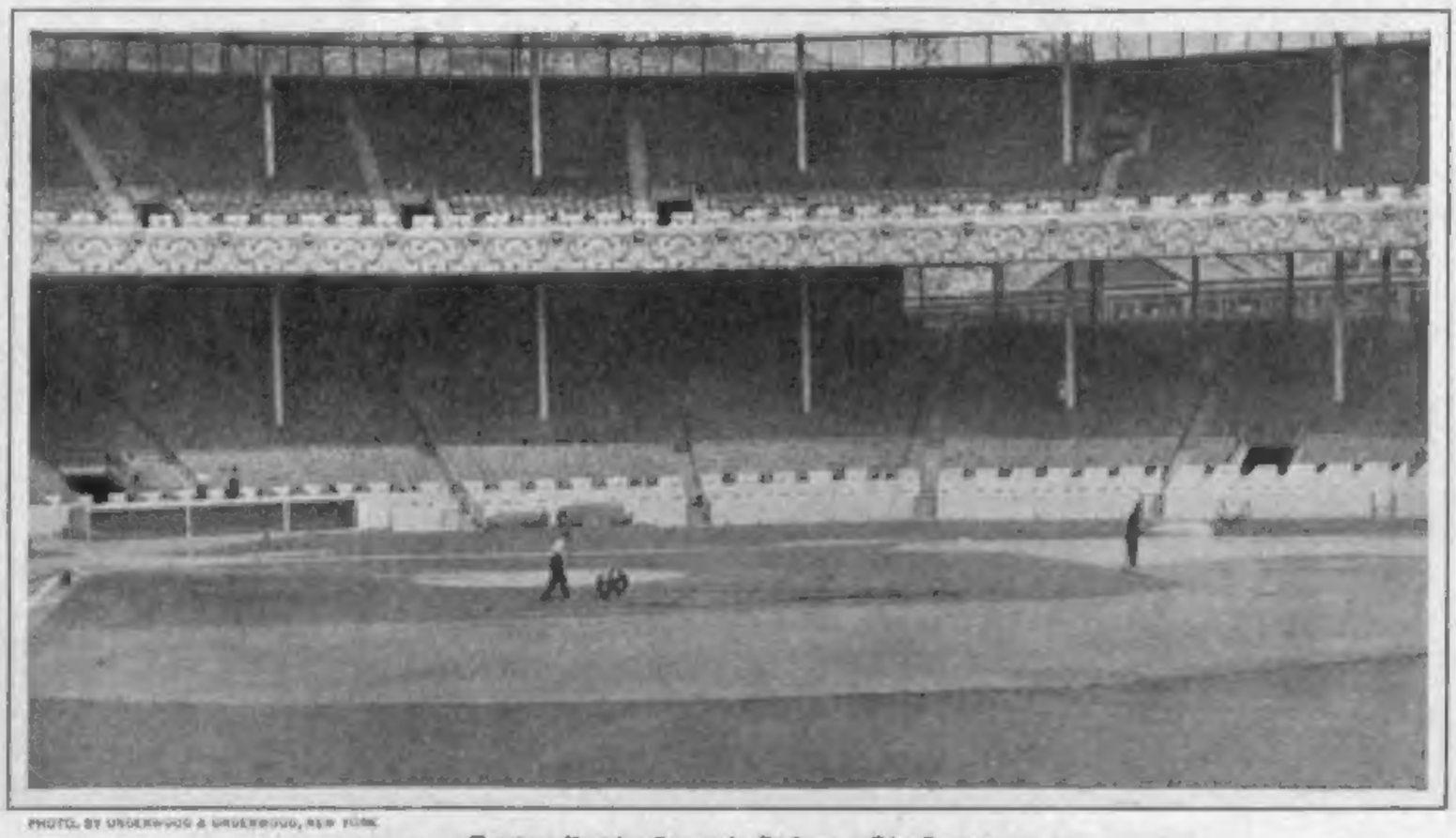


PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

Tuning Up the Grounds Before a Big Game

say about the ball ground. They specify how the diamond shall be laid out, covering the distances, and so on; but the rulemakers had to leave what you might call the physical construction of the field and the appearance to the owners' sense of pride, because no two ball-yard sites are alike in amount of space or lay of the land. The only standard for style and quality of a field is what we groundkeepers fix ourselves—and that's why you see so much difference in fields.

In trying to keep my diamond speeded up I've done a world of experimenting with earth for the cut-outs. I've put in and taken out tons and tons of stuff in a single season; and not long ago I made what I consider one of the most important discoveries in the history of groundkeeping, which I hope doesn't sound too boastful.

I was looking for something to use between the home plate and first base, where a player can let out all the speed that's in him without having to check himself, and where speed is particularly valuable in beating out infield hits.

One day I ran across a red clay they find over in New Jersey, which is used a good deal in making paints. I dug out a channel eighteen inches deep between the home plate and first base, and filled it with that red earth. It cost me thirty-eight dollars a load, but I never saw anything like it for giving a man a foothold. The base-runners can make better time on that little runway of mine than on any other ground in this country.

It's better than any cinder path I ever saw. There's something about it that seems to give a man a lift forward every time he sets his cleats in it. I now use that same red earth between third base and the home plate, which is another stretch of territory where a man can cut loose with his speed—only I merely surface that baseline with it. Lately I've commenced to use it in building the pitcher's mound, where a man must have a strong foothold; and groundkeepers are now sending from all over the country for that stuff to make their mounds.

They've heard about it from their pitchers. Any time one groundkeeper introduces a new idea it soon travels all over the big leagues, because if the players like it they keep after their home groundkeeper until he takes hold of it.

Proper Goods in Proper Places

IT PROBABLY won't come into general use for baselines very soon, however, on account of the cost. All owners are not so willing as mine to spend money just to get a little additional speed. The field I'm tending stands the management over twenty-five thousand dollars, and I'm talking about the construction of the playing ground alone. You'd have a hard time duplicating the poorest big-league diamond under a couple of thousand dollars, to say nothing of the rest of the field.

Between first base and second base, and across the shortfield between second base and third base, I use an altogether different variety of goods—that's what we call the material in our grounds—goods. You couldn't use the red stuff there, because it packs too hard and would bother the infielders in handling the ball, besides ruining their legs. The earth in those stretches of ground must have strength—that is, must give a firm foothold and have a certain spring—yet not clod or pack.

Often you hear of a great player still under thirty years of age drifting back to the minor leagues because his legs have gone bad—"Charley-horse," the boys call it. Bad legs

Touching Up the Bases With Whitewash

are due to constant pounding on hard ground, and hard ground is usually the fault of the groundkeeper. I always pitied a poor fellow who had to leave the big league just because he'd dropped his speed on the baselines; and when I built my first ground I had the boys' legs in mind. I ripped up the entire surface of the field, and then I laid a foundation of cinders for the turf. That helps a lot in relieving the strain on the players' underpinning.

I use a gentle loam on my cut-outs and it costs me seven dollars a load; but it's worth it. As fast as it loses its strength, which it does mighty soon during the playing season, I replace it with fresh goods; and day in and day out I keep a harrow going over the ground to keep it stirred up.

I suppose I fooled round with different kinds of turf for twenty years before I finally got hold of a kind that suited me for my diamond. I found it in New Jersey, where I found the clay, and I buy it in long strips, paying three cents a foot for it. The life of turf anywhere on a ballfield is mighty brief, but the greatest wear and tear comes to that on the diamond. The shoe cleats of the players are simply murder to the tender grass. Every day I have to take up a strip of dying turf from the diamond and bring it back to life by replanting it in the outfield.

The grass in the outfield is a fairly easy proposition after you once cover the ground with good healthy turf. I keep my outfield going now by planting a mixture of seed—blue grass, timothy, and the like—so that while one kind is dying out another kind will be growing. I cut it every day—one day crosswise of the field, the next day lengthwise; and I leave the cuttings right on the ground, where they furnish a foothold for the outfielders and form a fertilizer later on.

A dry field is a fast field. I use little water in sprinkling my diamond—just enough to lay the dust and keep it from blowing into the eyes of the spectators if a wind comes up. I could slow the field down by just the opposite treatment—using plenty of water. In the World's Series of 1911 some of the New York Giants, who were then, as now, very fast on the bases, claimed that the Philadelphia Athletics slowed up the Philadelphia field by using a lot of water on the baselines. Even if true, however, I guess it didn't bother the Giants much, as they didn't get on the bases often enough that year to do any great amount of base-running. Whenever you see the wind raising little puffs of dust on my field you can look for our boys to furnish the opposing catchers with a lot of work in the throwing line.

I use a fine, floury kind of earth round my basebags, especially second and third, so our runners won't get bruised up in sliding. I've seen ballplayers with their thighs covered with big sores—sliders, they call them—from throwing themselves along the ground in running bases; but a groundkeeper can soften the shock of a hard slide a lot. I go down to Texas every spring in advance of our club to fix up the ballfield at our training camp, and the first thing I do is to arrange a sliding pit, which is nothing but a hole in the ground filled with soft dirt.

Day in and day out during the training season my manager works his youngsters in that sliding pit, teaching them the "fallaway" slide; and by the time they hit the big-league fields they know how to go tearing into a base—even on hard ground—without getting hurt. There's no way you can prevent a clumsy base-runner from breaking a leg sooner or later, but you can fix the ground round the basebags so that an expert will never even scratch himself.

When I broke in at Birmingham it was during the days of the skinned or scalped diamond in the minor leagues—that is, diamonds, and generally outfields too, as shy of grass as a baseball is of hair. Groundkeeping, where it was known at all, was a sort of watchman's job. They had their grass fields in the big-league cities, but mostly the grass was a natural growth and made ground was seldom seen.

The Sun-Cooked Fields of the Minors

LOOKING back now, I can see that it was only my love for baseball and the companionships that baseball gave me that kept me following the business through those earlier years; for the sun-cooked, weed-grown yards of the minors had certainly no attraction. Baseball in the little leagues was a fly-by-night proposition then; and baseball fields were made by fencing off a lot, scraping the ground for a diamond and setting out a home plate. I've seen ball grounds where I'd have to take a hammer and beat off outcroppings of rock on the infield. I've seen fields laid out on old brickyard bottoms—on swamps and city dumps; and for a long time it seemed to me that all ballfields were necessarily pitched in the shadow of a roundhouse, next to the railroad yards, where the smoke would be so thick that the eye could hardly trail a batted ball.

Sometimes now, when I see an infielder miss a bounding ball that he should have eaten up, and then turn and glare accusingly at the diamond—as carefully gauged as a billiard table—I wish I could sentence him to a term of playing on some of those old sun-cooked fields of the minors in the early eighties!

Maybe he takes a violent kick at the surface of the ground instead of just a glare. I suppose, in the years I've been groundkeeping, I've seen ballplayers do that a million times, but it never fails to get my goat, as the boys say. They're trying to tell the spectators by dumb show that

(Concluded on Page 24)

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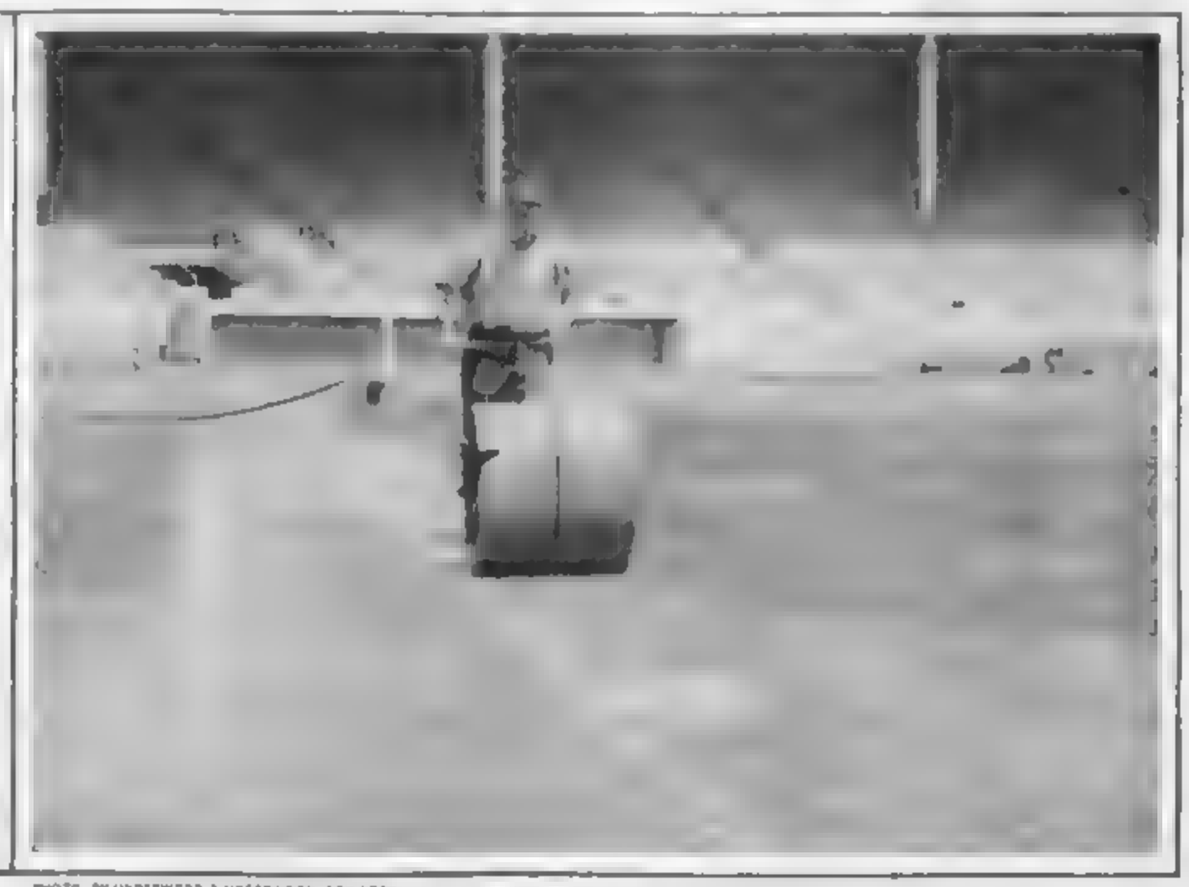
The Grass Has to be Coddled Through the Long Season



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Rolling Down the Grounds After the Game

A SINGER'S STORY

By Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

OUR opera season was summarily put to an end by the burning of Her Majesty's, and we all scattered for work and play until the spring season, when Maplesson would want us back. My mother and I went across to Paris without delay. I had wanted to see the Continent since I was a child, and I must say that in my heart of hearts I almost welcomed the fire that set me free to go sightseeing and adventuring, after the slavery of dressing rooms and rehearsals. We did any amount of sightseeing on that first visit to France. Sometimes I was charmed but more often I was disillusioned. There have been few sights in my life that have come up to my great expectations or been half as wonderful as my dreams. This is the penalty of a too vivid imagination; nothing can ever be as perfect as one's fancy paints it. While we were in Paris Mr. McHenry, our English friend from Holland Park, made an appointment for me to be presented to the ex-Queen of Spain, the Bourbon princess, Maria Christina, so beloved by many Spaniards. I was delighted, because I had never been presented to royalty, and a Spanish queen seemed a very splendid sort of personage even if she did not happen to be ruling at the moment. Christina had withdrawn from Spain and had married the Duke de Rianzares. They lived in a palace on the Champs Élysées.

I found that royalty at home was about as simple as anything could conceivably be not quite so plain as the old Dowager Duchess of Somerset, to be sure, but quite plain enough. The queen wore a severe and simple black gown that cleared the floor by an inch or two. It was a perfectly practical and useful dress, admirably suited for housekeeping or tidying up a room. Round the royal lady's shoulders hung a little red plaid shawl such as no American would wear. She was Spanishly dark and her black hair was pulled into a knot about the size of a silver dollar in the middle of the back of her head. I have never seen her *en grande toilette* and so do not know whether or not she ever looked any less like a respectable housekeeper.

The Murder of a Voice

SHE had a delightful manner and was most gracious. She had, with all the Bourbon pride, also the Bourbon gift of making herself pleasant and of putting people at their ease. The duke seemed harmless and amiable. He had little to say, was thoroughly subordinate, and seemed entirely acclimated to his position in life as the ordinarily born husband of a queen.

She Scrubbed the Floor the Day She Was Going to Sing

Not more than a fortnight after this I had an offer of an engagement at the Madrid Opera for four hundred dollars a night, very good for Spain in those days. I suppose that it came indirectly through the influence of Queen Christina. I wanted to go to Spain, but my mother would not let me accept. We were almost pioneers of travel in the modern sense and had no one to give us authoritative ideas of other countries. People alarmed us about the climate, declaring it unhealthy; and about the public, which they said was capricious and rude. The warning about the public particularly frightened me. I should never object to my efforts being received in silence in case of disapproval, but I felt that I could not survive what I had been told was the Spanish custom of hissing. I was also told that Spanish audiences were very mercurial and difficult to win. So we refused the Madrid Opera offer, and I have never sung in either Spain or Italy, principally because of my dread of the hissing habit.

That same year I heard Christine Nilsson for the first time in Martha at the Théâtre Lyrique, and later in Hamlet at the same theater with Faure. Shortly after both Nilsson and Faure were taken over by the Grand Opéra. Ophélie had been written for Nilsson and composed entirely round her voice. She created the part, singing it exquisitely, and Ambroise Thomas paid her the compliment of taking his two principal soprano melodies from old Swedish folk-songs. Nilsson could sing Swedish melodies in a way to drive one crazy or break one's heart. I have been quite carried away with them again and again. These were the good days before her voice became impaired. In this connection I may mention that it was Christine Nilsson who, having heard the Godwin girls, granddaughters of the poet William Cullen Bryant, sing Way Down Upon the Suwanee River, first introduced it on the stage as an encore.

While speaking of Nilsson I want to record that I was present on the night, much later, when she practically murdered the high register of her voice. She had five upper notes that possessed a quality and a peculiar charm unlike anything I ever heard. The tragedy happened during a performance of The Magic Flute in London, and I was in the Newcastles' box, which was near the stage. Nilsson was the Queen of the Night, one of her most successful early rôles. The second aria in The Magic Flute is more famous and less difficult than the first aria and also more effective. Nilsson knew well the ineffectiveness of the ending of the first aria in the two weakest notes of a soprano's voice, A natural and B flat. I never could understand why a master like Mozart should have chosen to use them as he did. There is no climax to the song. One has to climb up hard and fast and then stop short in the middle. It is an appalling thing to do—and that night Nilsson took those two notes at the last in chest tones.

"Great Heavens!" I gasped, "what is she doing? What is the woman thinking of!"

Of course I knew she was doing it to get volume and vibration and to give that trying climax some character. But it was a fatal attempt. She absolutely killed a certain quality in her voice there and then and she never recovered it. Even that night she had to cut out the second great aria. Her beautiful high notes were gone forever. Probably the tragedy was the result of the last stroke to a continued strain she had put upon her voice. After that she, like Mario, began to be dramatic to make up for what she had lost. She, the classical and cold artist, became full of expression and animation. But the later Nilsson was very different from the Nilsson I first heard in Paris during the winter of 1868, when, besides singing the music perfectly, she was, with her blond hair and broad brow, a living Ophélie.

As I have said, Faure, the barytone, was her Hamlet in that early performance. He was a great artist, a great actor in whatever rôle he took. His voice was not wonderful, but he was saved and more than saved by his style and his art. He was a particularly cultivated, musicianly man, whose dignity of carriage and elegance of manner could easily make people forget a certain ungrateful quality in his voice. It was Faure who had the brains and perseverance to learn how to sing a particular note from a really bad singer. The bad singer had only one good note in his voice and that happened to be the worst one in Faure's. So night after night the great artist went to hear and to study the inferior one to try to learn how he got that note. And he succeeded, too. This is a fair sample of his careful and finished way of doing everything. He was a big artist, and to big artists, especially in singing, music is almost mathematical in its exactness.

"Mr. Bonaparte's Got 'Em On, Sir!"

Adelina Patti, who also had left London for the winter, was singing at Les Italiens in Paris. I went to hear her give an indifferent performance of Ernani. It was never one of her advantageous rôles. Adelina had a most extraordinary charm and a great power over men of very diverse sorts. De Caux, Nicolini, Maurice Strakosch, who married Adelina's sister Amelia, all adored her and felt that whatever she did must be right because she did it.

A Young Prince in Borrowed Plumage

THE names of Paris and of Maurice Strakosch in conjunction conjure up the thought of Napoleon III, who in his young days of exile used to be very intimate with Maurice. Louis Napoleon, after he had escaped from the fortress of Ham, spent some time in London, and he and Maurice frequently lunched or dined together. By the way, some years later I was told by Chevalier Wyckoff that it was Maurice Strakosch who rescued Napoleon from the prison of Ham by smuggling clothes in to him and by having a boat waiting for him. Maurice used to tell of one rather amusing incident that occurred during the London period. Louis Napoleon's dress clothes were usually in pawn, and one night when he wanted to go to some party he presented himself at Maurice's rooms to borrow his. Maurice was out; but Louis Napoleon took the dress clothes anyway, adding all of Maurice's orders and decorations. When he was decked out to his satisfaction he went to the party. Shortly after that in came Maurice to dress for the same party, and called to his valet to bring him his evening clothes.

"Mr. Bonaparte's got 'em on, sir," said the man. And Maurice stayed at home!

Napoleon III was a man of many weaknesses. Yet he kept his promises and remembered his friends—when he could. As soon as he became emperor he sent for Maurice Strakosch and offered him the management of Les Italiens, but Maurice declined the honor. He was too busy representing Patti in those days to care for any other engagement. He did give singing lessons to the Empress Eugénie, however, and was always on good terms with her and with the emperor.

When I was in Paris in 1868 Napoleon and Eugénie were in power at the Tuileries, and day after day I saw them driving behind their splendid horses. Paris was extremely gay and yet somewhat ominous, for there was a widespread feeling that clouds were gathering about the throne.

The Tuileries Court was a very brilliant one, and we were accustomed to splendid costumes and gorgeous turnout in the Bois. But one day I came home with a particularly excited description of a foreign princess I had seen. Her clothes, her horses—she drove postillion—her carriage, her liveries, her servants, all to my mind proclaimed her some distinguished visiting royalty. How chagrined I was and how I was laughed at when my princess turned out to be one of the best known demimondaines in Paris! Even then it was difficult to tell the two *mondes* apart.

A unique character in Paris was Doctor Evans, dentist to the emperor and empress. He was an American and a witty, talented man. I remember hearing him laughingly boast that he had "looked down the mouth of every crowned head of Europe!" When disaster overtook the Bonapartes he proved that he could serve crowned heads in other ways besides filling their teeth. It was he who helped the empress to escape, and the fact made him an exile from Paris. He came to see me in London years afterward and told me something of that dark and dramatic time of flight. He felt very homesick for Paris, which had been his home for so long, but the dear man was as merry and charming as ever.

We spent in all only a short time in Paris. Two months were taken out of the middle of that winter for traveling on the Continent, after which we returned to the French city for March. When we first started from Paris on our trip we were headed for Nice.

It was Christmas Day and cold as charity. Why did we choose that day of all others on which to begin a journey? Our Christmas dinner consisted of cold soup hurriedly swallowed at a railway station. Christmas! I could have wept!

All this time I had found it hard to accustom myself to being really idle. From the time I was thirteen I had been working and studying so systematically that to get the habit of leisure was like learning a new and a difficult lesson. It took time, for one thing, to find out how to relax

Scrubbing for Nerves

NERVOUS persons never acquire this art naturally or possess it instinctively. It is with them the artificial product of painful experience. All my life I had expended energy at top pressure and built it up again as fast as I could, instead of sometimes letting it lie fallow for a bit. When I was singing I was always in a fever before the curtain rose. All the day before I was restless to the point of desperation. Instead of letting myself go and becoming comfortably limp so that I might conserve my strength for the performance itself, I would cast about for a hundred secondary ways in which to waste my nervous force. I was nearly as bad as the Viennese prima donna, Marie Wilt. The story is told of her that a reporter from a Vienna newspaper went to interview her the afternoon before she was to sing in Il Trovatore at the Royal Opera, and inquired of the scrubwoman in the hall where he could find Frau Wilt.

"Here," responded the scrubwoman, sitting up to eye him calmly.

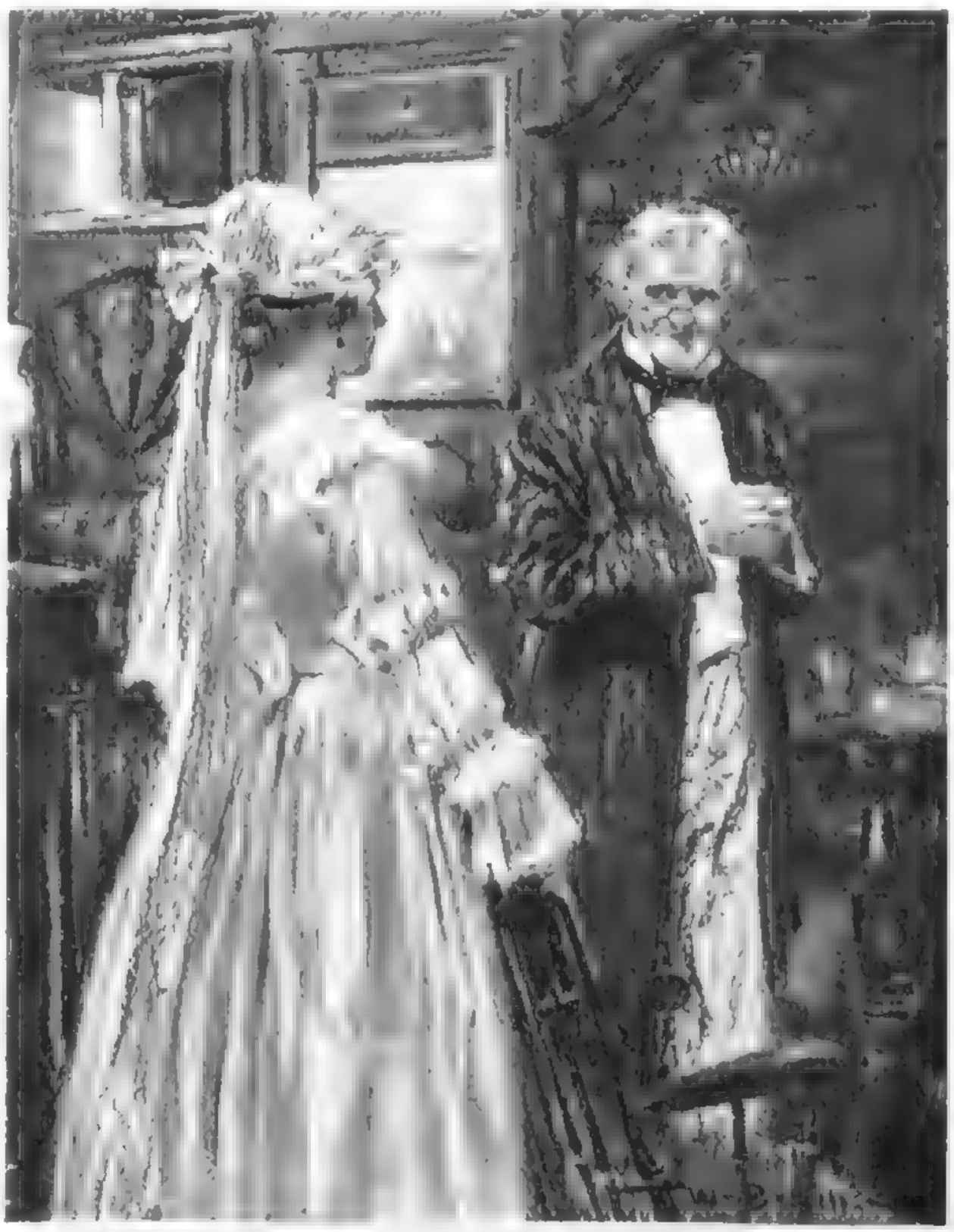
When the young man expressed surprise and incredulity she explained, as she continued to mop the soapy water, that she invariably scrubbed the floor the day she was going to sing. "It keeps me busy," she concluded sententiously.

Think of the force that went into that scrubbing brush that might have gone into the part of Leonora! But it is not for me to find fault with such a course of action, because I followed a very similar one. If I did not exactly scrub floors I did somehow contrive to find other equally adequate ways of dissipating my strength before I sang. Yet here I was actually taking a holiday, with no chance at all to work even if I wanted to!

The Stebbinses and McHenrys joined us when we had been in Nice only a short time, and after a little stay there together we went on by way of Genoa and the Corniche Road to Pisa and thence to Florence. In Florence we had several glimpses of the Grisi family, Madame and her three daughters. Grisi was, I think, a striking example of a singer being born and not made. When she sang Adalgisa in Norma in Milan she made a sudden and overwhelming hit. Next day every one was rushing about demanding: "Who was her teacher? Who gave her this wonderful style and tone?" Grisi herself was asked about it, and she gave the names of several teachers under whom she had worked. But, needless to say, another Grisi was never made. In her case it didn't happen to be the teacher. Often the credit is given to the master when it really belongs to the pupil, or rather to *le bon Dieu* who made the vocal cords in the first place. However we may agree or disagree about fundamental requirements for an artist—breath control, voice placing, tone color, interpretation—the simple fact remains that the one great essential for a singer is a voice! One little story that I recall of Grisi interested me. It was said that when she was growing old and severe exertion told on her, she always, after her fall as Lucretia Borgia, had a glass of beer come up through the floor to her, and she would drink it as she lay there with her back half turned to the audience. This is what was said; and it seemed to me a very good scheme.

By March first we were back again in Paris, and before the end of the month Mr. Jarrett and Arditi joined us with my renewed contract with Colonel Mapleson. It seemed to me a very short period before it was time for me to go back to Drury Lane for the real London season. Spring had come and Mapleson was ready to make a record opera season; so we said good-by to our friends in Paris and turned once more toward England. Every minute of the following weeks was occupied and more than occupied. I never was so busy before and never had such a good time. The season was a delightful one, and certainly no one had a more varied part in it than I. Thanks to the dowager duchess and our friends we went out frequently, and I was singing four and five times a week, counting concerts. Private concerts were a great fad that season, and I have often sung at two or three different ones in the same evening.

Colonel Mapleson was in fine feather, having three prima donnas at his disposal at once, for Christine Nilsson had soon joined us, that curious mixture of "Scandinavian calm and Parisian elegance," as I have heard her described. No two singers were ever less alike, either physically or temperamentally, than she and I; yet oddly enough we over and over again followed each other in the same rôles.



"Madam, You are Welcome to Take Any Liberties You Will With My Entire Stock"

Tietjens, Nilsson and I sang together a great deal that season, not only in opera but also in concert. Our voices went well together and we always got on pleasantly. Madame Tietjens was no longer at the zenith of her great power, but she was very fine for all that.

I have always admired Tietjens greatly as an artist, in spite of her perfunctory acting. Cold and stately, she was especially effective in purely classic music, having at her command all its traditions—Donna Anna, for instance, and Fidelio and the Contessa. I sang with her in the Mozart operas.

Particularly do I recall one night when the orchestra was under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. Both Tietjens and Nilsson were singing with me, and the former had to follow me in the recitative. Where Susanna gives the attacking note to the Contessa Sir Michael's 'cello gave me the wrong note. I perceived it instantly, but I hardly knew what to do. I was singing in Italian, which made the problem even more difficult; but as I sang my sixth sense was working subconsciously. I was saying over and over in my brain: "I've got to give Tietjens the right note or the whole thing will be a mess. How am I going to do it?" I sang round in circles until I was able to give the Contessa the correct note. Tietjens gratefully caught it up and all came out well. When the number was over both Tietjens and Nilsson came and congratulated me for what they recognized as a good piece of musicianship. But Sir Michael was in a rage. "What do you mean," he demanded, "by taking liberties with the music like that?"

Scalchi Arrives

ONE cannot afford to antagonize a conductor, and he was besides so irascible a man that I did not care to mention to him that his 'cello had been at fault. He was a most indifferent musician as well as a narrow, obstinate man, although London considered him a very great leader. He only infuriated me the more by remarking indulgently, one night not long after, as if overlooking my various artistic shortcomings: "Well, well, you're a very pretty woman anyway!" It was his "anyway" that irrevocably settled matters between us. He disliked Nilsson too. He declared, both in public and in private, that her use of her voice was mere "charlatanry and trickery" and not worthy to be called musical. Nilsson was not, in fact, a good musician; few prima donnas are. On one occasion she did actually sing one bar in advance of the accompaniment for ten consecutive measures. This is inconceivable, but she did it and Sir Michael never forgave her.

Undoubtedly we had some fine artists at Her Majesty's, but occasionally Mapleson missed a big chance of securing others. One day we were putting on our wraps after rehearsal when my mother and I heard a lovely contralto voice. On inquiry we learned that Colonel Mapleson and Arditi were trying the voice of a young Italian woman who had come to London in search of an engagement. The colonel sat in the orchestra while the young woman sang an aria from Semiramide. When the trial was over the girl went away at once and I rushed out to speak to Mapleson:

"Surely you engaged her?"

"Indeed I didn't," he replied.

She went directly to Gye at Covent Garden, who engaged her promptly, and when she appeared two weeks later she made a sensation. Her name was Sofia Scalchi!

Besides the private concerts of that season there were also plenty of public concerts, a particularly notable one being a Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace on May first, when I sang Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre! Everything connected with that occasion was on a large scale. There were seven thousand people in the house, the largest audience by far that I had ever sung before. The place was so crowded that people hung about the doors trying to get in even after every seat was filled; and not one person left the hall until after I had finished—a remarkable record in its way. Some time later, when I was on my way home to America and wanted to buy some antiques, I wandered into a little odd Dickenslike shop in Wardour Street. I wanted to have some articles sent on approval to meet

Continued on Page 30

THE HAUNTED DOOR

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

"Who Has Made You a Prisoner?"

EARLY in April the Marquis Banutelli closed his villa at Bordighera, on the Mediterranean, and traveled up to Geneva. He was in frail health, enervated by the sun of the Riviera and displeased with life.

He had intended to write a great opera at Bordighera, but he could not get the thing to go upon its legs. The marquis blamed the commonplace times for this plague upon his opera. There was no longer anything mysterious or unknown in the world. A tram carried tourists to the Sphinx; the Americans had penetrated to the Pole—or pretended to have done so—and the English had entered Tibet.

Moreover the whole race of men was tamed; the big, wild, barbaric passions that used to rend the world were now harnessed to the plow. Men no longer climbed to the stars for a woman or carried a knife a lifetime for an enemy. The tragedies of love and vengeance were settled by the notary and the lawcourt. Romance and adventure had been ejected out of life.

The marquis was by no means certain he would find in Geneva what he had failed to find in Bordighera—that is to say, inspiration for his opera—though this city was the very realm of romance. It lay across the bluest lake in the world, beneath the sinister ridge of Salève; behind it was the range of the Jura; and beyond it Mont Blanc emerged on clear mornings from the sky. But he was sure to find there a bracing climate when the wind, like a curse of God, did not blow from the north.

The marquis went to the very best hostelry and sat down in a sunny room where he could see that sight of the faërie—the great two-pointed, rose-colored sails of the stone-boats descending Lake Leman.

It was early and there were but few guests—a Japanese, with a French wife; two or three English families, and a distinguished German. The German, alone, interested the Marquis Banutelli.

He was perhaps sixty-five—a commanding military figure. It was clear from every aspect that the man was a person of importance. Italy and the German Empire were now in very close relations. The Kaiser had just spoken thrilling words of the Italian arms in Morocco. The Triple Alliance was thought to be mobilizing its armies. England and France seemed about to force Germany into the field. War was in the air; one saw soldiers on every hand, and all the fierce old hatreds had risen from the fields of Jena and Auerstädt, Metz and Sedan, as on the daybreak of a resurrection.

"When I Reached the Border of the Wood I Was Seized by Two Men"

The marquis inquired at the bureau, learned that the German was the Prince Ulrich Von Gratz, and presented himself. The two sat over their coffee a long time that evening in the foyer of the hotel. The talk ran upon the necessities and barbarities of war. Von Gratz was a soldier; he had gone through the Franco-German War; and his vivid and realistic experiences, the experiences of a man of action in the deadly struggle of two infuriated peoples, fascinated the Italian, who was essentially a dreamer.

The interest and appreciation of the marquis seemed to inspire Von Gratz, and he entered into the details of that hideous barbarity by which the German armies crushed the provinces of France. The marquis had read the La Débâcle of Zola and the tales of Maupassant, but he never until this day realized the stern implacable savagery with which the uhlan had forced the French peasant to remain a non-combatant while the German armies marched over his fields to Paris.

The acquaintance ripened into a fine intimacy.

During the day Von Gratz was not usually to be seen, and was understood to be concerned with one of those ponderous works on the science of war that engages the excess energy of the military German as a system of philosophy engages that of the scholastic. In the evening he smoked very black cigars from Homburg and talked with the marquis.

The conversation was in French—a language the Italian invariably used in every country but his own. The German also spoke it with fluency and something approaching a proper accent. The Marquis Banutelli remarked upon this accomplishment, and Von Gratz replied that it had served him when he had occupied the Valley of the Jura during the Franco-German War. He added that his headquarters had been at Ferney, but a few miles from Geneva; and he mentioned the further confidence that one of his objects in coming to Geneva was to go over again the scenes of his military occupancy there. But this thing he had hesitated to do. The war spirit in France had vitalized old memories. He had held the province with an iron hand. He would be remembered and not welcome.

The incidents of this district, lying so close to Geneva, interested the Italian; and, as he was accustomed to walk in the afternoon, he determined to walk there. Von Gratz envied him this privilege, and deplored the fact that the present temper of France prevented him from accompanying the marquis; but he got maps from the concierge and marked a route which he particularly wished the marquis to go over.

The following afternoon the marquis took the tram out of Geneva, got down when he had crossed the hill toward Ferney, and, according to his map, set out on a little road into the country. This road, bordered part of the way by great trees, within half a mile entered France. The marquis knew the border by the square stone, carved on the French side with a fleur-de-lis. He also knew it by the little hut of plaited twigs in which the gendarme who guards the roads out of France protects himself from the rain and the winds.

This was an unkempt country road, and such are not usually under a sharp surveillance, but today it was sentineled like the main road into Geneva.

The marquis was not molested and continued on his way; but he felt that the military instincts of France were at this time particularly alert. The road continued westward toward the Jura, but the Italian turned into the long wood that lies in the low valley between Geneva and Ferney. On all sides the flowers were beginning to come out. The path the marquis followed had once been an ancient road, but it was now overgrown and, in fact, no longer even a path. One had continually to clamber over logs and to put aside the branches of trees.

Banutelli reflected that this had doubtless been a military road through the forest in the time of Von Gratz' occupation, and he determined to follow it. Presently it came out into a little meadow entirely inclosed by the wall of the forest.

An abandoned farmhouse stood here where the road emerged. It was a big, old house with timbered gables and a farmyard inclosed by a stone wall. The house and premises, though heavy and of sound material, were ragged with age. And this deserted house, hidden in the wood and to be reached only by an abandoned road, inspired the Italian with a sense of remote and sinister loneliness. Thus in old tales were haunted houses environed or the venue of revolting crimes.

He continued across the bit of meadow and through the fringe of forest, and found himself come almost immediately upon the main road from Ferney to Geneva. The marquis crossed the border toward the environs of Geneva, where several gendarmes lounged on a bench in the sun before the bureau of police. And again he felt that all France was under a searching military surveillance.

That night he described the ancient road and the abandoned house to Von Gratz. He had been quite right in his conjecture. The prince had occupied this very house when he held the province, and he had cut this road through the wood. He listened with interest to every detail. And when the marquis, having concluded his description, added the sinister impression he had received, Von Gratz very gravely shook his head.

Some things had happened there. . . . It was no gentle work to hold a hostile district. He sat for some time silent, his face stern with the memory, but he did not disclose the reminiscence. Again he expressed the desire to revisit this district, and again he regretted that the hostile attitude of France made it unsafe to do so.

He showed so keen an interest in all that the marquis had observed that the Italian continued to take his walks in that direction. And thus, through the medium of another, Von Gratz was, in a manner, able to revisit the province which he had held under his heel.

He was interested in everything, but especially in the old road and the abandoned farmhouse, as the marquis sometimes thought—the criminal agent is interested in the place where he has accomplished a secret crime and would know how it has changed. It happened, for this reason, that Banutelli frequently chose this route; he remarked the trees that had fallen across the ancient road, and the height and thickness of the bushes that had grown up in it.

Von Gratz was especially interested in every change that had taken place in the abandoned farmhouse. Did the great nail-studded door still hang upon its hinges, and the like? He seemed to learn with relief that this door was closed; and one night, when the marquis reported that it was open, he exhibited a marked concern, as though every ravage of time upon this deserted house was in some sinister manner correlated to his own destiny.

The desire now to see this place for himself became a sort of obsession. He inquired precisely at what points on the route one was likely to meet the peasants. The marquis replied that he would meet no one in the wood, and that the only peasants he was likely to pass were two big old men, who had recently come to spade up a potato field in the corner of the meadow beyond the farmhouse toward Ferney.

The marquis thought that Von Gratz was unduly concerned about entering this bit of French territory. He had only to go in civilian dress, follow the old road, and turn back before the farmhouse to avoid the peasants entirely. And when he went up to his rooms that night it was with a suspicion that there was something appalling and sinister lying back of the German's anxieties. This impression was strengthened on the following day when he received a note from Von Gratz, saying that he had determined to visit the scene of his former headquarters, and closing with the strange request that if he did not return to luncheon the marquis himself should come to search for him. The note prayed Banutelli, under no circumstances, to speak of the matter, and to come alone.

The marquis was not very much concerned for the safety of Von Gratz, but when he did not find the German at luncheon, and learned that he had gone out of the hotel early and had not returned, he became uneasy, took the tram out of Geneva and crossed the French border.

The afternoon was perfect; the sun soft and caressing. The peasants were at work in the distant fields, and the gendarme dozed in his twig hut. The marquis entered the wood and followed the old road. The buds were swelling; little flowers were beginning to appear; and he wondered how anything harmful could have menaced Von Gratz in the peace and serenity of this April afternoon. He began to be impressed with the folly of his errand; but when he stopped on the edge of the wood to look over the abandoned farmhouse he thought he saw something move at a gabled window.

He looked closely and presently became certain that a hand beckoned him. The marquis crossed to the open door and entered the farmhouse. The house was much larger than the marquis had imagined and very stoutly built. It had been long abandoned, but it remained sound and tight.

The marquis' footsteps echoed on the stone stairs, and in spite of his courage he felt a sense of fear of what he might be going to meet. As he neared the top of the stairs he heard his name called, and glancing up he saw Von Gratz' face, as though it looked at him from the wall. The next moment he realized that the German was peering at him through a little opening cut in a door.

"Prince!" cried Banutelli. "What has happened to you? And why are you here?"

"Marquis," replied Von Gratz, "I am a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" echoed the Italian. "Who has made you a prisoner? I will go at once for the gendarmes."

"No, my friend," replied Von Gratz, "the gendarmes would only get me killed. My one hope lies in your courage and devotion. Please to look through the window behind you and see if the two old peasants are at work in their potato field."

The marquis turned to the little high window behind him on the stairs, and by standing on tiptoe was able to see out. On the edge of the forest beyond the little meadow the two old peasants labored with their spades, digging up the sod. The sun lay upon their stooped shoulders and their bent backs, and a vagrant wind stirred their white hair. They reminded the marquis of the humble figures of the Angelus. He returned to the door.

"The peasants are there," he said. "What have these simple creatures to do with this outrage?"

"Simple creatures!" cried Von Gratz. "God in Heaven! The spirit of vengeance—tireless, patient and inexorable—has never dwelt on this earth as it dwells within the bosoms of those two peasants! Prepare yourself, marquis, to hear the strangest thing that ever happened.

"When I entered this valley during the Franco-German War three brothers occupied this house. It was night when my advance reached the wood, and one of these brothers, coming to the door, fired a fowling-piece. When we entered he gave up the gun and explained that he had not intended to resist soldiers, but had been alarmed by a noise he did not understand. He was a fine young peasant,

"He Has Escaped!"

concealed nothing, and answered every question without evasion. It was impossible not to believe him. I would willingly have set him at liberty; but he had fired on the uhlans and an example had to be made.

"I occupied the house and imprisoned him for five days in this very room in which I now stand until his offense should be thoroughly known throughout the whole province; and at the end of that time I had him stood up before the door of this house and shot, as a warning that any non-combatant firing on the soldiers would be thus shot against the door of his house. Each of the two older brothers came to me privately and begged me to shoot him instead of the boy; when I refused they looked at me for a long time, as one has seen an animal look at something it does not intend to forget."

Von Gratz paused.

"Marquis," he said, "you perhaps observed in the environs of Ferney an ancient chapel surmounted by a crucifix. When these two peasants became convinced that I would not take their lives in exchange for that of the boy, they went to this chapel in Ferney to pray." The German's voice descended into a whisper. "And they have continued to go there every day for forty years!"

The man's voice died out and he remained for some time silent, while the Italian endeavored to realize the vast infinite faith that no period of time could weaken, and that returned day after day, in the unfailing belief that it would in the end receive what it asked.

The voice began with an abrupt and unexpected question.

"Do you believe in God, marquis?"

The amazed and bewildered Italian shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know," he replied—"sometimes."

"I never did," continued Von Gratz. "But listen! The war passed and I returned to my estates in Baden. I was young then. I grew old. I forgot this incident. But one night in the castle at Waldshut I dreamed that I was standing in the edge of the wood before this house, looking at the door. The door was closed. I seemed greatly relieved—and I woke.

"Time ran on and the dream returned. And always as the thing reappeared my anxiety about the door became greater, and my relief at finding it still closed increased, as though this closed door stood between me and some appalling doom. The dream never varied. I looked always at this door in a sweat of dread!" Von Gratz paused. Then he went on like a disembodied voice:

"One never escapes from the superstitions of his childhood. I had heard that if one touched a dead man on the forehead he would not dream of him, or if he went to the scene of a haunting obsession it would disappear. I could no longer endure this hideous anxiety that recurred always in a shorter cycle. I determined to come here and revisit this house in the hope that this dream would cease. . . . But I found all France inflamed, and I hesitated until you told me that the door was open. Then I determined to go. I dared not think what this accursed dream might become, now that the closed door was open."

The face of Von Gratz, framed in the narrow aperture of the oak door in the dim light of this garret, appeared fantastic and ghostlike.

"I came here. When I reached the border of the wood I was seized by two men, the sleeve of a blouse stuffed into my mouth, and carried into this house and up the stairs to this room. I was thrust in and the door locked. . . . Yes, the men were the two old peasants out there. . . . They told me that from the day their brother was shot against the door they had never ceased to pray to God to bring me back here; and they had never ceased to watch for me. They had abandoned the house as a sort of trap. They gave me precisely what I had given my own prisoner—a jug of water, black bread and a Bible. And they told me they would keep me a prisoner for five days, as I had kept the brother, and then shoot me against the door as I had shot him."

Banutelli was appalled.

"Great God!" he murmured. "What a revenge! What a revenge!"

And he continued to repeat the word, as though the very sound of it projected before him all the faith and patience and barbarity of these two terrible old men. Then he turned as though to descend the stair.

"I will bring the gendarmes. The French officers, at least, are not savages."

Von Gratz stopped him.

"No, my friend—that will not do. You would get me out, to be sure, but not alive, marquis. Do you think a German officer could be rescued by gendarmes today in France and not somehow lose his life in the engagement—especially if that officer were Ulrich Von Gratz? Besides, how should I be regarded by the emperor if I were found

(Continued on Page 41)

IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

III

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

"Oh, Mr. Brock, Did You—Have You Just Called Me?"

I AWAKENED late the morning after the ball. Breakfast was over; father and Francis were gone. The house was silent but for the faint tinkling of silver and the rattling of china as Molly cleared the table in the dining room. I rose and went leisurely about my bath and toilet, confused with the memories of the night before, questioning the day, after the manner of a girl who has her hand stretched out to love.

Presently the door opened a few inches and the white-turbaned head of Molly appeared. "Miss Joy, the phone's been ringin' all the mornin'. Your pa said for me not to call you, but Miss Alice is at it again. She says can you come. She's got something particular to tell you."

"Tell her I'll be there in a minute. And, Molly, don't hang up the receiver," I called to her as she closed the door.

She was our only servant, maid and counselor. Two years previous to this time, after many trials in the house and kitchen, father put this notice in the Want Column of the Millidge Gazette:

WANTED—A destitute and unfortunate woman, with no ties, to do general housework in a small but exacting family. Must have a cheerful disposition and a good character. Colored preferred. Room on the place.

Molly not only answered this extraordinary advertisement, but she exactly filled the description, and ever since she had filled the demands. She was gifted with a sentimental nature and, therefore, knew herself to be unfortunate. She was undoubtedly destitute, and remained so. We took her upon her own recommendation—that she did not have a "character." This turned out to be an exaggeration. She had a character, but no morals except the moral of faithfulness. And she had a disposition that smiled morning, noon and night upon the inky blackness of her countenance. The only bad habit she had was that she invariably hung up the receiver when she came to say some one wanted to speak to one of us on the telephone. There was no way to convince her that this made any difference. She refused to be taught.

I hurriedly stuck the remaining pins in my hair and ran into the library. "Hello, Alice!" I called, with the receiver cupped to my ear.

"Good morning, Joy! Are you up at last? I've called twice already."

"Yes, I am, but don't pretend that you are!" I retorted.

"No, not yet. I haven't as much to get up for. Only a husband, and he's gone to town long ago. But you have all the young men in Millidge to get up for. Tell me, how does it feel to be a belle?"

"Oh, Alice, I almost hate this day. It's so pale, so colorless; no music, no flowers. But I suppose any kind of day would be an anti-climax to such an evening," I complained.

"Moral: never marry an humble bee if you are a firefly!"

"Well, even when we do our best we may not choose as wisely as you have done, dear. Mr. Archibald was nearly the handsomest man in the room last night."

"Nearly, but not quite. That is exactly what I thought myself."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Now don't pretend that you do not know the one I mean. I'll venture you dreamed about him last night."

"I did not dream at all last night; I was too tired. And I haven't the least idea to whom you are referring."

"That's a fib, and it just shows how deeply you are interested in him already."

"Still I do not know whom you mean," I declared.

"Why, the brigand, the bandit at the ball last evening."

"Now that you recall him, I do remember a stranger who was not presented to me," I confessed.

"Oh, that was the place where the Buckhaulters drew the line. They had to ask him, for private reasons, but they were not obliged to introduce him to their friends."

"Still it was queer not to introduce him," I insisted.

"Not queer, merely impudent. But he had the best of it. The difference between being a wallflower and an indifferent celebrity upon such an occasion is accomplished by turning your back to the company. Wallflowers sit or stand face forward, confessing defeat. He turned his back on us and put us out of countenance. He ——"

"But who is he?" I interrupted.

"I asked Charlie. It seems that all the men know him. His name is David Brock. There you have it!" She laughed.

David Brock! I felt it sink and shine in a text of green and gold above the door of my heart. I became in that moment a little shrine far out upon a dusty road, ages old, earth-stained, lichen-marked, waiting patiently for the knees of one pilgrim to bow before me.

"Is he—is he married?" I inquired, like the mortal virgin I was.

"No!" tinkled Alice, laughing shrilly. "Worse than that, he's a promoter. Never do to marry him. Might have to beg your bread later. He's bought West Meadow, the Buckhaulters' country place on the edge of town."

"What's he going to do with it?" I asked.

"Doing already! He's cutting it up into lots, laying it out into squares, putting down pavements, going to make it the fashionable suburb of Millidge, if he doesn't go broke before he can do it. The place is beautiful, you know, covered with forest trees. He's already sold every third lot at an auction last week, they say. The Leighs have bought out there, and the Gillfillings—a number of people we know—but on time, with only small payments. Charlie says if Brock can hold it long enough he'll be the richest man in Millidge. Now you know why the Buckhaulters asked him. And why they didn't introduce him. Not certain whether he'll turn out to be a millionaire or an adventurer!"

I sat with the receiver still cupped to my ear, but silent. There is a promoter in every woman besides a shrine. I was somewhere between the two places in my reflections.

"But that isn't what I really called you for, dear," she went on. "Emmet wants you and Charlie and me to dine with him at the Country Club this evening. He said he didn't dare call so early himself, and he knew you'd be overwhelmed with invitations. He and Charlie are going out early in the afternoon to play golf. I am to come by for you in my electric. Emmet will bring you home in his car. Now don't say you have an engagement. And Emmet is so interesting. Don't you think so?"

"I do not know whether he is or not," I answered dryly. "I'll be glad to go, only I've promised to receive with Shirley Leigh this afternoon, and I ought to go down to see Mrs. Buckhaulter."

"You can see her any time. She's fussed up today straightening out the house. She won't want you. Put that off till tomorrow. I'll be at the Leighs' myself this afternoon. We'll go from there to the club."

So it was arranged, and at seven o'clock we were seated round a table in the loggia of the club, at the end of a long row of other tables, the stars in the clear country sky shining through the windows like cold, distant eyes, the casements below a mass of azaleas, lilies and poinsettias. Alice looked like an anemone in her blue gown with her white furs slipped back from her shoulders. I wore darker blue, with a bunch of Richmond roses in my belt.

We were waiting for the men. Alice fixed her eyes upon my roses.

"Who sent them?" she asked.

"Emmet," I replied.

"Well, he has sense about flowers for women. They prove that your eyes are blue, not gray. If I wore them they would fade me. Oh!" she sighed, leaning back; "I am surfeited with the Leighs' salads and ices. Isn't it awful how much we have to eat?"

"I haven't found it so yet," I replied, laughing.

"You will. One day last week I attended five functions where eating was the chief diversion. Charlie had some friends out here to breakfast at eleven o'clock. We went in town to luncheon at the Gillfillings', and you know what that means—those people spend half their substance on their table. In the afternoon I went to Mrs. Franklin's reception. She served eggnog and fruitcake. At seven we dined with the Leighs and went to see a horrid play at the Casino. And afterward we all had welsh-rarebit and beer at the Terrace. And that's the way it goes day after day, night after night. Naturally we look like turtles round the waist by the time we are forty. The wonder is that we don't before we are thirty."

At this moment Archibald and Emmet entered and hurried to their places beside us.

"Sorry to be late," Charlie apologized; "had a meeting of the governors; couldn't get out."

Emmet offered his hand to me, smiled, unfolded his napkin across his knee and addressed Alice:

"Well, little scavenger, what's the news of the day?"

"Charlie, protect me! This man has called me something!"

"Can't do it, Alice," answered Archibald.

She was the kind of woman who could win the most ardent affection from a man without commanding his respect, not even the respect of her husband.

"Very well then, I'll deserve my reputation and tell you the latest," she cried. "Mrs. Franklin has taken a companion!"

"This is scandulous! What do you mean?" demanded Emmet.

"She appeared with her this afternoon at the Leighs'—it's a woman, of course; couldn't be anything else, you know. Said she felt so unprotected socially without a chaperon."

We laughed.

Mrs. Franklin was a widow, the richest woman in Millidge, past fifty. She wore an elaborately curled auburn wig, thick black paste where her brows had been, rouged outrageously, painted her withered lips with glistening French rouge. She had been beautiful and kept up the illusion in her own mind in this manner. She looked like an old bent poisonous mushroom, and was one of the caricatures of society in the town. She was still determined to marry, and she resorted to any subterfuge by which to intimate and at the same time protect her charms. The companion was the latest, an unheard-of being until now in Millidge.

"I'm disappointed in you, Alice," said Emmet reproachfully. "Old lady's just coming to her senses. Always thought she needed a keeper."

"Well, you'll see; she'll get one yet. And it will not be a woman with her hair skinned back from her face, wearing a shirtwaist and skirt, like this companion she's got now!" insisted Alice.

The further you go in society, the worse it gets. I had already gone too far. I did not know the language of the company I was in. But as I sat there telepathic, anxious to learn, I discovered a new plane of thought in myself—the

carrion level of this life. I stepped into it without a scruple, like the adventuress I was. I resolved to make good in it. That is the foreword of all adventurers—to ascend whatever heights or descend into whatever depths that face them with a nerve that knows neither modesty nor mercy. It is a kind of electrical current that supplies inspiration for the proper accomplishment of the performance in word or deed.

"And now what do you know? Or are you still too nice to know anything?" inquired Emmet, turning a quizzical, smiling face to me.

"A little," I replied, taking my cue, feeling that singular venom which is the blood of conversation among men and women in this circle.

"Let's have it!" said Archibald, looking at me queerly, anxiously, as one stares at a tightrope dancer above an abyss.

"We are also glad to know that Margaret Derry has got her hat back from the cemetery," I announced with mock gravity.

"From the cemetery! What do you mean, Joy? It's the last place I'd ever look for a milliner, though now I think of it there'd be wonderful choice in trimmings," Alice laughed.

"You know Mrs. Walters was buried today. Well, it seems that Margaret went to stay with poor old Madam Walters, who was ill and couldn't come downstairs even for the funeral. Margaret wore the wonderful hat covered with orchids that she brought back with her from Paris. The house was in confusion of course, no one to receive her at the door; so when she came in she unpinned it and laid it on the piano downstairs. The undertakers, mistaking it for a floral offering, placed it upon the casket, where they say it was much admired. But at the cemetery, when they were taking the flowers out of the van to lay upon the grave, old Mrs. Franklin recognized Margaret's hat as it was being placed with the others, and she said so loud enough for everybody to hear. Then she skipped up and snatched it off, from under the very eyes of the Bereaved young husband. It was she who brought it back to Mrs. Derry."

Alice lay back in her chair and laughed merrily.

"Oh, that is too good, Joy!" she cried. "What did Margaret say?"

"I don't know what she said, but it was what Mrs. Franklin said that was so funny. She found Margaret running about in the lower rooms of the Walters' house looking distractedly for her hat. 'I knew, dear, that it was a mistake; that you wouldn't go as far as that at such a time!' she said, handing it to her. Nobody knows whether the old thing meant it, or if she just didn't realize how it sounded."

"Oh, she meant it," asserted Alice, "and it served Margaret right. She's never been intimate enough with the family to be comforting John Walters' mother at such a time. Vicarious way she had of offering sympathy to John; first step she was making into his widowhood. Now she'll be obliged to clear out. Can't go on after as obvious a thing as that happened."

"Come, Alice, you are going too far," continued Archibald, looking at Emmet's face, the color of which had changed and deepened into that flush which in the male countenance is the weather signal of anger.

"But not so far as Margaret went herself. Everybody knows she'd marry Walters or any other man with enough money," persisted his wife.

There is such a thing as being too successful in viciousness, which is nearly as bad as being too effective in goodness. It is the way to fail in both. I felt myself trembling upon the edge of some such disaster as the former. I cast a surreptitious glance at Emmet's lowering visage. Still, he could not defend Margaret. I have observed this about men—they will take up cudgels in defense of any other man, however undeserving, but if the victim is a woman, and if they are in the company of other women, they never do. The bravest of them are not brave enough for that.

We were silent a moment, covering the ugly pause by observing the stream of guests who were now coming in rapidly and filling the places at the other tables. Presently I felt Emmet's eyes upon me. His face had cooled. He wore the expression of a man who had readjusted his point of view in a certain matter. He looked at me challengingly, impudently, as much as to say he understood, admired my nerve—and me a trifle less.

He bent toward me and in the general confusion murmured:

"Take care, Mistress Joy; he who lives by the sword must perish by the sword!"

"Not always," I retorted. "Many survive the conflict and die in times of piping peace."

"Not in this kind of warfare. Peace doesn't pipe ever for such adversaries. Scene of battle changes, that's all. Look at Alice Archibald." He lowered his voice to escape the attention of Charlie and his wife, who were bowing to some acquaintances. "She's still at it, post-marital field, no quarter, using her tongue all day long and every day like a rapier."

"Don't tell me Alice will ever fall by the sword," I laughed.

"She will, unless she's courtmartialed by her own set first, which is worse!"

"But what is one to do between firing lines?" I returned.

"Better get out of it. Better marry and settle down," he answered sagely.

"Alice is married," I returned.

"But she has not settled down," he came back quickly. "Her gauntlet is still in the ring."

"I do not know what you mean."

"Look at her now and you will see," he replied.

We both regarded her. She hung above the table like a little blue-and-gold pendant, hard, glistening, bent slightly forward, with her brilliant gaze fixed upon some one at another table, her lips parted, the color deepening in her cheeks. Never have I beheld an expression so keenly acquisitive, so delicately passionate.

Instinctively I turned my head to see the object of her attention, and met the eyes of David Brock, seated with Mr. Leigh not ten feet away, black, expressionless in his dark face. I felt my own redden as I looked back at Emmet. He was smiling sardonically at both Alice and me. The tables were turned, and I knew that somewhere far within Emmet knew that they were turned, that this was his rapier retort for the one we had given him about Margaret and Walters.

It is astonishing how much faster the eye receives and the heart feels than the lips can speak. All this happened in one instant of time. The next Alice had drawn herself back into the rôle she played with us, including her husband.

"What are you two whispering about? It is not proper in a room full of people!" she exclaimed gayly, and in a voice that carried to the next table.

"I was just telling Miss Marr that you will be courtmartialed some day," Emmet answered daringly.

"And for what crime, please? Courtmartialing is something you do to people who have committed high treason, isn't it?"

"Yes, or low treason, or for not carrying out orders. Same penalty."

"And will you sit on the case, Emmet?" she demanded with narrowing eyes.

"No, I'll be excused for cause!" he retorted meaningly.

Archibald, who had turned round in his chair and was speaking to Mr. Leigh, now arose and went over to shake hands cordially with David Brock.

"He was elected a member of the club this afternoon," he explained as he resumed his chair

"Did you vote for him, Emmet?" Alice asked.

"Oh, yes. Nice fellow, I reckon. Besides, we may all be wanting to borrow money of him or asking him to go bond for us if his deal goes through," he laughed.

"And if it doesn't?" I put in.

Emmet looked at me quietly, as one refers again to a letter already read to confirm its contents. He knew me then better than I knew myself. For I only knew what I wanted. He understood that in the terms of my character softly forming.

"In that case he'll probably want to borrow of us," answered Archibald.

"And you will lend?" I went on with pretended indifference.

"Not on the security he is likely to offer, and not without security. We are more apt to post him here for not paying his dues!" Emmet replied.

"He doesn't look like a man who would ask favors," commented Alice, mincing at her salad.

"Can't tell what a man will ask from looking at him, or what a woman wants from looking at her," Emmet retorted.

"Still, I don't think he'd wait to be posted," I defended.

"Maybe not. Maybe he'll furl his tent, like the Arab, and steal quietly away in the night."

"I must say you talk very doubtfully of a man you have just received!" said Alice.

"Oh, he's all right if he doesn't fail, but the chances are against him. Buckhaulter put his name up. Thinks he'll make it."

There was a movement at the other table. The next moment Leigh, a round-bodied little man with a red face and a military mustache, came over.

"Mrs. Archibald, I want to present Mr. David Brock. Miss Marr, Mr. Brock. You know Marshall and Archibald, I believe."

We bowed, Charlie and Emmet stood up and Alice began:

"Oh, Mr. Brock, we've been hearing about you! And Joy—all the girls are crazy to meet you, aren't you, Joy?" she laughed, turning to me.

"I am very glad to know you, Mr. Brock," I replied, struggling desperately to show becoming nonchalance.

"You are most fortunate to have come to Millidge at this time, my boy," said Leigh, laying his hand upon the broad shoulders of his guest. "Miss Marr has just made her début."

"Or unfortunate!" he answered, bowing gravely to me.

It is thus that we accomplish the wonderful in society, as if it were the commonplace, as if it were a part of the order of things, as indeed it is. But as I sat there with this

I Knew That I Did Not Like Her, Never Had Liked Her

man standing before me, with my heart beating so quickly that the lace upon the bosom of my gown rippled like the feathers in a bird's wings, I could have wept that I had met him, spoken to him first in a crowded room. I felt that it was a thing that should have happened on a starry night, that he should have worn a green chaplet upon his head, that I should have had lilies in my hair, and that there should have been no witnesses on an occasion so pregnant with fate.

So are girls made until something changes them. And even afterward they retain the faint presence of this earlier self. They all have beneath the curls beside their faces the little pointed ears of a fawn, invisible, but there. And they were by nature the mates of Pan long before they became the primmer maidens of men.

IV

THREE blocks beyond our house, as I have already mentioned, Forest Avenue opens into the park. On the other side there is a short street called Camden Place, and in those days it was the fashionable postscript to the Avenue, where the younger married couples of society settled themselves. Among others there were the Archibalds. Their residence was an enlarged dolls' house, built in the pretty, frivolous Japanese style, with parasol pagodas at each end of the porch.

Late one December afternoon I went to have a cup of tea with Alice. I was not so much tired with the useless diversions of a débutante as depressed by a nameless disappointment. During the week that had passed since our introduction at the Country Club I had seen David Brock only once. He was in a car with four other men speeding down the Avenue, and he either did not or would not see me walking along the pavement. It was a thing I did not know then, but came to understand later, that a man never notices a woman, especially if she is the woman, when he is concerned with business affairs. She amounts to an immorality at such a time, to a dangerous intoxication that may interfere with the proper sharpening of his faculties. David was taking three old boar capitalists of Millidge out to West Meadow, who were prospective purchasers of lots. Therefore, I did not exist.

Alice professed to be ailing. At such times she took occasion to look particularly bewitching in negligée. This afternoon I found her reclining upon a lounge before the fire in her infinitesimal parlor, which she had contrived to make as bright and foolish as a booth at a society bazaar. The walls were covered with Japanese prints; and she looked like one herself, in her pale blue kimono embroidered with sprays of cherry blossoms. She had tiny fans stuck in her hair. She was the first woman in Millidge to adopt this geisha-girl fashion. She had an instinct that led her straight to the most striking method of adornment. It is the instinct of advanced fashion in women's clothes everywhere.

We passed the hour in the usual gossip: she propped among her brilliant, soft cushions; I seated near her, holding one of the fragile cups and saucers in my hand, sipping some wonderful tea.

"Do you know where I got it?" she asked me, smiling. "A present from David Brock! You can't buy it at all in this country, he says. Some friends sent it to him from Yokohama."

"Oh!" I said, looking down at the pale amber liquid in my cup.

"Nice of him, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I admitted, wondering how she had got as far as this with him so soon.

"Have you seen him since the other night?" she inquired.

"No," I answered, "but you must have!"

"Yes, I made Charlie ask him here to dinner on Tuesday. He didn't want to do it, but I told him he owed the courtesy after taking him into the club, you know. He's very pleasant—not nearly so much of a bore as he looks. He was so pleased, too, with the house. Said a lady surrounded with so much oriental coloring ought to have tea to match, and that this was the kind samurai drink in Japan. The next day a messenger brought it in the prettiest little pewter caddy. There it is on top of the cabinet."

She waved her hand and I saw a pewter jar, covered with strange script, standing beside an ugly vase with a white dragon on it. I looked at it with emotion—not indignation, but something deeper than indignation. For the first time I saw Alice's horoscope, read it dimly in the enigmatical symbols on the squatty pewter jar. And I knew that I did not like her, never had liked her.

"I must hurry," I said, rising, setting down my cup and drawing my furs over my shoulders.

"Going somewhere?" she asked.

"Yes, with Emmet to the play. It's late and I have to dress."

"And it's raining!" she exclaimed, propping herself up on one elbow and looking out of the window.

"No, sleeting," I corrected, pointing to the glass against which hundreds of glistening beads were tinkling.

"Have a good time!" she admonished.

"I always do with Emmet," I retorted, by way of laying a concealing hand over my furious heart.

"Still you never can tell! Always is often a short time with Emmet Marshall, they say. Make hay while the sun shines, Joy," she laughed.

"You mean while the sleet falls," I replied, thrusting one hand into my muff and opening the door.

"May afford a better opportunity than sunshine, I imagine, for your harvesting, my dear," I heard her say as I closed the door.

I hurried across the park, which is a deserted place in winter. It stretched before me ghostly gray in the fading light, the fountains fringed with icicles, the trees bending in the gale, the sleet filling the air and stinging my face. I reached the bridge, which swung in a white arch above a narrow neck of the lake that lay in the middle of the park like a broken slate between its curved, irregular banks. Suddenly the electric lights came on and hung above my head—a long necklace of steady round opals in the immense darkness. The wind wove and broke swiftly upon the ground webbed shadows of the naked branches of the trees above. It filled all the place like an angry presence. I was the only other, the one human in that frigid expanse of shivering Nature. The woman does not live who is not afraid to be alone in the open, not even upon the brightest day. She can never make a companion of the sun, least of all be alone with the stars. They remind her of her incompleteness, of her helplessness. She lacks that great companion, courage, which is, after all, of the masculine gender. She becomes a prey of her terrors. She is held up, almost robbed by her own imagination.

I stood dismayed by the sound of my own footsteps upon the bridge; then, gathering the folds of my long coat closer with one hand and pressing my muff to my breast with the other, I started running as if pursued by furies. The same instant another long, leaping, striding shadow fell beside mine upon the path—a shadow so wide, so bent in the gale, that it might have been the black spirit of the earth risen from the frozen lake. I gasped. The lights fell crashing about me, the trees leaped from their roots and fled, a gigantic column before the blast. I was borne along in it, encircled by the arms of it, and softly, gently deposited somewhere.

For one moment I must have lost consciousness. Then I realized that I was seated upon the rustic bench at the end of the bridge, still clasped in the arms of the gale. I felt a warm, rough hand upon my face, and opening my eyes beheld David Brock looking down at me as a shepherd might look at a lamb clasped to his bosom in a storm. His face was as white as my own must have been; his brows drawn so close together they made a straight line above his eyes, intensely black, yet with the red glow of fire in their depths.

"Oh, how you frightened me!" I whispered, attempting to sit straight.

"Not I! You were frightened before you saw my shadow: admit it!"

"I think perhaps—I was. That only confirmed my fears!"

I began to tremble and sob uncontrollably. He gently pressed my face down into the folds of his great coat with his hand.

"I was taking the shortest way back to town from my office at West Meadow," he explained, "when I saw you flying along before me here in the park, and I hurried to overtake you. Forgive me!"

"But this is worse than that, isn't it?" I laughed, so close that I felt his heart beating like a muffled drum.

I made a determined effort, released myself and sat up, straightening the little close-fitting turban on my head.

We stared at each other and laughed together. It was a confession, that laugh. It was the light chorus of love that burst involuntarily from our lips his, deep and resonant, as if Cupid had suddenly become a man with a bugle bass voice; mine a wavering treble, as if Cupid had suddenly become a maid.

As quickly as the sound came it died upon our lips. We turned each from the other. He lifted the hand he had held over my face, still wet with my tears. He looked at it, then kissed it reverently, as a pilgrim knight might have kissed the feet of the Virgin.

I do not know how long we sat thus silent side by side. It was as if we had accomplished a calm in the midst of a great uproar. The storm raged, the branches of the trees cracked, split and fell like warriors upon a terrible and ghostly field; but we neither saw nor felt this fury of Nature. There are blessed moments when time is not, when eternity lifts the web of the years and we pass through into the profound stillness, when for the space of a breath we live forever.

This, I say, was the miracle we achieved—two transient creatures, made of dust, born to die, with our hands clasped we ascended out of the hurricane into the soft rhythm of the hidden stars.

To be loved is to be baptized. A dove descends upon your head. I felt the dove. I came to myself, conscious only of that, of having been redeemed by this warm beating of wings in my heart. Yet was I the serpent still. This is a matter not recorded in Genesis, the one thing Eve was able to conceal from the great Historian of that period—that the serpent entered her bosom that fatal day before she returned to Adam. He still remains there, forever charming the dove which is also there, ever drawn toward the forked tongue of evil. "You know, you understand, don't you?" said David with tender gravity as he attempted to draw me to him.

"I know that it is snowing hard," I exclaimed, springing to my feet. I looked about me at the shrouded ground. The lake had disappeared. The wind was gone. Every bough of the trees stretched blacker beneath the line of snow upon it.

"When did it begin?" I asked, astonished.

"I do not remember," he answered, smiling as he stood up. "A long time ago, about a thousand happy years ago!"

"Don't tell me we have been here ten minutes," I cried, "for I had not ten minutes to lose!"

I was thinking that I should be late now for my engagement with Emmet.

David took out his watch.

"It is now six o'clock; but I do not know of what day," he added whimsically. "I had the feeling that you and I had been living together all our lives."

"Well, we haven't!" I laughed as we hurried out into the Avenue. After a pause David said:

"A moment ago I thought I knew you, that we knew each other; that we were probably the only two people in the world who understood each other perfectly. Now in the flash of an eye, in the space of time it takes a snowflake to fall, we are become what we were before. I am only a poor unknown young man who happens to have the honor of escorting the belle of Millidge home. Queer, isn't it?"

"Joy," Whispered Emmet, "Have You the Least Idea How You Look?"

Continued on Page 37

THE PRICE OF PLACE

XXVI

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"This Gang Will Get You if You Don't Take a Brace"

MARSH ran down to Washington for a day or two at Christmas, and found Dorothy and Mrs. Marsh engaged in a round of social pleasures. Dorothy was invited to the numerous luncheons, theater parties, dances and teas given for the buds, and Mrs. Marsh had a tea and a theater party for Dorothy. Marsh hurried back to the state capital, and returned to Washington immediately after his election to the Senate. Mrs. Marsh unfolded her social plans to him. She told him of the dinners she intended to give and explained her plan for a series of four musical mornings.

"Whew! Molly," he exclaimed, "that will take a lot of money!"

"Yes," she replied, "it will cost something, but not so much as you think."

"You know our living expenses are horribly increased with this house and all the rest of it," ventured Marsh.

"I am fully aware of all that too," she said; "but if you will stop to consider the advantages we have obtained, the manner in which Dorothy has been established—why, James, she is invited everywhere and so am I—you will see that it is worth whatever it may cost."

"Molly," asked Marsh, "just what do you figure it is worth to us?"

"It goes far beyond mere money value," Mrs. Marsh explained eagerly. "It has established Dorothy and me in the most select society of this city. It will give us the entrée to the houses of the ambassadors, to the cabinet homes, and will get us recognition at the White House. Surely you must see what that will mean to you."

"I know, I know," soothed Marsh; "but I am not a rich man, Molly."

"Why are you not a rich man?" she flared. "Other men with not half your ability or your prominence get rich in Washington. You have friends in New York. You made money in that copper stock. Why can't you make more? Surely you owe some consideration to Dorothy and myself, who have worked so hard to help you."

"You don't want me to be dishonest?"

"Dishonest? No; but who says Senator Fersinger is dishonest, or Senator Pywell? Who says Representative Danton is dishonest, or Representative Alton? They have made money here; yet they are not called dishonest. They take advantage of their opportunities. So might you if you only would."

Marsh walked away. Fersinger, he knew, had a big retainer from a great corporation; Pywell represented certain railroads; Danton was reported to be close to Wall Street, and so on. He felt there was some reason in his wife's viewpoint. These men were held in high regard. Nobody called them dishonest, nor did they consider themselves so. They were simply playing the game and utilizing their opportunities. Why shouldn't he?

He was warmly congratulated on his election to the Senate. The organization leaders in the House made much of him, although they mourned his loss, they said. He was invited twice to dinners given by the Senate leader, and Senator Paxton gave a great dinner in his honor at the big hotel, where there were a hundred and fifty guests, and where all the speakers referred to Marsh in the most complimentary terms and predicted a brilliant future for him. Before the end of the short session of Congress Marsh felt himself to be a great man.

Mrs. Marsh was drawing rather heavily on him, and he was nearly at the end of his resources, when one night early in February Rambo telephoned to him at his house that he was coming up to see him.

Rambo plunged at once into the subject that concerned him. "Marsh," he said, "I have got a chance to make a pot of money."

"Well?" said Marsh, displaying interest.

"A pot of money, I say, and I come to you because you can do more with what I have than I can. Do you want to go in?"

"How can I tell until I hear more about it?" asked Marsh.

"Well," said Rambo, glancing around the room and lowering his voice, "I can get an advance copy of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Alta Continental case."

"What of it?"

"What of it?" sneered Rambo, looking at Marsh contemptuously. "Nothing of it, except that the stock market will break, crumble on that decision, and if we know it in advance we can clean up a lot of coin."

"I haven't any money to buy stock with," said Marsh.

"You haven't any money to buy stock with," mimicked Rambo. "Well, neither have I got any money I am going to buy stock with. For Heaven's sake, wake up! Don't you see what I mean? You may not have money to buy stock with, but you know men who have got money to buy stock with. Get them to buy the stock."

"Where do we come in?"

Rambo threw his arms in the air and stamped about the room. "Good Lord," he shouted, "are you such an infant that you don't know where we come in? We come in because for the information we will have they will carry a certain number of shares of stock for us and we'll get the profit without risk."

"Will they do it?"

"Will they do it? Of course they will do it. If they don't they won't get the information. It's a big deal, and they will be glad enough to split for the information."

"But why do you tell me about it?" asked Marsh suspiciously.

Rambo sat down and lighted a cigar. "The reason I tell you about it," he said slowly, "is because you have connections over there that will operate on a bigger scale than any of mine, especially as you are now a senator-elect."

"What do you mean?"

"Quicksall, you idiot! Quicksall! You know him and you know he represents a big combination over there. He'll take a chance. That's his business. And we've got to work quickly too. This is Tuesday, and the decision is coming down next Monday."

"Where did you get the decision?" asked Marsh.

"Never mind where I got it. I'll prove that it's genuine all right when the time comes. It will cost five thousand dollars and a few shares of stock carried. Will you go in?"

Marsh was intensely interested. He needed money. He had heard rumors of the profit derived from a foreknowledge not only of court decisions, but also of congressional action, especially in tariff matters, and he pressed Rambo for further details.

"Oh, it's all right," said Rambo. "If you will give your word I'll tell you how we can get it."

Marsh promised.

"A stenographer will leak," said Rambo, and would go no further. "Are you in?"

Marsh hesitated. "Hurry up," urged Rambo. "We've got to get action right away. If you are in get Quicksall on the telephone at his house or his club and tell him to take the midnight train."

Marsh fiddled with his watchcharm and puffed nervously at his cigar.

"Oh, hell!" said Rambo, "come on. There's no danger. Nobody will know anything about it. Here, where's your telephone?"

He went to the telephone and said to the operator: "Give me the toll board, please. Hello, toll, this is—Marsh, what's your number—this is North 16766. I want George F. Quicksall, who lives not far from Fifth Avenue on East Seventy-sixth Street, New York. You can find his number in the book. If he isn't there try the Metropolitan Club. Call me, and please hurry the connections as much as you can."

Marsh started to protest, but each time he refrained. It seemed safe. It was legitimate enough, so far as he was concerned, for he had no dealings with the stenographer. He calmed his conscience with the thought that he indeed was no briber. He was merely utilizing information that came to him from a friend. It was a flimsy pretext, but he saw visions of immediate cash.

"When we get Quicksall," said Rambo, "tell him to come over on the midnight train; that it's very important; and he'll come all right. And Marsh," Rambo continued, his face hardening, "you've got to make this deal a good one. Don't let Quicksall put anything over on you. He's a trader and is always looking for the best of it. He'll want to let you down with five hundred or a thousand shares. That won't do. Make him carry us for two thousand shares apiece and put up the five thousand dollars, or there's nothing doing. If he won't come across we'll try Hooper, of the other big bunch over there. Tell him that. Don't let him con you."

The telephone bell jangled. "All ready with New York," said the long-distance operator.

Quicksall was on the telephone. Marsh talked.

"Hello, Quicksall. This is Marsh—yes, Senator Marsh—or it will be pretty soon. Thank you. I have a very important matter I want to talk to you about. No, that won't do; can't you take the midnight train tonight? It's very important. All right. Come out to my house for breakfast—I'll expect you about eight o'clock. The train gets in at seven-thirty. Thanks. Good-by."

Marsh turned to Rambo. "You're sure it's safe?" he asked a bit tremulously.

"Sure, it's safe. No one on earth will know anything about it. You make the deal and telephone me, and we'll both meet Quicksall at noon and I'll give him the notes of the decision. It's a corker! There will be something doing in Alta Continental all right when Wall Street gets it. We've got to work fast, for this damned stenographer may peddle this decision to somebody else. There's no honor among that kind of cattle. If it gets out before Monday the stuff will begin to break before that."

Quicksall came up to Marsh's house for breakfast. Marsh told him what he had, or what he could get rather. Quicksall was greatly interested.

"Sure it's straight?" asked Quicksall.

"It's the stenographer's final notes of the decision."

"What's the trend of it?" asked Quicksall innocently.

"Can't say," fenced Marsh. "I haven't seen it yet."

"Then how do you know it's genuine?"

"Oh, I know it's all right. Don't worry about that."

"Well," said Quicksall, "what do you want me to do?"

"Carry some stock for myself and my associates in the deal you make."

"All right," said Quicksall, as if it was all settled; "I'll put you in for a thousand shares."

"A thousand?"

"Yes, I'll carry you for a thousand shares, if it looks as good after I get it as you say it is."

"Quicksall," said Marsh, his heart thumping but his voice steady, "I'm afraid we can't do any business."

"Why not?" asked Quicksall sharply.

"Because my associates won't give up this information for so small a price."

"A thousand shares of stock is a lot of stock," commented Quicksall, eying Marsh narrowly; "but I don't want to be a tightwad. Suppose we say fifteen hundred?"

"Not enough." Marsh tried to be very businesslike, but he felt his voice trembling.

"Not enough?" exclaimed Quicksall. "How much do you wolves want then?"

"Four thousand shares."

"Holy Moses!" shouted Quicksall. "Do you think we've got all the money in the world?"

"Maybe not," said Marsh, "but this deal is big enough to entitle us to four thousand shares of stock in it."

"Look here, Marsh," said Quicksall, "I've always done the fair thing by you. What's the use of laying down on me this way? We've got to take the risk and put up the money. Make it three thousand."

Marsh had gained courage by this time. He saw Quicksall was very anxious to get the information, and he was sorry he had not set his figure at five thousand shares.

"Four thousand shares or nothing," he insisted.

"All right," assented Quicksall. "Where's your dope?"

They telephoned to Rambo, who met them at one of the hotels. Quicksall smiled when he saw Rambo. "Pressing things a little, ain't you, Rambo?" he asked.

"Oh," and Rambo grinned as he said it, "everything is fair in high finance, Quicksall."

The deal was arranged. Quicksall gave his word that he would carry four thousand shares of stock and received the notes of the decision. He caught the Congressional Limited to New York at four o'clock and Marsh and Rambo awaited events. In order to help along Rambo gave out a story to some friends of his, who had wire connections with Wall Street, that the long-expected decision in the Alta Continental case, which would probably be handed down on Monday, was favorable to the contention of the corporation. This held the stock steady in New York for a day or so, while Quicksall made his arrangements to sell a great many thousand shares at the proper time, for the stock was sure to break.

Monday came and the small courtroom of the Supreme Court was crowded, for the vital decision was expected. The alert reporters who flash the decisions to New York were standing near the door. Their familiarity with the methods and manners of the court was so great, and their knowledge of the cases so intimate, that they could tell the general trend of a decision after hearing a few hundred words of it. The best of them kept a card index on every important case, containing the main points of the various contentions, summarized, and as soon as the drift of the opinion became apparent they were able to write a bulletin for the New York wires that would get to Wall Street instantly, as wires were kept open for that purpose on decision days.

A few important decisions were announced and then one of the justices began to read the decision in the Alta Continental case. Before he had read five minutes the expert reporters knew the decision was adverse to the Alta Continental contention, and they flashed the first bulletin: "Scotus"—Scotus is the telegraphic code word for Supreme Court of the United States—"decides adversely Alta Continental," and supplemented that information with other bulletins giving the details of the decision. The stock broke heavily, selling off ten dollars a share almost instantly, then coming back and then going down, until the total loss of the day was a fraction over eleven dollars before the financial powers could get their support in.

Quicksall's brokers were prepared. They executed their orders, covered at an average of ten dollars profit, and Quicksall wired Marsh: "Santa Claus arrived on schedule time."

A day or two later Marsh received a check for $39,500, which was the $40,000 profit on the deal less the broker's commissions. He put this check in his bank and gave a check to Rambo for half of it. Mrs. Marsh was delighted. Marsh did not tell her the details of his transaction, but he told her he had made fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars, and she planned another reception with a grand-opera star.

XXVII

DOROTHY received many letters from Tom Darlington, each protesting undying affection, and wrote him several non-committal replies devoted mostly to her social adventures. After he had received one of these Tom invariably was downcast and gloomy for days. He still looked on the whole Washington society game with suspicion and held to his belief that Dorothy would be snatched from him by some young man down there.

"This Deal is Big Enough to Entitle Us to Four Thousand Shares of Stock in It"

The fact was that Dorothy met many young men and, as she was an attractive girl, had her share of attention; but she danced as gayly and flirted as harmlessly with one as with another. Mrs. Marsh still had her four desirables in mind, and she saw to it that they were included in all her lists, while she urged Dorothy to attend every function where any one or all of them might be. She had not positively decided on which one she would make her son-in-law, but her preferences were centered on a young man, the son of the very rich Senator Wheeldon, from an Eastern state, who was devoting himself to society and the usual diversions of rich young men in Washington, and who had not a thought of marrying Dorothy or any one else.

One afternoon Dorothy met Mrs. Lyster at a reception.

"Sit down, my dear," said that sprightly lady, "and have a chat with me. How are you coming along in society?"

"Oh," replied Dorothy, "famously, I should suppose, if going everywhere means getting along in society."

"Indeed it does," said Mrs. Lyster, "and that is all it means. Society, as we indulge in it here, consists of going to functions given by other people, which bore you, in order that other people may come to your functions, which bore them. We work at it as hard as we should work at making dresses if we were seamstresses, and without the reward of something accomplished that the seamstress has. We struggle to have people who consider themselves more exclusive than we are let down the bars for us, fight desperately to get within the sacrosanct inclosure, and once we are in we immediately put up the bars against all others who may be making the same fight we are. We increase our own importance by arrogating to ourselves the importance of others, as soon as we feel the others and more important have acknowledged us at a portion of their own estimates of themselves. Then we press on and on, and every time we can attach ourselves to some one higher up than we are we push down those who are below us and reach out for those above us. It's an endless struggle, a continual battle to get distinction from association with those who seem to be distinguished and to keep others from using us for the very same purposes.

"I don't suppose you see the humor of it yet, but you will in time. I go to dinner after dinner and meet almost the same people. Once in a while there is a new one, somebody who has fought her way in and has brought her self-conscious husband with her. They are all the same, served by the same caterer with the same menus. Why, do you know, I am so accustomed to seeing the same waiters at these dinners that I have to restrain myself lest I should shake hands with them as old friends and ask after the children. We talk of the same things. I know perfectly well that if I were to be transported to some other clime for ten years, and then should be brought back again, I should hear the women I should meet, and the men, too, talking about exactly the same things they were talking about when I went away, and sharing their infinitesimal ideas about society without a change of expression even.

"Of course it isn't all so, for there are scores of cultured women in this city who have a wide and varied range of information, and who can talk interestingly on interesting topics; women who are not fashionable in the society sense of that much misused word, but who have charming, cultured homes, who are quick to seize the great advantages that come to any woman who lives in Washington, and who know and understand the affairs of the day that center here. There are women whom it is a delight to know, who give dinners and receptions where you meet real men and real women, but these are not the ones whose doings are chronicled through efforts of their own so constantly in the newspapers, and whose highest ambition is to outshine a neighbor or a friend—save the mark!—by snaring for her house some more distinguished person or some more exclusive woman than her friend can obtain. We lift ourselves by hanging to the coattails and the trains of those who are just above us. And when we get to the top, when we are the ones for whose favor all the underlings are striving, how quickly we forget our own strivings and how vastly exclusive we become!"

Mrs. Lyster stopped and sipped her tea. "I hope you don't mind the maunderings of an old lady who means well," she said.

"It's very interesting, provided it isn't personal, and"—she smiled at Mrs. Lyster—"of course it isn't personal."

"Oh, certainly not," that lady hastened to say. "It's entirely general, I assure you. But in a broad way, you know, every climber is like every other climber. They all prefer a nod from a higher-up to a gift from a lower-down, however meritorious a lower-down may be; but when a climber gets at or near the top she straightway forgets her own woes and disappointments and anguish and discouragements, and instead of being sympathetic with those who are treading the weary path she has trod, she becomes cold as ice and puts every possible barrier in the way of those poor souls. In other words, after working until she is on the verge of nervous prostration and plotting and scheming and intriguing to get into the exclusive set, regardless of whether those already in want her or not, which nine times out of ten they do not, she instantly forgets her own trials and stands shoulder to shoulder with her new-found social compatriots to keep everybody else out. Oh, my dear, it is a heartbreaking system, and so useless—for the mere drudgery and detail and mustness of continual attention to it so exhaust a woman she has nothing to give that can benefit anybody, nor have those with whom she mingles anything to give to her, and neither could receive even if the others had all the knowledge of the ages at their control.

"But I'm too serious! How are you getting on with the younger diplomatists?"

"Well enough," said Dorothy, thinking of Tom Darlington's passionate protests against getting on with them at all.

"I don't see how we could manage without them—the dear, useful chaps," continued Mrs. Lyster. "If we did not have the younger diplomatists to fall back on we never should have any men at our affairs. But those gallant lads are always ready. They will come to teas and to dinners, and if one is wise one always knows where to find one of them to fill in when a guest has failed. Besides, even if they do not come they always get cards and are entirely too gentlemanly to say anything when they find themselves reported in the newspapers as having been here and there, giving tone by their titles or their positions to functions they never attended at all, but for which they had cards, of course.

"One of them told me all the clothes he needed were an afternoon suit, an evening suit and a suit of pajamas, for he never went out until it was time to go to a tea and he always had invitations to dinner. In this way he had no expense beyond his room rent; but he said he did wish it would come to be the custom to serve bacon and eggs instead of pale punch and small cakes at afternoon affairs,

for he was very tired of breakfasting on that sort of stuff, and he drank so much tea it positively was making him nervous.

"And, by the way, my dear, I hope you have selected your hairdresser and your manicure and your masseuse with discretion. You cannot imagine of what inestimable benefit these creatures are if you get the right ones. Be sure and engage only those who go to the houses of the social leaders, for in this way you are able to keep track of affairs nicely. After they once get to know you these people are invaluable for purposes of information. They see everything and hear everything and they are delightful gossips. I have learned of many a social stratagem while my hair was being treated or my body massaged. Of course they talk about your affairs to others, but one must take that chance; and then, you know, one always thinks herself impeccable and that is comforting."

A stately woman swept through the room, elaborately dressed. She was about half as youthful as her clothes. "Positively she gets younger, as to toilettes at least, every day. And she holds her own physically too."

Mrs. Lyster smiled at Dorothy. "Let me tell you something," she said. "The secret of longevity is to be a well-to-do or a rich widow. Such people never die. This city is filled with rich widows who have discovered the life eternal. Years and years ago father, after making his pile and unmaking himself in the process, died and left the results of all his struggles and his scheming and contriving to mother, including a very welcome portion of life insurance. Mother, well provided for, has nothing on earth to do but live, and she lives on and on and on. There are scores of others like her, whom I have known for twenty years, and they are just as lively and just as far from dissolution as they were when I first encountered them. They have nothing to do but to take care of themselves, and they have that down to a science. They eat sparingly, sleep well and have no worries. That's the prescription, Miss Dorothy, for a long, long life. Get married, get a husband who can and will be appreciative in his will, weep decorously when his efforts to pile up money for you cut him off in the flower of his youth, and then live happily forever after. But I must be going. Don't mind my nonsense, my dear. I have to talk something besides the usual piffle at times or explode, and this time I selected you for my victim. Good-by. Come in and see me when you get an opportunity."

She moved away, laughing, and Dorothy went back home and there found another letter from Tom Darlington. It was a long letter, and it said explicitly and passionately that unless a certain divinity, by name Dorothy Marsh, took pity on the frightful state of mind and heart of one Thomas Darlington, said young man would not hold himself responsible for what might ensue. One of the consequences, it was darkly hinted, might be a visit to Washington and the seizure of the young lady in question, or it might be the deprivation to the world of a rising young civil engineer, who had no idea that life was worth living without some sign from Miss Marsh that she entertained for him somewhat more interest and sentiment than were expressed in her communications.

"Will You Tell Mother Not to Do It?"

"Dorothy," said Mrs. Marsh that evening, "I observe you get a good many letters from Morganville."

"Do you, mother?" asked Dorothy in great surprise.

"I do, and I should like to inquire who is writing to you so frequently."

"Oh," said Dorothy lightly, "Tom Darlington sends me gossipy letters about the happenings out there."

"Tom Darlington?"

"Yes, mother. You remember Tom Darlington, of course?"

"Some kind of a railroad employee, isn't he—a fireman or a brakeman or something like that?"

"He's a civil engineer and he has a great future," retorted Dorothy indignantly. Instantly she regretted what she had said, for Mrs. Marsh raised her eyebrows, and smiled a little cold smile that warned Dorothy that something unpleasant was coming.

"Indeed!" she said, and there was a world of meaning in the word.

Dorothy was silent. She felt herself blushing and she was annoyed at her mother's tone.

"I trust you are not so foolish as to think seriously of this young man," Mrs. Marsh continued.

"Why, mother!" Dorothy protested. "What an idea! Tom is no more to me than—than—well, than any one else," she concluded lamely.

"He must be nothing to you, Dorothy. Up to the present I have not spoken to you of your future; but the time has come when I must speak plainly. It is your duty to yourself, to me and to your father to ally yourself with one of the best families in this city. Our future is here. Your father is to be a senator, and he doubtless will continue in the Senate until he is called to greater responsibilities. In a year or two you must marry. When you do you must carefully select your husband from your own rank in life, with a view to your own advancement and further social progress."

"But, mother, that wasn't the reason you married father!"

"The cases are not parallel," Mrs. Marsh replied stiffly. "I was a country girl and had no social knowledge. You are a recognized member of good society here in Washington. You must maintain your position or exalt it by marriage, and not lower it by a foolish alliance."

Dorothy had expected and dreaded this interview. Her mother's efforts to place her in conjunction with the senator's son, young Wheeldon, were so apparent that she knew he was the man Mrs. Marsh had chosen for her. She didn't want to marry yet, and she especially did not want to marry young Wheeldon.

"What do you mean, mother?" she asked.

"I mean that there are several admirable and available young men here any one of whom would be a suitable husband for you. I would look with favor, for instance, on an alliance between you and Mr. Wheeldon, whose family is one of the most exclusive in official society and who is rich and in every way fitted to be your husband."

"But I don't want to marry Mr. Wheeldon and he doesn't want to marry me."

Mrs. Marsh smiled her cold smile again. "That is a matter of no importance," she said. "If you do your part I will do mine, and the marriage can be arranged."

Dorothy's face paled and then reddened. Her heart beat wildly. "Oh, mother, how can you, how can you!" she cried and bursting into tears she ran from the room. That night she talked to her father. "Popsie," she said, "mother insists on marrying me off to Wilbur Wheeldon."

"What does he say about it?" asked Marsh.

"I don't suppose he knows it—yet."

"And what do you think about it?"

"I hate it."

"Well, it may be that if the two high contracting parties are in a state of complete ignorance on the one hand, and indignant protest on the other, the third high contracting party, your mother, can be circumvented."

"Oh," cried Dorothy, throwing her arms round his neck, "will you tell mother not to do it?"

"No," replied Marsh, smiling, "I shall not promise to do exactly that, but I'll try in other ways to help prevent it. Only you mustn't tell. Promise now."

"I promise," said Dorothy, and she kissed him again.

Two days later Tom Darlington received a letter from Miss Marsh in which he discerned some slight evidences of interest on the part of the writer in himself and his career, and his world became rosy with hope.

XXVIII

THERE was to be a special session of the new Congress to convene on March fifteenth to revise the tariff. This meant that Marsh, after he finished his congressional duties in the Congress that ended on March fourth, would be sworn in as senator for the special session and move over to the other end of the Capitol. He was busy on the District of Columbia Committee, on which he had moved up to fourth place from the top on the majority side, and was working hard.

About two weeks before the end of the session he met his banker at a dinner. "Mr. Marsh," said the banker, "I wish you would drop in to see me in the morning, if you can conveniently."

Marsh went. The banker received him cordially and took him into the private office. They chatted for a moment about the special session, the tariff and other legislative matters, and then the banker said: "You are still on the District of Columbia Committee, are you not?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if you have had occasion to look into the merits of those several street extensions that are projected."

"I have," replied Marsh.

"You favor them, I trust?"

"No," Marsh replied, "I do not. It seems to me that these particular extensions are unnecessary and merely proposed to benefit real estate in that vicinity."

"Oh, Mr. Marsh," protested the banker, "I assure you the extensions are demanded by the growth of the city. I had hoped you would favor them."

"I shall require more proof of the necessity for them before I vote for them," said Marsh.

"Indeed," and the banker's face hardened. He reached into a drawer in his desk, took out a paper and said, tapping with the paper on the edge of the desk to emphasize his words: "It is possible I can give you that proof."

"I shall be glad to consider it."

The banker handed him the paper. It was a single sheet containing a list of names. It was headed "Shareholders in the Atlas Land Company."

Marsh felt the paper tremble a little as he read it. His own name was fourth on the list, and he was credited with owning one hundred shares. He saw on the paper the names of Paxton and various other influential men in the House and Senate; saw those names through a sort of a blur.

"What has this to do with those street extensions?" he asked.

"Why, Mr. Marsh," said the banker suavely, "it has everything to do with it. The lands owned by the Atlas Company are to be benefited."

(Continued on Page 33)

"Other Men Get Rich in Washington. Why Can't You Make More?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 30, 1913

Philadelphia Awake

FOR years Philadelphia had the worst government and the worst transportation of any large city in America. The two evils were twins; and, so far as election returns showed, the city was somnolently content with them. But that is past.

Transportation is in process of a beneficent revolution. As to government, the Civic Club—a non-partisan organization of women—points out that within a year and a half the police department has been taken out of politics and not only made more efficient but the lot of the individual policeman has been improved by longer vacations and more reasonable hours of employment.

A fire-prevention commission in connection with the fire department has inspected thousands of buildings, and at its suggestion thousands of little precautions tending to diminish the fire hazard have been adopted. Water bureau costs have been reduced two hundred thousand dollars a year, while the pumping-station force has been put on an eight-hour day, with six working days a week—in place of seven days a week and ten to fourteen hours a day.

By drainage and the use of oil a comprehensive campaign against mosquitoes and flies has been put under way; and the death-rate has been brought to the lowest mark in the city's history—two-thirds of the decrease in mortality being among children under five years of age.

There is a great deal more in the Civic Club's little pamphlet, all, like these examples, illustrating that decent city government is no mere academic and theoretical abstraction, but a very tangible thing closely linked with human life, health, comfort and security.

Bonds and the Evil Eye

THE Republican party started the modern witchcraft cult by assiduously teaching that the tariff was taboo, possessing a mysterious power to spread blight and death whenever it was touched. Later on, Wall Street took up the superstition and charged every reaction in an inflated stock market to the diabolic incantations of a powerful medicine man in the White House. More recently Washington has become infected—attributing even so obvious and self-explanatory a phenomenon as the decline in Government bonds to the machinations of evil spirits in the financial district.

The thing to be wondered at, of course, is not that two per cent Government bonds fell below par for the first time in the latter part of July, but that they did not fall much earlier and much farther.

For a long while two and a half per cent bonds of the British Government have been selling more than twenty per cent below par. When our two per cent bonds were issued, Secretary Gage calculated that the banknote privilege attached to them was worth twenty dollars on the hundred of their price.

It is perfectly certain, from the price of other Government bonds, that without this banknote privilege the two per cents would long ago have fallen far under par. The Glass-Owen Bill involves a gradual extinction of the banknote privilege. If the bonds had remained above par under such circumstances an explanation of the fact might well have been sought in the occult sciences.

In a simpler age, of course, every misfortune was attributed to some conscious malevolent agency. The cause of illness, death of cattle and vegetable blight was sought in evil eyes and hoodoos. This is more convenient than trying to discover the real cause, but it is not very helpful.

When Standpat Nimble-Foots

IT WOULD be difficult to find within the boundaries of the United States three taller pillars of conservatism than those distinguished survivors of the Aldrich régime—Senator Smoot, of Utah; Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire; and Senator Warren, of Wyoming.

The other day, however, the Senate relieved the tedium of tariff debate by a little symposium on woman suffrage, during which Mr. Smoot observed: "From the day Utah was granted statehood the women of that state have enjoyed unrestricted suffrage, equal in every respect to men. They have participated in the deliberations of primaries and conventions. They have been elected members of the state Senate and House of Representatives, and filled those offices with credit to themselves and honor to the state.

"No evil effects have followed; but, on the contrary, a better condition of public affairs has resulted. The logic of common sense has been the force that has removed prejudice against admitting women to equal rights with men, and I have no doubt but that it will become universal in this country."

Said Senator Gallinger: "Long ago I asked myself: Why should not a woman vote, provided she has the qualifications for suffrage that are required of men? And I have never received a satisfactory answer to that question. The simple truth is that woman is not allowed to vote solely because man says she shall not."

As to female suffrage in Wyoming, Senator Warren testified:

"The law is universally indorsed, and if I occupied hours of time I could not say too much in its favor."

On other political questions there is a division; but when it comes to the ladies we are practically unanimous, everywhere except at the polls.

The Afflicted Senate

"I SHALL not enter upon a detailed discussion of this tariff bill," said Senator Townsend; "for all know how useless that would be"—inasmuch as its passage is a foregone conclusion. For an hour or so the senator then discoursed pleasantly upon the division in the Republican party, political caucuses in general, Canadian reciprocity, and such other weighty matters as came to mind.

Mr. Warren claimed the attention of the Senate while he rehearsed the familiar argument that all reductions in duties have been followed by panics—an argument which has been repeated so often in the last five years that when the first take of the copy is sent up in the Government printing office, the linotype machines set up the rest of the speech automatically.

Mr. Lodge rose with a clouded brow. He had learned, with pain, that after disposing of the tariff bill the Senate would be held in session to dispose of the banking bill; and under such disheartening circumstances, he argued, there could be no motive for abbreviating the tariff debate. "If there is a prospect of adjournment and getting a vacation," Mr. Lodge urged, "there is many a senator on this floor who will sacrifice something he wants to say in order to get away." But with no prospect of a vacation, we infer, the Senate might as well talk the country into nervous prostration as not. If the Senate must suffer, why not the country?

The point is well taken. Never forget that the Senate also suffers from this quenchless and generally pointless senatorial loquacity. Bound to the stake of its own garrulity, it roasts itself alive with a slow fire of aimless debate, and its own bitter tears sizzle in the ashes.

Fifteen Millions for What?

THE Interstate Commerce Commission calculates that physical valuation of railroad property, as required by last year's law, will take from five to seven years and cost the Government two million dollars a year—and it is pretty safe in all such cases to accept the higher estimate.

The time and money will be mostly wasted unless valuation is accompanied by Federal regulation of future security issues. What practical good will it do, for example, to discover that Rock Island's physical property is worth two hundred million dollars if, by a stock-juggling operation in New Jersey, a hundred million dollars may be immediately added to outstanding capitalization without adding a dollar to the property?

A dozen or so states have already appraised the physical property of railroads within their borders. The question of valuation has been before the courts in a great many rate cases. With the exception of a few notoriously overcapitalized roads, it may safely be taken for granted that the courts, as a broad rule, will determine rate cases on the basis of outstanding capitalization. The extent to which stock-watering was practiced in the past—and has been largely overcome by enhanced market value of real-estate holdings—can be of merely academic interest, except as illustrating the need to prevent stock-watering in the future.

In short the Government proposes to spend fifteen million dollars for the purpose of demonstrating that security issues by railroads should have been effectually controlled long ago. Then why does it not also propose to control them in the future?

Graft at Washington

THE income-tax supplement of the tariff bill will create many new Federal offices, and the Senate Finance Committee slips in a little provision that these officers shall be exempt from civil-service rules—which aptly illustrates the Capital's seamy side.

The exception—so far as it reflects the attitude of Congress—means that that honorable body may legislate valiantly against other people's graft, but will not relinquish its own graft. There is no difference morally or in economic effect between an outright appropriation of public money to pay for political support and an appropriation of public offices for the same purpose.

At Washington we get reform of various sorts—a large measure of revenue reform from this special session, for example; but we don't get vigorous reform of Washington's own particular abuse. To cast patronage wholly out of the Government service would mean more to the country in dollars and cents and in total moral gain than the whole anti-trust campaign has ever come to so far; but we are able to detect very little enthusiasm for the reform that lies immediately at the lawmakers' hand. Patronage is simply graft, in no respect superior to any other brand of that article and in some respects inferior to most brands.

Prophetic Hindsight

AN ENGLISH correspondent points out how every recent war, except that between the United States and Spain, has completely confounded expert military opinion; that China would overwhelm poor little Japan was a foregone conclusion; that the deluded Boers could make even a respectable stand against mighty England was out of the question; that Japan again invited destruction by attacking Russia was as demonstrable as that two and two make four. No one was more surprised than the experts when Turkey crumpled up like an empty sack before the Balkan States. That conflict raised opinion of Bulgaria's prowess to a great height; and opinion had scarcely got itself adjusted to this new and surprising view when, in a single fortnight, Bulgaria's military power exploded like a punctured toy balloon.

The trouble is, of course, that expert military opinion is built on paper with a leadpencil and battles are fought otherwise. It is a paper-and-pencil war that has been devastating Europe for the last ten years. England wins a campaign by ordering four new dreadnoughts. Germany counters brilliantly by adding fifty new regiments of foot. France achieves an Austerlitz by extending the term of military service from two years to three.

Taxpayers' money flows prodigally as water; but whether any nation is more likely to win an actual and decisive victory no finite mind can tell.

English Agriculture

HAVING inaugurated a drainage system between swollen fortunes and the public treasury, established old-age pensions and compulsory industrial insurance, carried the Parliament act that puts the House of Lords well in the way of extinction, and pushed Irish Home Rule and Welsh Church Disestablishment far toward the statute book, the Liberal Party is now considering a new land policy.

It seems to be high time. We are disturbed because our rural population has increased only nine millions in twenty years, while total population has increased twenty-nine millions; but the rural population of England and Wales has been declining—not only relatively but actually—in every decade of the last half century. In 1851 nearly one-quarter of all males above ten years of age were on the farm; in 1901 less than one-tenth. With a great increase in total population, the number of persons engaged in agriculture has decreased in half a century by more than five hundred thousand, or thirty per cent.

It is true that introduction of farm machinery and improved agricultural methods generally give an increasing yield of farm products.

It may be true that it is profitable for England to abandon farming altogether and buy beef from Argentina and wheat from Russia. But the contrast of swarming city tenements and vast tracts of fertile land untouched by the plow certainly warrants a heart-searching consideration of the land question.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A New Hampshire Specialist in Minorities

EVERY time Doctor Gallinger ceases from gallingering and casts his eye about the Senate of the United States in profound session assembled, he observes a Democratic colleague in the person of one Henry French Hollis. This gives the good doctor almost as acute a pain as the observation of a Republican colleague named William E. Chandler used to in the days gone by. That means it twists the doctor some, for Chandler certainly did manage to roil the eminent practitioner of politics, physics and polemics.

Moreover the doctor is as stern and rock-ribbed in his Republicanism as his state is stern and rock-ribbed in its hills, which means that while he would not go so far as to say, except in the heat of debate possibly, that all Democrats are villains and traitors to the state, he is firmly convinced that all villains and traitors to the state are Democrats.

Every time the doctor looks across the aisle and sees Henry French Hollis sitting there he experiences both agony and affront. What business had New Hampshire to send a Democrat to split the toga privileges of New Hampshire fifty-fifty with the doc? Answer me that! Your pallid lips can frame no suitable reply. I thought as much, but the fact and Hollis remain. There he is. Small wonder Doctor Gallinger despairs of the Republic. Huh!

However, the doctor looks at the matter sentimentally, forgetting there is a reason for everything in this world—except side-whiskers. Thus there is a reason for Hollis. One might say, of course, the reason is the split in the Republican party in New Hampshire last fall. One might say that if one were merely casual in his diagnosis. Back of the split is another reason, which is Hollis—Henry French Hollis, and his understanding of one of the immutable laws of politics. There has never been a time in the history of the world when a minority party has not, for a shorter or a longer space, become a majority party. And competition is less in minorities than in majorities.

It is a simple little game and this is how it is played: A young man, usually a lawyer, for young lawyers consider themselves heaven-born politicians and potential Daniel Websters, picks out the community on which he shall confer himself and his store of knowledge. In most cases when he picks out his place he picks out his political party. If he is a young lawyer who settles in the South, even if he wasn't born so he becomes a Democrat, and if he goes into a big Republican community in the North he becomes a Republican. That is the usual procedure. The consequence is that the politics of majority-ruled places is all cluttered up with eager young intellectual giants seeking political preferment, and the congestion of talent makes it imperative for many of them to practice law instead of statesmanship, and sell insurance, and such-like.

How the Law of Politics Worked Out

BUT if the young lawyer is a real smart young lawyer he will join the minority party. If he knows any political history he will do just that, for while all his band-wagon brethren are struggling and fighting for nominations and elections in the majority, he can get nominations for the asking because there is no competition. The short-sighted ones have played for the immediate future, while the few long-sighted ones are establishing themselves as the wheel-horses of the minority. They take the nominations regularly, mainly because no one else will take them, and take their beatings just as regularly. Then one fine day comes the shift. With their hands on their hearts they call attention to all the sacrifices they have made, and all the lambastings they have taken, and demand the reward for loyal and uncomplaining service. For years they have borne the brunt of the battle, have been beaten, have been despised, but they have fought the fight. Also there are few in the former minority to oppose them. The others wanted to be with the winner. Now victory has perched on the banners so long trampled in the dust, and they want what is coming to them. Many times they get it too.

Far be it from—far be it from any person to say Henry French Hollis is not a congenital Democrat of the old school who fights the fights of his party because he firmly believes A. Jackson and T. Jefferson are the two men who made this union of states possible and probable, but the fact is that H. F. Hollis, graduating from Harvard, returned to his native New Hampshire and, instead of becoming a Republican, took the Democratic end of it in days when the Democratic party in New Hampshire was a rather tenuous and tedious affair; and the further fact is that his brother was a Republican until he became a Progressive. He had a long head and has yet, and instead of trying to break in on a party loaded to the guards with patriots who demanded office as a return for their sterling Republicanism, he played the long shot. He enlisted himself in the disorganized and defamed opposition.

Nominations were his for the asking. He was about the only Harvard graduate, Phi Beta Kappa man, with a family reaching back to ancestors who arrived in the seventeenth century, that the Democrats of New Hampshire had in their despondent midst, and they played him up. He ran for local offices, for Congress once and for governor twice. On none of these occasions was he within miles of winning, but he bided his time. He knew the law of politics!

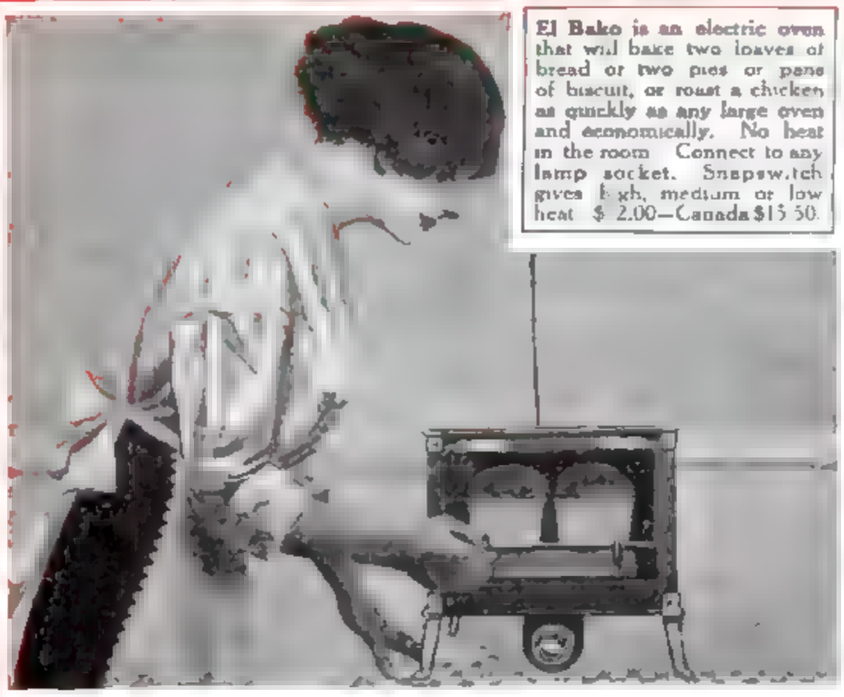
That law never fails. Sooner or later the minority wins. Hollis patiently played his game with an eye on the Senate.

The result was foregone, although it took three months to forego it. However, Hollis had not been fighting hard fights all these years to be frightened by one for the Senate. On the first ballot he was within four votes of election, and he never was that near again until the ballot that elected him was cast three months later. He hung on. National Democrats dipped in. It was a tough three months, but Hollis finally won, and, as I have said, he now sits within the purview of the gaze of Doctor Gallinger, causing the good doctor much anguish of mind.

Nor was this young Hollis farsighted only so far as politics is concerned. He saw other opportunities in New Hampshire. When he came back to practice law in Concord he found that nine-tenths of the big lawyers of the state were retained by the Boston & Maine Railroad, the Amoskeag mills or other corporations. If a New Hampshire man had a damage suit against a corporation he was put to it to find a competent lawyer to conduct his case for him. It was another situation where there was a minority, and Hollis took that end of it, the result being that he has won more damage suits and gained greater verdicts against corporations than any lawyer in the history of New Hampshire.

An astute and able person, I should say. Likewise a very good fighting man. Also not afraid to take a chance, even if it is a long one. But nothing sentimental about him—nothing. He is as cool and calculating as they make them up that way, and coolness and calculation are specialties of the New Hampshire personal product. He kept his nerve during that long, bitter senatorial struggle, and he has kept it on other occasions. There are, of course, people in New Hampshire who think Hollis is a demagogue, and others who hold him to be the simon-pure friend of the people. There is no difference of opinion as to his ability and his courage. All admit these attributes. He is forty-four years old, believes in woman suffrage, anti-imperialism and labor unions, has made himself a good political speaker, is an athlete, a golf-player, snowshoer, hunter and fisherman. And there never is a minute when he does not know his number, nor a time when his cool and calculating eye does not impale the main chance.

An Expensive Family



El Bako is an electric oven that will bake two loaves of bread or two pies or pans of biscuit, or roast a chicken as quickly as any large oven and economically. No heat in the room. Connect to any lamp socket. Snapswitch gives high, medium or low heat. $ 2.00—Canada $15 50.

El Boilo insures a hot drink anywhere there is an electric light, or warms baby's bottle, etc. $3 00—Canada $4 50. Kitchen size for light cooking $4 00—Canada $5 25. Crook neck $5 00—Canada $6 50.

El Boilo is great to heat shaving water or wherever hot water is wanted in a hurry. Put it into your traveling kit. See prices above.

Hotpoint iron eliminates the room — walking — iron waiting. Iron c anywhere. Heater ten years. $3.50 — Ca Cook luncheon at sam **El Stove.** $5.00 to $13 ing to size and mode $6.50 to $17.00.

WHY let the electric light sockets of them—remove the bulb—attach or electric *heat* is at your command, just as elec

Unmeasured comfort, convenience, enjoyment, lie dormant in your electric wiring, which now serves you only for lighting.

Hotpoint electric appliances will make electricity your willing servant at any hour of the day or night and enable you to get full value from your electric light connections, which now lie idle all day long.

No additional wiring to do or other preparations to make. Simply attach the appliances and begin to enjoy them. Operation is simple and about the same as with stove-heated appliances. Results are much quicker and more comfortable because the intense heat is applied only at the operating surface, with little radiation. Electric cooking is cleaner, easier and safer. Foods shrink less. Electric cooking insures maximum bulk and weight, nutrition and flavor.

El Cooko $30 The ligh

This most modern of all kitchen device incomparable "fireless" cooker. Fire fire to pre-cook the food or pre-heat stove

El Cooko roasts, bakes, boils, steams, stews—does anything that any fireless oven will do and does it better. Meats retain their fullness of flavor and the essential cell-salts; they lose less bulk and weight.

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All this is accomplished with a single handling of the food, which is placed cold into El Cooko.

Our instruction book shows just what temperature is required for any cooking operation. Set the dial at this pre-determined temperature.

The automatic control cuts off the current at correct cooking temperature and the operation is completed by the retained heat. It will automatically economize for you. This automatic temperature control is essential as it insures the heating element against burning from overheating.

Electric Cooking

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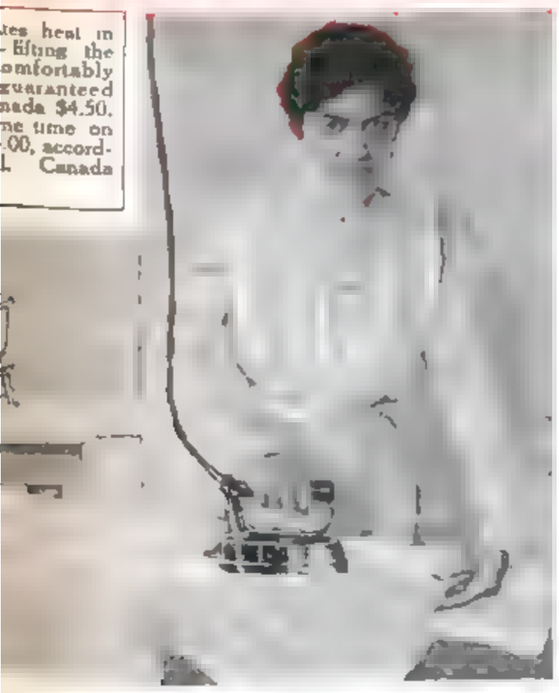

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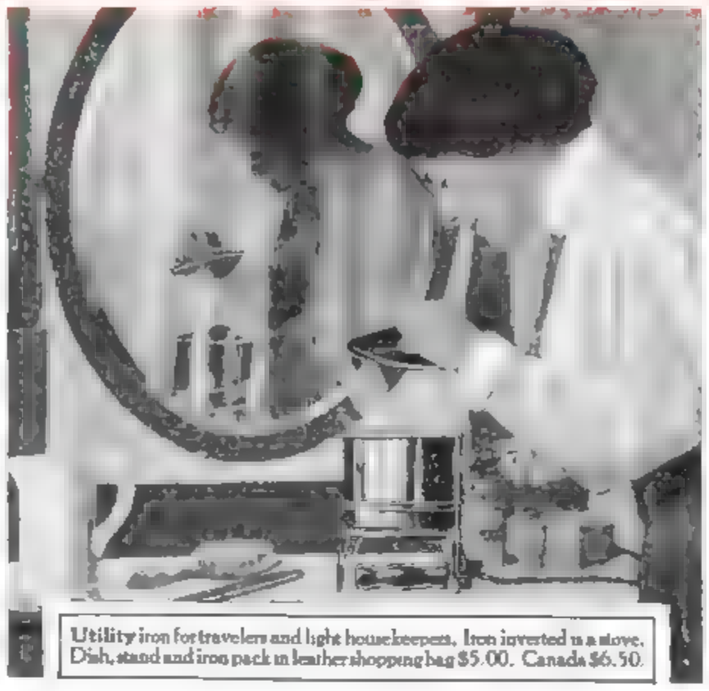

Utility iron for travelers and light housekeepers. Iron inverted is a stove. Dish, stand and iron pack in leather shopping bag $5.00. Canada $6.50.

Percolated coffee with the rich, full aroma. El Perco 5-cup pot $7.50, 7-cup $8.00. Canada $9.75—$10.50. Crispy brown toast, two slices at a time, on El Toasto $4.00—Canada $5.00. Eggs poached, boiled, scrambled or steamed on El Eggo $9.00. Canada $11.75.

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Time was, when you used old stove-heated sadirons, but Hotpoint Electric gladirons came, and now more than a million progressive housewives iron with the comfort-inducing Hotpoint iron.

Each of the Hotpoint electric cooking appliances here shown is as great an advance over wood, coal or gas devices.

They are all thoroughly practical, being the result of years of experience in manufacturing, based on practical household service in over a hundred electrically-equipped homes.

We guarantee the heating element in all of these devices. The design and finish are in every way superior, although sold at popular prices. Look for the Hotpoint store in your city. You will recognize it by the display of Hotpoint appliances.

El Comfo attaches to any electric light socket. Supersedes the hot water bottle. Just the temperature you want continuously. No leaks or bother. $4.00—$7.50, according to size. Canada $5.25 to $9.75.

El Grillo does all kinds of light cooking in health or sickness. See prices below.

A Chafing Dish Spread! El Chafo does away with all the fuss and bother, $ 0.00 $12.00, $15.00 Canada $13.00, $15.75, $19.50. El Teballo brews tea to perfection. El Tostovo is a glowing electric stove, $4.00. Canada $5.25.

...Electric Fireless Cooker that operates from any ...socket and cooks for a family of seven or eight

...applies the principles of heat conservation to an electric oven, producing an ...heat, to do the fireless cooking, is applied within the cooker. No external ...or plates. Simply put the cold food into El Cooko and turn on the electric current.

...s an example, let us say that you wish to cook a dinner for seven or eight people consisting of the following—5-lb. beef roast, a vegetable and a pudding. You will use electric current from a lamp socket for approximately two hours. A common rate is 10c per K.W. hour, which will make the total cost about 12c. Everything will be cooked to your taste with flavor and nutritive values retained.

And think how convenient—simply put the food in and set the indicator dial. You can be in some other part of the house or miles away. Your willing servant, electricity, is doing the work. When ready, take out your dinner.

The electric heater in El Cooko is a regular electric stove. Used as such with the door open frying can be done satisfactorily.

Attaches to any lamp socket—in the kitchen, or out on the porch. It can be set on any convenient shelf or table, or if preferred we furnish a table-high stand made of hard wood and metal.

The outside case of El Cooko is blued steel with nickeled corners, legs and handles. The inside is one piece of drawn aluminum without seam or crevice. All non-inflammable and absolutely fire proof.

Construction allows easy cleaning in the most thorough manner. The door is also aluminum lined and locks tightly with two clamp-levers. It swings outward—no dishes to be "dug out."

The space between the outside steel and the inside aluminum is filled with high quality heat insulation material—no wood, no varnished surfaces.

With El Cooko we furnish one 7-quart seamless aluminum dish with cover for roasts, stews, etc., and two 3-pint pressed aluminum dishes for vegetables, bread baking, etc. These three dishes are used at the same time.

The heating element in El Cooko is guaranteed for five years. Under normal usage it will last indefinitely. Price without stand $30.00. Canada $40.00. Stand additional $3.50. Canada $4.50.

El Grillo broils, boils, fries, toasts above and below the glowing coils simultaneously, $5.50 Canada $8.50. El Teballo is shown here in the machine model, $10.00. Canada $13.00.

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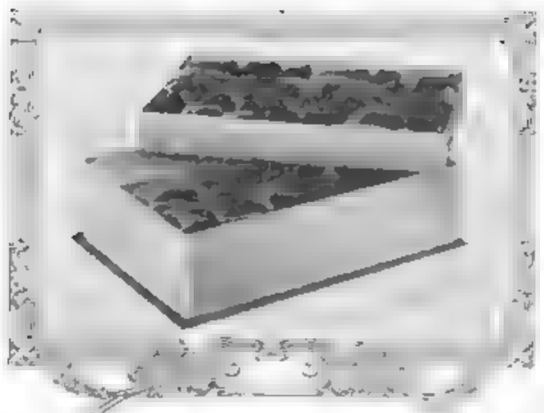

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KEEPING THE BIG-LEAGUE GRASS GREEN

(Concluded from Page 9)

there's something on the ground that prevented them from getting the ball. It's what the players call an alibi and it's a reflection upon my ground; so naturally it makes me as sore as a mashed thumb.

In my time in baseball I've seen thousands of boys break into the game, shine a while as stars, and then grow old and pass along; but I have yet to see one that wouldn't alibi himself at the expense of my ground. I've known more ballplayers than any other living man, I guess, and they've all been my personal friends, except maybe that fellow who got hold of my flower seeds one spring, when I was planning to put a few little fancy touches to my field, and fixed those seeds up so that what I'd intended for hollyhocks and geraniums, and such, came up as cabbages and onions and asparagus, to the intense astonishment of the centerfield bleacherites—except for that fellow, I say, I've liked all ballplayers; but they simply must have their alibi.

For a long time I thought there might be a few exceptions to the rule somewhere in the world, but when old Honus Wagner proved guilty I gave up.

Old Honus is the shortstop of the Pittsburgh Pirates, and—if you'll excuse me for saying so—I think he is one of the best ballplayers the game has ever known. He was having a tough time on my infield one afternoon. He didn't seem able to get a ball hit at him. Old Honus takes his baseball as seriously as I do my groundkeeping, and when he walked past me on his way to the bench between innings he said:

"John, there's a bad place out there. I wish you would get at it right away."

Coming from Honus, who had never let a peep out of him about the grounds, I figured it must be so and meant to look into the matter immediately after the game. Something happened to make me forget about it, however, and I never went near the shortfield. I remembered it only after the game started, and I felt pretty guilty when I saw Honus pull on his old palmless glove—the one the Carnegie Museum, of Pittsburgh, has asked for—and go to work.

I don't believe he ever had a better day. He was out there whirling from right to left like a big shark in shallow water—spearing the ball at all angles, grabbing it out of the dirt and out of the air, and in general playing as only Honus could play when he was at his best. When he again walked past me I asked:

"Is that place all right now, Wagner?"

"Fine, John!" he yelled. "Fine! Leave 'er just that way!"

A ballplayer comes to know his particular section of every field in the league like he knows his pants pocket—if he's an observing ballplayer. An infielder knows that a sharp-hit ball won't take the same kind of bounce on the Cincinnati field that it will on the Philadelphia field. He learns to play the ins and outs of every ground just as he plays every batter, and often a groundkeeper is able to help a player by fixing the ground to favor some little characteristic.

A Famous Bonehead Play

To a fellow like Wagner, ground doesn't make much difference; and yet, on my field, Honus has a knack of taking the ball as it leaves the grass on the diamond—meeting it close up. I tell the young shortstops who break in on my diamond to learn to play it that way.

Take Jack Murray, the red-headed Irishman who plays right field for the New York Giants. Close behind him at the Polo Grounds, in New York, is a concrete grandstand wall. The field is rather short, as we say, meaning comparatively close to the home plate, and very frequently the batters slam the ball up against the wall with terrific force. The ball bounds back off the wall into the grass at queer angles; and with the average outfielder playing there a drive of that kind is good for at least a two-bagger and sometimes a triple.

There is a huge advertising sign on the wall, made of ten great white letters against a brilliant red background, and Murray has studied out just how the ball is going to carom off the concrete by the letter it hits. It nearly always hits a letter if it hits the wall at all. If it hits the letter A or B, for instance, Murray can tell—seven times out of ten—where the ball is going to land on the grass; and it's mighty seldom he fails to hold a slam out there to a one-base hit.

John J. McGraw, manager of the Giants and one of the craftiest of all the old Orioles of Baltimore, used to make a study of the wind currents in the various ball yards round the big league, which I call drawing baseball down pretty fine. To this day McGraw blames one miscue in the last inning of the game that lost him the world's championship at Boston in 1912 to the failure of one of his infielders to mind what the manager had told him about the tricky wind over the Boston Red Sox' field.

That was a great bunch in Baltimore in the days of the old Orioles. What they didn't know about fixing the ball ground to suit themselves wasn't worth knowing! They used to let the grass grow long in the outfield and kept a ball hidden out there. Any time a long drive that might have been dangerous to the Orioles' chances went into the outfield—especially if it was getting a little dark—an outfielder would grab up the hidden ball and cut loose with it, paying no attention to the ball that was really in play.

They worked that trick time and again until one afternoon, in a tight game, a slam went over Willie Keeler's head. Willie let it slide and went after the "plant," coming up with it for a grand throw to the infield that would have turned the game Baltimore's way. He heard a wild yell from the players and crowd as he threw, and looked round to see Steve Brodie, another of the Oriole outfielders, panting along after the right ball in the far distance. Of course Steve's chase gave the whole snap away. He had forgotten about the plant and had pulled a bonehead play that is now famous in the baseball world.

The Tricks of the Orioles

Frank Bancroft, the old business manager of the Cincinnati Reds, is still kicking about a trick the Orioles used to work on that club. The Reds had a lot of left-handed batters—that is, men who stand in the batting box nearest first base. For their special benefit the Orioles used to put loose sand in that batting box; and those left-handers would have a tough time trying to make quick starts to first after hitting the ball.

The Orioles could bunt like sixty, and their specialty was gently tapping the ball toward the third baseman. First they'd fix up the ground for him, however. They'd wet the grass round third base. A bunt requires some mighty fast footwork by the third baseman, and when those fellows playing third against the Orioles started to skip in toward the plate after the Baltimore bunts, that wet grass didn't help them keep their feet—not so you could notice it.

The Orioles are also given credit for having their groundkeeper tilt the third-base line a little, so that it slanted inward—that would keep the bunts from rolling foul. Now I should think—mind, I don't say I ever did it—but I should think that if a groundkeeper let the grass grow a bit high toward third it would hold the bunts back long enough for the bunter to reach first; and it wouldn't be so noticeable to the umpires either.

You don't hear so much about doctoring grounds nowadays, and I guess it isn't done to any great extent any more—at least, I don't do it. There used to be a time when the pitching mound would be lowered to suit a pitcher with a good underhand delivery or raised for a little short fellow, and you used to hear about the groundkeeper shortening the pitching distance to help out some fellow on his home club; but all that's now considered rather bush-league stuff, as the boys say.

Anyway, fashions in pitchers have changed so that nowadays they're nearly all big, long, gangling birds, and the mound is plenty high enough for them as it stands.

It's mighty seldom you see that old familiar Associated Press line under date of my town: "No game! Wet grounds!" If you do you can bet it was raining cats and dogs at the game hour or the crowd was so small the managers took the excuse of a little shower to postpone the game for a double-header later on. Two games for the price of one admission will naturally outdraw a single game—especially if a poor club is the attraction.

When a rain comes up during a game the umpires call time, and then there is a wait of half an hour. If the rain stops in that time and the umpires think the field is in condition to be played the game goes on. If they can't play four and a half innings it is no game, and the rainchecks issued with every ticket are good for the next day. A clubowner does not love the raincheck.

Probably you've seen a team that was behind in the score before the fifth inning stalling and wasting time in the hope that a gathering storm would break, soak the ground and save them from defeat. It doesn't do them any good to stall on my field—unless it's a cloudburst. I've got my diamond raised about six inches and it sheds water like an old-fashioned slicker coat; the canvas on my baselines does the rest.

Many's the time I've got up in the middle of the night or raced from miles away to get my baselines under cover when an unexpected storm came up. I used to live on my field for that purpose, but these new million-dollar plants don't leave any room for a groundkeeper's house.

Suppose there's a rain the night before a big game. The following day may be clear, but if the field is wet the game cannot be played. That might mean a loss of a twenty-thousand-dollar gate. That's where I come in—if you want me to put my value in dollars and cents. Some groundkeepers use a great canvas cover on their diamonds that was invented by Fred Clarke, manager and once great player of the Pittsburgh Pirates. I had one of 'em once, but I prefer my natural drainage.

There's one field in the National League right now where I've seen the groundkeeper put his men on the diamond with buckets and sponges to sop up the water a little at a time; but most of the fields are so arranged that they'll dry very fast.

In these days you'll find made-ground ballfields and expert groundkeepers in all the big minor leagues of the country, like the International, American Association, Pacific Coast, Southern and Western; and I've even seen turf diamonds 'way down in the "sticks," as the ballplayers call the littlest leagues.

I used to double as a ticket taker, sweep out the stands and run a little bicycle-checking rack to boost my income when I was breaking in, but now a groundkeeper has all he can do to attend to the field.

Pebbly Jack's Nerves

I've seen nearly everything about baseball changed one way or another since I came in. Thirty years is a mighty long while in that game. I've tended fields torn by the cleats of Pop Anson, George Gore, Silent Mike Tiernan, Big Dan Brouthers, Joe Start, Rowe, Dalrymple, Toad Ramsey, Johnny Ward, Joe Hornung, Billy Sunday, the evangelist; Ed Williamson, Silver Flint, Charley Radbourne, John Clarkson, Jerry Denny, and a thousand and one others whose names may not mean so much to the present generation of fans, but who were mighty diamond heroes of another day.

I can close my eyes and seem to see the only King Kelly—rest his soul!—squatting yonder behind the bat where Chief Meyers, the big Mission Indian, now glowers darkly through his mask or Jimmy Archer rides upon his haunches.

And Pebbly Jack Glasscock—how I used to hate to see him play on my field, because he had a habit of stooping down and pretending to pick up something from the ground and toss it away, as if he were gathering pebbles, which is why they called him Pebbly Jack. He was one of the greatest shortstops who ever wore cleats, but I just had to give him a call about that picking-up business. I thought he was making a show of my ground until he explained that it was only a nervous habit.

It seems but yesterday that Lady Baldwin, Pete Browning, Tim Keefe, Amos Rusie, Duffy, Nash, Tucker, Long and Lowe were on my field.

The shape of the diamond is about all that's left from the days when I came in. They've switched the rules all sorts of ways and they've tinkered with the pitching distance and the balls and everything else; but the general design of the infield today is about as it was in the beginning.

I can't recall that they tampered with the number of strikes allowed a batsman though. It's been three as long as I can remember, and the boys kicked just as hard when any one of the three was called on 'em in the long ago as they do now—maybe harder, in fact, because there was never any closed season on umpires then.

THE FOREHANDED MAN

By Will Payne

A DOZEN years ago the old Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway was one of the four grangers—the others being the Chicago & Northwestern, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. Like the others, Rock Island was a clean, flourishing property, with no goldbricks for investors. It had outstanding, in round numbers, seventy-five million dollars of stock, which paid regularly five per cent a year in dividends and sold at about par. Its bonds were above reproach.

The speculative Moore crowd, flushed with profits from tinplate and steel promotions, then bought a controlling interest in the stock, the purchases being made in the open market. In July, 1902, the new owners organized two new companies. The first was an Iowa corporation called the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad—to distinguish it from the old —or railway—company. The second was a New Jersey corporation called the Rock Island Company.

For each hundred dollars of old Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway stock they then issued one hundred dollars in collateral trust four per cent bonds of the Iowa company, one hundred dollars in common stock of the New Jersey company, and seventy dollars in preferred stock of the New Jersey company. Seventy-one million dollars, in round numbers, of the old stock was exchanged for new securities under this plan. In other words, before the new owners took hold there had been outstanding seventy-one million dollars of good, sound five per cent stock. After their legerdemain that seventy-one million of sound stock was replaced by one hundred and ninety-two million dollars of so-called securities.

Their object, of course, was plain. By selling the collateral trust four per cent bonds and making a market for the New Jersey company's common stock—which was promptly done—they could get back most of the money they had put into old Rock Island stock and still retain complete possession of the road, for holders of the preferred stock of the New Jersey company were entitled under the articles of incorporation to elect a majority of the directors.

Now the St. Louis & San Francisco had been linked up with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, but was sloughed off from that system in the reorganization of 1896. It had outstanding, in round numbers, twenty-nine million dollars of common stock, five million dollars of first preferred stock, and sixteen million dollars of second preferred stock, besides many millions of bonds. In 1903 the new and vastly inflated Rock Island bought virtually all of the twenty-nine million dollars of common stock of the St. Louis & San Francisco, giving for each hundred-dollar share sixty dollars in five per cent collateral trust gold bonds of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad—the Iowa company—and sixty dollars in common stock of the Rock Island Company—the New Jersey corporation.

Lightening Ship

This Frisco common stock, for each dollar of which a dollar and twenty cents of new securities was thus issued, had never paid a dividend to that time and has never paid one since. Meanwhile the St. Louis & San Francisco had absorbed the Chicago & Eastern Illinois. This was another eminently sound and flourishing road, which had been developed largely by the late H. H. Porter, of Chicago.

It had outstanding, in round numbers, nine million dollars of preferred stock, which regularly paid six per cent dividends, and seven million dollars of common stock, which also regularly paid six per cent dividends. The Frisco guaranteed six per cent dividends on the preferred stock and ten per cent on the common, later issuing certificates in exchange for the common at the rate of one thousand dollars for each four shares, the certificates bearing four per cent interest.

By these and half a dozen minor acquisitions the Rock Island system became, in mileage, one of the greatest in the country, rivaling the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. But it presently became evident that it was sadly waterlogged. Though times were flush and railroads were earning more money than ever before, this system was falling far short of the rosy expectations that had been held forth in its earlier days.

The preferred stock, according to the by-laws, was entitled to dividends at the rate of four per cent a year from 1903 to 1910; then at the rate of five per cent to 1916, and at the rate of six per cent thereafter. As a matter of fact, it paid dividends at the rate of four per cent for about two years and a half—from February, 1903, to November, 1905—and has never paid any dividend at any per cent since.

It was paying five per cent interest on the collateral trust gold bonds it issued to acquire the St. Louis & San Francisco common stock, but was far from receiving any dividends on that stock; in fact, the Frisco had suspended dividends on its second preferred shares. So in December, 1909, Rock Island lightened ship a bit by throwing over the St. Louis & San Francisco—selling its twenty-nine million dollars of common stock of that road to B. F. Yoakum, Edwin Hawley, and their associates.

The Rock Island's Loss

It gave for that stock sixty dollars a share in five per cent bonds and sixty dollars a share in Rock Island common. In selling the stock, however, it did not get anywhere near enough to pay off the bonds; in fact, it had to issue some new bonds in order to pay off the collateral trust fives which were secured by the Frisco stock. In reporting the sale to Yoakum and Hawley, the Financial Chronicle remarked: "The loss to the Rock Island Company from the sale is, therefore, figured about as follows: $17,364,180 of Rock Island common stock—valued at, say, forty dollars a share, $6,945,672; interest on collateral trust fives from September 1, 1908, to February 1, 1910, $5,643,359; amount supplied to retire collateral trust fives, $6,945,000; total, say, $19,534,000."

The seventeen million dollars of collateral trust five per cent bonds, which were issued to acquire the Frisco stock, was necessarily paid off; but the seventeen million dollars of Rock Island common stock that was issued for the same purpose is still outstanding, though it represents nothing but an error on the part of the management.

In exchange for seventy-one million dollars of old Rock Island stock—then paying five per cent dividends—the new owners issued seventy-one million dollars of four per cent bonds, seventy-one million of new common stock and fifty million of new preferred. But the old Rock Island, by various acquisitions aside from Frisco, has been expanded into a system of over eight thousand miles. Consequently, though railroad earnings have vastly increased in the last dozen years, it was able last year to earn only five per cent on its old stock. After paying interest on the new four per cent bonds and taking out the expenses of the New Jersey corporation, only a nominal surplus remained.

Thus, in place of the old first-class five per cent stock, we now have an equal amount of four per cent bonds that are very decidedly second-class and selling at a discount of more than forty per cent; also an equal amount of Rock Island common, now selling at about sixteen dollars a share; and fifty million of Rock Island preferred, which has not paid a dividend for eight years and is so far from a dividend that it may now be bought under thirty dollars a share.

But meanwhile there have been great speculation and manipulation in these securities; and no doubt a good many trusting investors have lost money in them.

And St. Louis & San Francisco has been having very poor luck with its Chicago & Eastern Illinois venture. It agreed to pay ten per cent dividends on the common stock and to redeem that stock eventually at the rate of two hundred and fifty dollars a share; but last year Chicago & Eastern Illinois paid only five per cent on its common stock and earned but a small surplus over that. This year, with flood damages, it is estimated that the Chicago & Eastern Illinois guaranty would cost the Frisco a round million dollars—which is one reason why weary Frisco lay down and went into the hands of receivers.

Control of the Frisco system goes with ownership of the twenty-nine million dollars of common stock. The present owners are said to have paid Rock Island thirty-seven dollars and a half a share for this stock, making their total investment a little over ten million dollars. When the receivership was announced the stock sold down to three dollars a share.

Now the Frisco system comprises more than seventy-five hundred miles of main line from St. Louis, Kansas City and Chicago to New Orleans, Galveston and Brownsville. Great regions are partly or wholly dependent upon it for transportation. It has outstanding nearly three hundred million dollars of funded debt, largely owned by investors. What could be more ridiculous than the theory that a mere speculative investment of eight or ten million dollars in the nearly worthless common stock should entitle the holders to do as they please with this great property?

The Rock Island system has over eight thousand miles of main track and more than two hundred and fifty million dollars of funded debt. Yet control of it, except as the Government interferes, lies with holders of preferred stock that is now worth less than fifteen million dollars in the market. Ever since the road changed hands it has been a speculative football for Wall Street; and one might suspect that more energy has been devoted to engineering coups on the Stock Exchange than to developing traffic.

Such inflation and security juggling as I have described above ought to be impossible. Until it is impossible, Government regulation of railroads will fall much short of what it ought to be. The old theory that investors must look out for themselves will not answer, for it is not altogether a question of an individual investor here and there. This great mass of watered, discredited, depreciated stuff is a burden and danger to the whole situation. It gets into bank loans, undermines confidence and drags down good stuff with it. Prior to 1893 the old Philadelphia & Reading had been put through a process of reckless expansion and inflation, accompanied by big speculative manipulation. On February twentieth of that year the waterlogged concern went into bankruptcy, which brought on the first shock of the most disastrous panic the country has known.

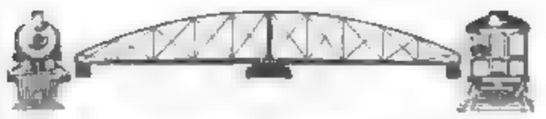
The Effect on Paris

For years American finance has dreamed of tapping the great reservoir of investable capital in France; but the French investor—with an inconveniently long memory for certain scandalous episodes in Wall Street—has proved quite shy. By some strange turn of luck the St. Louis & San Francisco is one of the few American roads that have succeeded in getting their securities admitted to the Paris market. Last spring the road's bankers sold three million dollars of its general lien five per cent bonds to Parisians. The day after the road went into the hands of receivers the Paris correspondent of the Journal of Commerce cabled as follows:

"The financial difficulties of your St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad have created amazement and the worst possible impression here, where bonds of the company were being placed up to a few days ago. Your correspondent interviewed on the Bourse today a large number of bankers and financiers to obtain their views on the sudden and unexpected developments. Some of these bankers hinted that the embarrassment, coming as it does after other objectionable financing of recent ames, proves that Americans endeavor to sell on the French market their doubtful stuff, keeping the really good securities for themselves.

"The company's securities were completely unsalable today and the formation of a French protective committee is imminent. Amsterdam correspondence shows that the event has produced an equally bad impression in Holland."

Finally, the physical valuation of railroads, which the Government is now undertaking at great expense, will be useless unless the Government prevents inflation of railroad capitalization in the future.



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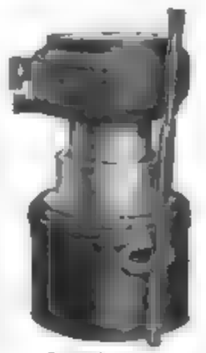

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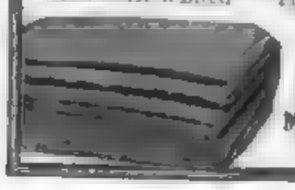

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SOME MORE HUMBUGS

By Roger W. Babson

STOCKS are low in price; bonds are cheaper than they have been for years. Reputable brokers who deal in good securities are living on bread and milk in order to pay office rent; in fact, every one connected with stocks and bonds is in the depths of despair except the illegitimate promoter and the dealer in fake securities. Like the undertakers, there is always business for them.

So long as men can be deceived by the promoter of financial humbugs in their efforts to get something for nothing, I suppose the attempt will be made to deceive them, and they will get worthless securities—plus experience—in exchange for their money. This, however, is no reason why we should lie down and not endeavor to expose the deceiver. On the contrary, in order to protect our neighbors we should be willing to divulge to the world the fact that we were easy marks.

The estimate that the people in this country are robbed of one hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year through the purchase of comparatively worthless securities is not excessive. Personally I should place the loss for 1913 at nearer five hundred million dollars if the various doubtful seven and eight per cent preferred stocks issued during the past two years are included. Moreover, if these losses are to diminish in later years it will probably be for one of two reasons: 1—Because the promoters of fake propositions have become frightened by the diligence of the United States postal authorities and district attorneys; 2—Because investors have become enlightened by the efforts of periodicals like THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to point out the danger that lurks in finely worded advertisements.

Good Men Used as Bait

One of the most common and disreputable methods of present-day promoters is to interest honest clergymen in their schemes. These clergymen, having been persuaded that black is white, out of intended kindness of heart seek to help their parishioners to a "good thing."

Examples could be cited of disruption of pastoral relations from this very cause—the good things, of course, turning out bad and the pastor of the church being held responsible.

Several cases of this class are in the minds of nearly all my readers. For instance, some time ago a man, who in all sincerity desired to gain some money for the promotion of most praiseworthy acts of philanthropy, interested every friend and acquaintance possible in a small Western railroad. The usual glaring prospectus was issued, with a picture on the cover of a locomotive steaming at the rate of fifty miles an hour; and many successful roads were mentioned as examples of the wonderful chances for profit. This man, on the strength of his friendship and religious characteristics, collected money from many people of small financial means, and actually believed and told his victims that the road would make them rich.

The scheme was financed through small stockholdings, much as many mining propositions have been financed; but before the road had progressed very far along came trouble, and the stock fell from ten dollars to a dollar a share. After this man had sold all the stock he could on this road he began to suspect that all was not as represented; then he took up the promotion of a mining proposition, unconsciously repeating in large measure his former deplorable action.

I do not know today what his second proposition is doing, but at last accounts it was destined to be an absolute failure. The railroad recently went into a receivership and the stock is now selling at about one cent a share! I cite this to warn readers that any proposition presented on this basis by men who know nothing about finance is absolutely a shocking gamble; yet many people who would die rather than gamble at Monte Carlo are easily caught by some such worthless scheme!

I have just heard of the proposition of a trolley road where the stock is being sold by city promoters to the farmers along the line. This road will be a total failure. What might have been the result had the investments proved profitable it is not necessary to consider, for there is small chance of anything of this sort happening frequently enough to justify such meddling in investment matters.

It appears to be a natural law that the real is the basis for the imitation. I suppose the wonderful success of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company has led to a greater aggregate loss to the buyers of stocks of concerns exploited as second Calumets than the sum of all the dividends distributed by that company among its shareholders—somewhat over one hundred and twenty million dollars. I further suppose that the Standard Oil Company—that pioneer among trusts and marvel among industrial combinations—gave the suggestion of the union of other business concerns; and that the organization of that colossus among corporations, the United States Steel Corporation, stimulated the promotion of company consolidations in a most remarkable manner.

The masterpiece among the works of the late Mr. Morgan was the bringing together of the competing steel companies into the first corporation the world ever knew with a capital of a billion and a half dollars. They say that in the dicker the shrewd Scotchman, Mr. Carnegie, managed to get an extra one hundred million dollars above his first price for his contribution to the united properties. Thereafter other industrial consolidations became numerous and promoters generally have not hesitated to inject into the capitalizations all the water the consolidations would bear. One favorite method of the shyster has been to get his securities listed on some stock exchange—the higher up in the stock-exchange scale he could go with his promotion, the more plausible it seemed.

If a promoter is rich he stands a good chance to get his eight per cent preferred stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange; but if not he may have to be content with the "curb." In all these grades of exchanges securities of intrinsic worth down to those of no worth are probably still dealt in. The various grades of exchange markets are typical of the grades of banking houses. High-grade banking houses should be safe for the investor to trade with, though there are very few banking houses, however distinguished, that have not at some time been identified with a losing speculative or investment proposition.

Where to Buy Securities

However, there are many good houses and your local bank can help you find them. Without criticizing any firm, the errand of bankers is to make money rather than serve as a moral guide to promoters and investors; and the strictest care, except in the case of the highest-grade houses, does not always consist in the selection of the enterprises they assist. There are firms ready to be identified with flotations of different sorts down to the veriest humbug.

The wonderful trading facilities have brought all kinds of issues into the different markets, commencing with the leading stock exchanges of the cities and reaching to the curb—not to say the gutter. Such has been the growth of these agencies for handling securities that great competition has come about, and recourse has been had to traveling agents and the transmission of circulars by mail, in addition to advertising through publications of many sorts, in order to reach customers. A means of trading in securities is indispensable; but how to deal with the evils—that is, eliminate humbuggery from them without destroying their useful function—is one of the problems of the times which legislatures, national and state, have been wrestling with.

A vigorous campaign against foisting worthless and comparatively worthless securities upon innocent parties has been in progress for the past year or two; and it will be continued, more especially since some of the larger phases of the affair have got into politics and there is a determination to press the matter to a conclusion. Politics in this country is a live agency for bringing about reform, and the people are reached quite as effectively in this way as in any other. Nevertheless I wish to impress upon my readers that, whatever may be achieved by legislation, there is no one who can save the investor from himself except himself!

The promoter appeals directly to the investor by means of advertising, circulars, and by personal solicitation. Many reputable newspapers and magazines seek to do what they can to keep unworthy propositions out of their columns; but it is almost impossible completely to exclude fraudulent advertising. Therefore the investor will always have to exercise the utmost care and self-control. The exercise of common sense is the first essential in this matter. Let the man or woman who is asked to invest in any security consider, to begin with, whether he knows anything about the property on which the security is issued or the people behind the proposition.

The Results of Careless Buying

For instance, if the person accosted by the agent is a farmer let him treat this matter as he would an invitation to buy a horse or a piece of land. In the latter event the questions he would ask himself are as follows: Do I want it? Can I pay for it? Is the animal sound and of good quality, and why is it sold? What is the quality of the property offered? Is the title good?

In the case of land the title would need to be guaranteed by a title insurance company. Why should you buy securities on anybody's say-so when you take such pains to examine into the worth of things you purchase in the ordinary course? Why should you expect to beat a man at his own game when you yourself know nothing of the game? It is your ignorance that is taken advantage of by unprincipled promoters when they appeal to your cupidity.

You should realize that an army of unprincipled men is on the alert to reach those who have money or will soon have money coming into their possession. Unusual and strange methods are employed to get the names of these people. You probably wonder how certain brokers and institutions all over the country are able to get your address, so as to send you literature of every sort—letters beginning: "Having been informed that you are in want of," or "would be interested in" what they have to offer—and so on.

The echo of a gigantic New York swindle has just died away. The promoter was a college graduate and a novelist, who flooded the country with literature advertising the wonderful opportunities of his mining and other propositions. College men were written to by the hundred on the strength of the asserted fact that this was a high-class proposition, and that the author spoken of above wished to help such individuals. A well-known ex-mayor of one of our large cities was called into the scheme, and his name and the names of others were used as a bait to catch the unwary. Whether some of the promoters believed that their proposition would eventually turn out to good advantage is hardly worth questioning. The facts of the case are that many innocent people were separated from their money, a great scandal arose and the leading promoters were sentenced to Federal prisons.

You should not allow your friend to impose upon you just because he is acquainted with you and waxes confidential. In ninety-nine cases in every hundred it will be wise to throw the communication into the fire. If the proposition is to sell securities it will not be necessary to read very far before deciding whether to read farther or to destroy it at once. If the advertisement or person offers stock at a given price, with the statement that it is to be advanced at a future date, reject the proposition summarily—for such a proposition is probably a swindle. Moreover do not entertain the notion that any man is doing you a special favor to let you have a few shares below his price to others.

If the salesman says that he has an investment to offer that is absolutely certain to yield from seven to ten or more per cent you may be quite sure that it is nothing of the sort, for there are thousands of shrewd men anxious to get investments that will yield even less; and these men would never let such good investments be hawked about in quest of buyers. In these days of high living and—in very many instances—relatively small incomes, a chance to get

an eight per cent or even a much smaller income is very tempting; but better the small income or even the principal to live on than the loss of interest and principal, and nothing to live on, which is almost sure to be the position of the person who accepts as Gospel truth the word of a stranger regarding thousands of so-called investments. Your irrigation-land, orchard, oil or rubber property looks good on paper, but will it stand a searching investigation? There are many instances where investors in these things have, after buying, gratified their curiosity by looking for the location of the property of which they supposed themselves to be joint owners, only to discover themselves victims of gross fraud.

There is an amusing instance of a New England man who bought a plat of "rich" land by the long-range method in Texas. He later asked an authority just where his land was located and the reply came back: "Look at the United States map and note where it says Gulf of Mexico. Your land is right where G is in the Gulf of Mexico!" Most investors in "improved" land in well-advertised states find no other evidence of improvements than corner stakes. One who bought into an irrigation plant found the site on a mountain where irrigation would be impossible—except from the clouds. I might cite example after example of deceptions practiced on the unwary and discovered when too late. Moreover one need not go West or South to find land fake sales, as they exist right in Greater New York today. Locking the stable door before the thief comes is the only safe course.

There are many men of prominence who would scorn to be guilty of deceiving investors by lending their names as dummy directors; but there are some as note recent developments in the Liberal Ministry of Great Britain—who supplement denial with confession of connection with those things. This has been common in England for years, and it is a great disgrace to see knights and earls selling their names to help promoters sell stocks. This practice is just starting now in America—as is seen from the prospectuses of certain industrials and public-utility corporations that have recently offered "preferred" stocks. There are individuals who are not at all particular what the proposition is, so long as it in some way pays them. The victims can do their own investigating. It cannot be said absolutely, but I believe people can be found ready to attempt to float the bulk of the doubtful propositions brought forward; and a considerable percentage of these are arranged and prepared with a view to swindle the credulous and uninformed public.

Especially beware of distant farms and orange groves. I have a friend in Gloucester, Massachusetts, who by hard labor during thirty years had saved money enough to pay for his house and perhaps put one thousand dollars in the bank. He felt that he was getting on in age and wished to have an easier life the rest of his days. Among the various circulars he received was the advertisement of land in Florida. If he had not answered the circular all might have been well, but unfortunately he sent a postal card for further particulars.

Thereupon he was selected as an easy mark by the promoters; and they so deluged him with circulars and salesmen that he finally sold his place last fall, gave up his position, withdrew his money from the bank, and took his family to Florida. No space is required to tell what he found, as it was simply a stretch of sand, away from neighbors, water, and almost everything else. A few weeks ago this poor man returned, having lost his thirty years' savings and, what is more important, broken in health and courage. Men of means or of business affairs are used to being solicited and are trained to say No; but to the average mechanic such soliciting is new and rather flattering, and he almost invariably falls if the promoter presses him long enough.

Though much remains for the state and nation to do in these matters, still it behooves the individual to do all in his power to safeguard his own financial welfare, as no law can provide him with common sense.

Here are some common-sense rules, with which I close: The amateur should never invest impulsively or without confirming what is said to him by an interested party; before investing he should, in fact, investigate the security itself, and then not act without subsequent mature deliberation.

If possible, consult a disinterested and reputable banking house. Four times in five, at least, it will be wise to purchase through such a house rather than directly from the promoter or the promoter's bankers. This is a rigid and painstaking process, but it is none too severe to protect your pocketbook from the class of fakes that are now making great profits—while dealers in legitimate bonds are without business and without friends.

HIGH COST OF LIVING IN WASHINGTON

(Concluded from Page 4)

If a foreign visitor comes to Washington on a special mission—perhaps merely one of courtesy—his entertainment is official and the secretary of state does not have to bear the expense. For example, Dr. Lauro Muller, the Brazilian foreign minister, was entertained at dinner by Secretary Bryan. The cost of the entertainment came out of the Emergency Fund of the Department of State. Secretary Knox at one time entertained some visiting Japanese. The dinner was given in the Knox home, with about twenty-four covers, and cost six hundred dollars. Mr. Knox paid the bill out of the Emergency Fund of the Department of State, thereby bringing down upon himself no little criticism. It is to Secretary Bryan's credit that he is conspicuously scrupulous in his unwillingness to draw upon a public fund for quasi-private entertainments.

He has to pay however. If the German ambassador or the French ambassador or the minister from Spain invites him to dinner he could not decline without offering what would amount to an insult to the foreign diplomat's home country. In other words, whether he cares to dine out or not, for his country's sake our secretary of state must accept the invitations tendered. It follows necessarily that he must return this hospitality. For some time it has been the custom for the secretary of state to give a breakfast on New Year's Day to all the foreign diplomats. Though an official function, the cost of it must come out of the secretary's own pocket. Notwithstanding an invitation to this breakfast would not be considered by a diplomat as a proper return for a dinner he himself had given in honor of the secretary of state.

When Economy Comes High

It ought to be clear, therefore, even to the most Jeffersonian of our countrymen that the secretary of state is put to large expense in entertaining, whether he likes it or not. Mr. Bryan has reduced his fixed charges in dispensing hospitality by eliminating wine from his table. Some figure that he has thus saved twenty-five hundred dollars a year, but this is merely conjecture. It does amount to an important saving, but there remains a large appropriation to be made from the secretary's salary for the social side of official life.

Judge Gresham and Mr. Olney, who were secretaries of state under Cleveland, are said to have lived close to if not within their official salaries of eight thousand dollars. That was about twenty years ago. In the two decades the cost of foodstuffs and wearing apparel in Washington has increased, on a general average, about twenty-five per cent. Broadly speaking, foodstuffs have almost doubled in price, but wearing apparel has not kept pace with the advancing cost of other necessaries, if estimated by the garment; however a near approach to metropolitan standards of dress, and particularly of frequent changes in dress, have brought about larger wardrobes. The general average of house-rents in Washington has not advanced, but living is much more expensive and more complex.

It is in the wider range of American diplomacy, however, that the demands on the purse of the secretary of state have measurably increased since the days of Gresham and Olney. A new era in American diplomatic history began with the Spanish War, during Secretary Day's incumbency. Since that time the United States has been regarded as one of the World Powers; and having diplomatic relations with all the great countries, being drawn more or less into the Far Eastern question, and in particular being the administrator or executive charged with the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine, we are becoming pretty busy diplomatically.

Without doubt, gastronomy is a powerful agent in diplomacy. The sure way to diplomatic secrets is through the stomach of the diplomatist. What might be termed international sociability is as important to the secretary of state as the Great Seal—in truth, a little more so; and the secretary cannot "be sociable" on twelve thousand dollars a year and rent his house and support his house and family. If in the opinion of democrats of all parties in Congress twelve thousand dollars is the proper limit for a Cabinet officer's salary, then the secretary of state might be given an allowance to pay for what are really Uncle Sam's own parties. Diplomacy is the one Government activity in which economy is costly. Frugal democracy is not relished by aristocracies. The Department of State ought not to be handicapped either by an untried personnel or an underpaid secretary of state.

Before we dismiss the pecuniary attributes of the discussion a word about the newly discovered materialism of the secretary of state. For seventeen years William Jennings Bryan has been making and saving money. He has the habit. Close acquaintance with coin of the realm has changed his outlook on life and no longer is he scared by the money devil. It is somewhat difficult to see in the mellow, prosperous Bryan of today the impassioned "crown-of-thorns" orator of 1896.

If our secretary of state must supplement his salary, bring his income up to his expenses, no cleaner method could be found, very likely, than public lecturing for a fixed or an ascending honorarium; there is not the rub nor the issue. But the criticism against the itinerant secretary of state is not against his lectures, but relates to his failure to give adequate attention to the business of his department.

Some time early in July, when Mr. Bryan was four months old as the nominal head of the Cabinet, an important man in the Department of State told his troubles to a friend:

"So far"—in four months—"I have been able to see the secretary three times—no more; and it took me on these rare occasions from two to five days to get to him."

Was the secretary away? No; but his time was largely occupied—not with diplomats, but with "the faithful."

I know of one with no political standing who presented a letter of introduction addressed to the secretary of state, bearing the imprint of the White House and concluding: "Please see him and help him if you can." For five days the hopeful individual endeavored to get to Mr. Bryan. In all, four definite engagements were made by the Great Commoner's private secretary, Mr. Wyvell—called by the correspondents Boll Wyvell. The last engagement was to go walking with the secretary at six o'clock on the fourth day. The nonpartisan citizen was on hand at five-forty-five o'clock. He waited until quarter past seven, at which hour Mr. Wyvell appeared at the door and addressed collectively half a dozen patient souls, including the man with the open-sesame letter.

"The secretary's just going to dinner," was the announcement. "If you fellows hurry out in the hall you can catch him as he goes by; but you'll have to be quick!"

Never since the Civil War has an incoming secretary found such perplexing and far-reaching problems awaiting his consideration. It is a great opportunity—a great chance to make a name as an illustrious secretary of state, to silence the doubting East and completely justify the claims of his followers West and South.

His Besetting Sin

AT A BANQUET in New York, Mark Twain was the guest of honor.

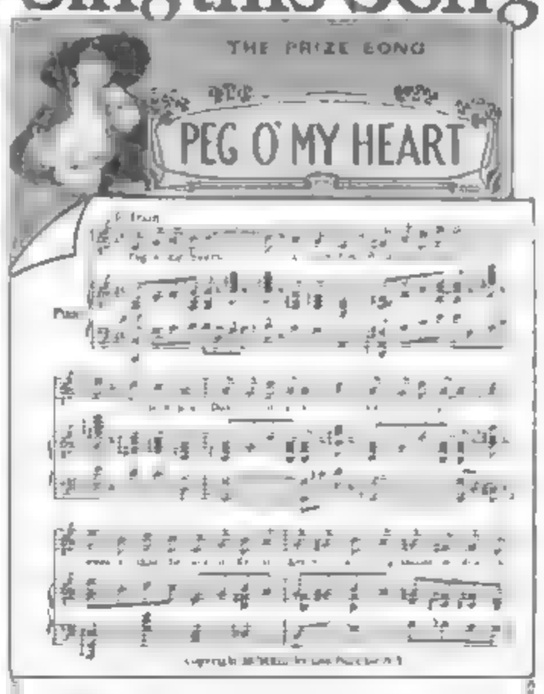
Thomas Bailey Aldrich was among those present who happened to be seated near Twain, and in some manner the talk had veered round to pet failings.

"What is yours, Mr. Aldrich?" inquired a man near him.

The poet opened his lips to reply, but Twain beat him to it.

"Vice versa!" he drawled laconically.

You Must Sing this Song



HERE'S the great $1,000 Prize Song, dedicated to Laurette Taylor and written around "Peg"—the wonderfully charming character in New York's greatest-in-years comedy success, "PEG O' MY HEART."

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Carry Me Home Over the Sea
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"[illegible] Stay Out Loving Me"
"[illegible] for Me"
"New York [illegible]"
Peg O' My [illegible]
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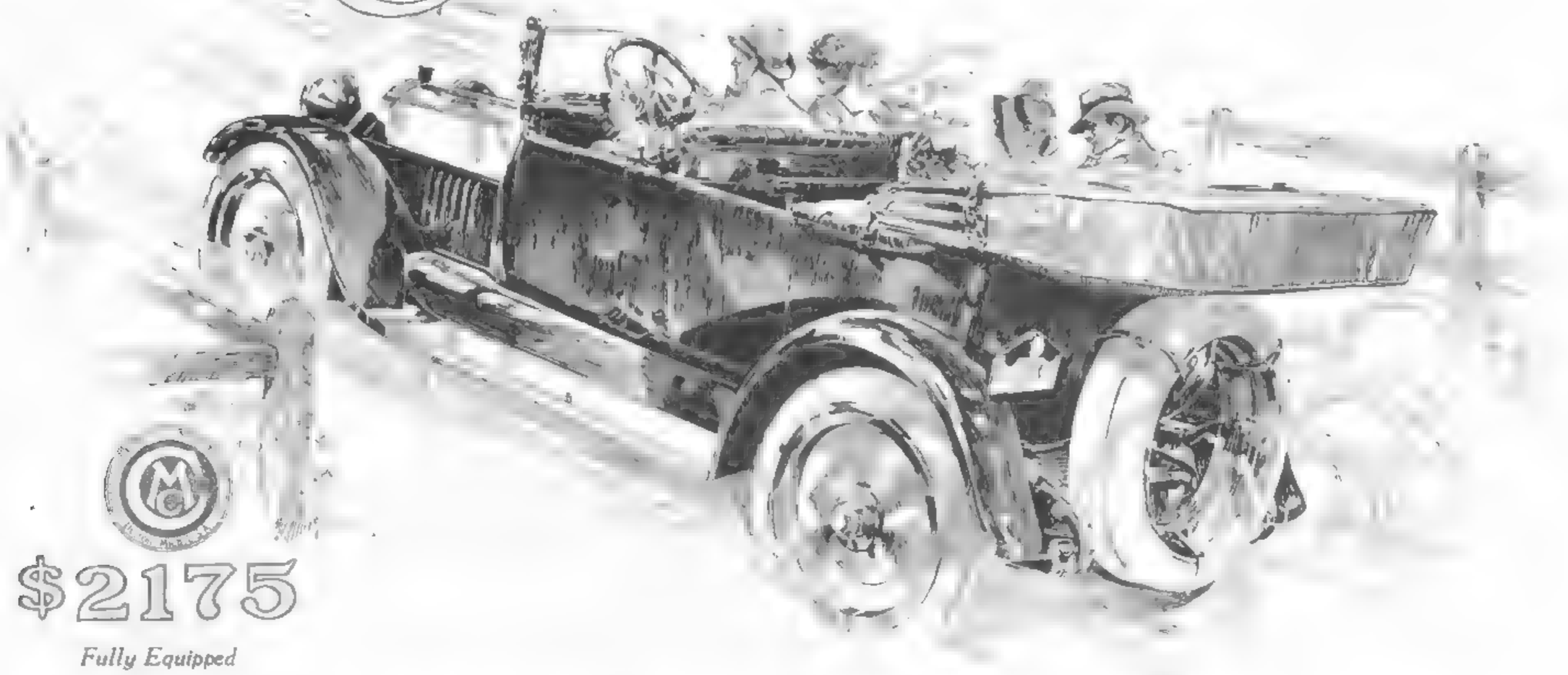
Chalmers—



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The Master Motor of Them All

What other makers are still striving for we give you in the New Chalmers Six.

To the best features of the costliest cars we have added these crowning triumphs:

Silence at all speeds; silence that lasts.

Sustained power; even after years of use.

No vibration; comfort and long life.

Extreme flexibility, without intricate gearing.

These features mean far more than the luxury they bring. They mean minimum wear—no waste of power. A car that lacks them, may cost you less to buy—but it will cost you more to keep.

When once you know the years of extra service these features add, you'll wonder how we give them at the price, $2175.

Go ride in this car. Let it tell its own story in deeds. It can neither over-rate its virtues nor hide its defects. It must tell the truth—nothing else.

Silent At All Speeds

Many cars that are quiet at ten miles an hour, kick up a lot of noise at thirty.

Let us see what the New Chalmers Six will do. Watch the speedometer; 30—40—50 miles an hour and not a murmur from cams nor valves.

We have discarded the common type of noisy little wedge-like cams. They knock the valves open with a blow and close them with a snap. The big oval cams of this motor push open the valves and slide them shut with the smoothness of velvet.

So this car runs with the silence of a specter at fifty miles an hour or at five. Such silence is not generally found in a motor car.

What Silence Tells You

The silence of the Chalmers Six means more than the mere luxury of quiet. Listen to its story as we skim along, noiseless as silk from a silent loom.

It tells you that your motor is working with the perfection of a watch—with but minimum wear; that it will perform as well after long use as the day you bought it.

And this silence continues for years. 30,000 miles of hard road service, equal to three years of average use, left this motor as good as when it started.

Makers have long been trying to secure silence that lasts. We solved the problem first.

$80,000 Extra Cost to Us—An Enormous Saving For You

This motor, like the trained athlete, grows better by action.

The cast iron and nickel steel valves in general use today soon begin to show wear. They are soon pitted and warped by the blistering heat of the cylinders. They fail to shut tight; they waste power; they have to be reground often.

Our valves of Tungsten steel cost us $80,000 extra per year. So there's no warping—no leaking—no power wasted. They almost never need regrinding.

This means an enormous saving of power to you. It means least wear—minimum depreciation. Think of the years of extra service this master motor will give you.

Power—Supple as a Fencer's Wrist

The power of our New Six is so flexible that you can throttle it down on "high" to a creeping gait in the crowd; then away swift as a swallow, mounting quickly to twenty, thirty, forty miles an hour without stress or effort.

This is due to our big, roomy valves; they open 40% wider and shut tighter than common. This gives freer passage to the gases. The wondrous flexibility of this motor is amazing. You'll find you can do nearly everything on "high". It does away with gear shifting almost entirely. With this Six any supplementary gear mechanism would be useless. The motor itself gives a suppleness of power unknown even in costlier cars.

SALIENT FEATURES OF

Six-cylinder motor, T-head type, 4x5½—40-65 h. p. All moving parts enclosed. Pressure and splash oiling system. Cork insert clutch.

Bosch magneto.

Electric starter—Entz System, built in Chalmers shops.

Non-stallable Motor.

Full electric lights.

132-inch wheel base.

Moulded oval fenders.

A Non-stallable Motor

This motor will never go dead in the crowded city traffic. The electric starter won't let it

Even if the driver should cut off the gas accidentally, the electric starter, which is always on duty, keeps the motor running—won't let it stop.

It prevents stalling under sudden overload. This is the greatest feature of safety and convenience put on a car in the past five years.

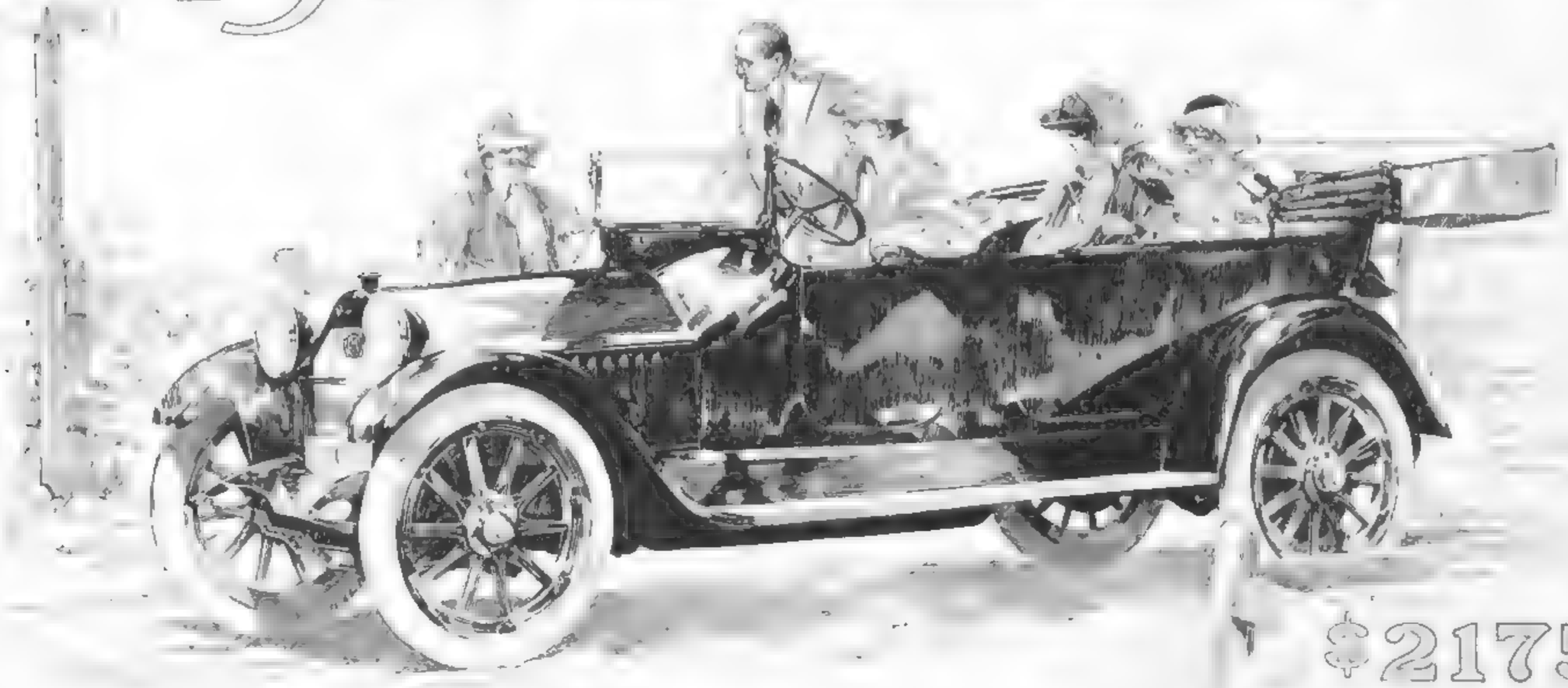
Steep hills, muddy or sandy roads never worry the motor of the New Chalmers Six.

An Electric Starter That Never Quits

The simplest and surest starter ever made. A little motor spins the engine to start it. Then it reverses itself, becomes a generator and stores up power in the battery for electric lighting and future starting purposes.

And it does it without attention—without aid of automatic devices. You simply throw on the switch at

1914 The New Six



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THE NEW CHALMERS SIX

Gasoline tank and tire carrier on rear—clean running boards.
Left drive and center control—enter from either side.
36x4½-inch tires and Continental rims.
Four forward speed transmission.
Underslung rear springs; main leaf of vanadium steel.
Tapered bonnet and stream line, bell backed body.
Chalmers patented doors.

starting and forget it. This starting and lighting system is built entirely in the Chalmers shops.

That Vibration Jinx

After a long ride you are often tired and you don't know why. It's the vibration jinx in the power plant. It means the moving parts are too heavy or a fraction out of balance

We overcome vibration in this way. We have found a way to forge our connecting rods so they are stronger and yet 40% lighter than the average.

We give the motor an extra long stroke and so reduce the number of strokes. All moving parts are balanced on a delicate scale; even the clutch and the timing gears are balanced with the rest of the motor. Thus we have made the vibration of the New Six imperceptible. The luxury of its motion soothes like a lullaby.

This smoothness of the Six saves wear on the car as well as on the passengers. The interval between explosions of any "Four" makes a gap in the power stream. There's no escape from the vibration that this gap in the power stream of the "Four" produces. The explosions of the Six give an unbroken stream of power. It gives smoothness and economy that no "Four" can equal. It adds years to the life of the car.

Snap Your Fingers at Poor Gasoline

With our New Six you can use the low grades of gasoline, because it gets the gas hotter than common.

We heat the gas in three ways to make sure; by two jackets of hot water and one of hot air. Every atom of gasoline is turned into power. This means an enormous saving in a season's fuel bill.

Stop Craning Your Neck

In driving this car you sit where you should sit—on the left. You can see close-passing cars without effort. An immense advantage in congested traffic.

The center control levers have been pushed forward so you can tuck a robe around you. It leaves both sides clear—you can enter from either one—and always from the curb. The emergency brake lever is located to the left of the gear lever. So there's no chance of your seat-mate getting in the way at a critical moment.

This has proved the most successful center control yet invented.

Four Eyes In Two

Search lights are forbidden in some cities and in many others they soon will be.

So for city driving we have set two auxiliary electric lamps of moderate power in the top of the big, powerful search lights needed for country driving.

This arrangement does away with side lights entirely. All lights are operated from the dash.

The Beauty of the Car

As we make the motor better we make the car handsomer.

We spent $75,000 in new equipment to give you its long oval fenders; not alone for the added beauty, but for their utility as well.

They curve over the wheels so no mud can ever reach you. They are pressed from a single piece of steel; no joints nor mouldings to rattle or collect dust.

Bodies are big and bell shaped. Plenty of room to stretch your legs in either seat. Doors are wider than usual with concealed hinges. They fit so snugly that all mouldings are dispensed with.

Extra tires are carried in the rear leaving the running boards clean as a quarter-deck. Everything about it tends to give the New Chalmers Six the flowing, streamline effect of a graceful steam yacht.

Chalmers Motor Company. Detroit, Mich.

No Need to Pay More—Unwise to Pay Less

It is impossible to get more real value than we give you in the New Chalmers Six. The wonder is that we can do it at the price.

But this car is the product of a $7,000,000 factory, where economy of production has been perfected as never before; where enormous output reduces costs to a minimum.

Our company is more than a mere corporation. It is an organization; made up of men spurred by one common ambition to produce a car as near perfection as man can make it

In the New Six, you get features that mean your car will run year after year as smoothly and silently as the day you bought it; features that keep operating costs down to the minimum

To buy a car that lacks these features—even though the first cost be less—is short sighted. To pay more is an extravagance, in our opinion.

Let the Car Tell Its Story in Deeds

We want you to take a ride in the New Chalmers Six—a ride that will make you prefer this car above all others

This ride isn't just a ride. It is the Chalmers Standard Road Test,—a part of our regular sales plan. It is used by all our dealers to show what the Chalmers will do under all conditions of service: how it meets emergencies—overcomes obstacles. It will prove to you in deeds what we have told you in words. Let our local dealer take you on such a ride.

Roadster . . .	**$2175**	**Six Passenger . .**	**$2275**
Four Passenger . .	**2175**	**Coupé . . . . .**	**2850**
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Laugh at the fellow who thinks your shoes must hurt because they are stylish.

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Surprise the fellow who is looking for quality by telling him how long you wear a pair of American Gentleman Shoes.

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The Hamilton, Brown dealer, anywhere, can show you the American Gentleman Shoe. Look over his line—if he doesn't have the particular style you want he will get it for you in a few days' time. If you have difficulty in locating the Hamilton, Brown dealer, write us and we will tell you the name and address of the Hamilton, Brown dealer in your locality.

Our little book, "America's Finest Footwear," illustrates new styles for Fall and Winter. Send you free copy today.

Saint Louis HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE COMPANY Boston

A SINGER'S STORY

(Continued from Page 11)

me at Liverpool, but hesitated to ask the old man in the shop to take such a risk without knowing me. To my surprise he smiled at me a kindly, wrinkled smile, and said with the prettiest old-fashioned bow:

"Madam, you are welcome to take any liberties you will with my entire stock. I heard you sing Jubal's Lyre. I shall never forget it, nor be able to repay you for the pleasure you gave me!"

I always felt this to be one of my sincerest tributes. Perhaps that is partly why the night of my first Crystal Palace concert remains so clearly in my memory.

I sang several times at the Crystal Palace concerts with Sims Reeves, the idolized English tenor. Never have I heard of or imagined an artist so spoiled as Reeves. The spring was a very hot one for London, although to us who were accustomed to the summer heat of America it seemed nothing. But poor Sims Reeves evidently expected to have heat prostration or a sunstroke, for he always wore a big cork helmet to rehearsals, the kind that officers wear on the plains of India. The picture he made sitting under his huge helmet with a white puggaree round it, fanning himself feebly, was one never to be forgotten. He had a somewhat frumpy wife, who waited on him like a slave. I had little patience with him, especially with his trick of disappointing his audiences. But he could sing! He was a real artist, and when he was not troubling about the temperature or his diet he was an artist with whom it was a privilege to sing.

One of the greatest honors ever paid me was the command to sing in one of the two concerts at Buckingham Palace given each season by the reigning sovereign. These royal private concerts were in those days, and I believe still are, the last word in exclusiveness. Many persons who have been presented at court, in company with a great crowd of other social aspirants, never come close enough to the inner circle of royalty to get within even speaking distance of these concerts. In them the court etiquette is almost medieval in its brilliant formality; and yet a certain intimacy prevails that could not be possible in a less carefully chosen gathering. So sacred an institution is the royal concert that there is a fixed price—twenty-five guineas—for all the solo singers, whatever their customary salaries, the discrepancies between the greater and the lesser being supposedly filled in with the colossal honor done the artists by being asked to appear.

A Good Palace, but Dirty

Queen Victoria seldom presided at these or similar functions. The Prince of Wales usually represented the crown and did the honors, always exceedingly well. I have been told by people who professed to know that his good nature was rather taken advantage of by his august mother, who not only worked him half to death in his official capacity, but never allowed him enough income for the purpose. Personally I always liked the Prince. He was a tactful, courteous man, with real artistic feeling and cultivation. He filled a difficult position with much graciousness and good sense. More than once has he come behind the scenes during an operatic performance to congratulate and encourage me. The Princess was good-looking, but was said to be both dull and inflexible. The former impression might easily have been the result of her deafness that so handicapped her where social graces were concerned. She could not hear herself speak and, therefore, used a voice so low as to be almost inaudible. When she spoke to me I could not hear a word of what she said. I hope it was agreeable. The following is an extract from my mother's diary:

Monday, 17. 3 P.M. Rehearsal at Anderson's for Buckingham Palace concert. Met Lucca there. A perfect original. Private concert in the evening at No. 7 Grafton Street. Pinsuti conducted. Louise encored with Beware. Concert commenced at eleven. Closed at 2 A.M. Saw about five bushels of diamonds.

18. Tuesday. Went to Buckingham Palace. Rehearsed at eleven. Very good palace, but dirty.

19. Rehearsal of Sonnambula. Got home at 4.

20. Buckingham Palace concert.

The rehearsal at Buckingham Palace was held in the great ballroom with the Queen's orchestra, under Cusins, and the artists were Tietjens, Lucca, Faure and myself. These concerts were composed of picked singers from both Covent Garden and Her Majesty's and were supposed to represent the best of each. As my mother notes, I first met Pauline Lucca there; such an odd little creature. She amused me immensely. She was always doing absurd things and making quaint, entertaining speeches. She was not pretty, but her eyes were beautiful. On this occasion, I remember, Tietjens was rehearsing one of her great classic arias. When she had finished we all, the orchestra included, applauded. Lucca was sitting between Faure and myself, her feet nowhere near touching the floor, and she applauded rhythmically and quite indifferently slap-bang! slap-bang! swinging her arms out so as to hit both of us and then slapping them together, the while she kicked up her small feet like a child of six. She was regardless of appearances and was applauding to please herself.

A Concert at Buckingham

Lucca used to warn me not to abuse my upper notes. We knew her as almost a mezzo. She told me, however, that she had once had an exceedingly high voice, and that one of her best parts was Leonora in Trovatore. She had abused her gift but she always had a delightful quality of voice and put a great deal of personality into her work.

The approach to the palace on concert nights was very impressive, for the Grenadier Guards were drawn up outside, and inside were other guards even more gorgeously arrayed than the cavalry. In the concert room itself was stationed a royal bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard. The commanding officer was called the Exon-in-Waiting. The proportions of the room were magnificent and there were some fine frescoes and an effective way of lighting up the stained-glass windows from the outside; but the general impression was not particularly regal. The decorations were plain and dull—for a palace. The stage was arranged with chairs, rising tier above tier, very much like a stage for oratorio singers. Before royalty appears the singers seat themselves on the stage and remain there until their turn comes to sing. This is always a trial to a singer, who really needs to get into the mood and to warm up to her appearance. To stand up in cold blood and just sing is discouraging. The prospect of this dreary deliberateness did not tend to raise our spirits as we sat and waited.

At last, after we had become utterly depressed and out of spirits, there was a little stir and the great doors at the side of the ballroom were thrown open. First of all entered the Silver-Sticks-in-Waiting, a dozen or so of them, backing in two by two. All were, of course, distinguished men of title and position; and they were dressed in costumes in which silver was the dominant note and carried long wands of silver. They were followed by the Gold-Sticks-in-Waiting, men of even more exalted rank, and finally by the royal party. We all arose and curtsied, remaining standing until Their Highnesses were seated.

The concerts were called informal, and therefore long trains and court veils were not insisted on. But the men had to appear in ceremonial dress—knee-breeches and silk stockings—and the women invariably wore gorgeous costumes and family jewels, so that the scene was one full of color and glitter. The uniforms of the ambassadors of different countries made brilliant spots of color. The Prince of Wales and his Princess simply sparkled with orders and decorations. I happened to hear the names of a few of Her Royal Highness'. They were the Orders of Victoria and Albert, the Star of India, St. Catherine of Russia and the Danish Family Order. She also wore many of the crown jewels, and with excellent taste on every occasion I have seen her. With a black-satin gown and court train of crimson, for example, she wore only diamonds; while another time I remember she wore pearls and sapphires with a velvet gown of cream and pansy color. Such good sense and discretion in the choice of gems is rare. So many women seem to think that any jewels are appropriate to any toilet.

Tremendously august personages used to be in the audiences of those Buckingham Palace concerts at which I sang then and later, such as the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. Indeed royalty, peers of the realm and ambassadors or representatives and members of the court were the only auditors. In spite of this the concerts were deadly dull, partly, no doubt, because everybody was so enormously impressed by the ceremony of the occasion and by the rigors of court etiquette that they did not dare move and hardly dared breathe. There was one woman present at my first Buckingham Palace concert, a lady-in-waiting she looked as if she had become accustomed to waiting — who was even more stiff than any one else and about whose décolleté there seemed to be no termination. Never once, to my certain knowledge, did she move either head or body an inch to the right or the left throughout the performance.

A breach of etiquette was committed on one occasion by a friend of mine, a compatriot, who had accompanied me to one of these gilt-edged affairs. She stood up behind the very last row of the chorus and—used her operaglasses! Not unnaturally she wanted for once, poor girl, to get a good look at royalty; but it is needless to say that she was hastily suppressed.

When the Prince and Princess were seated the concert could begin. There were two customs that made those functions particularly oppressive. One was that all applause was forbidden. An artist, particularly a singer or stage person of any kind, lives and breathes through approbation; and for a singer to sing her best and then sit down in a dead and stony silence, without any sort of demonstration, is a very chilling experience. The only indication that a performance had been acceptable was when the Prince of Wales wiggled his program in an approving manner. A handclap would have been a terrific breach of etiquette.

The Duchess of Edinburgh's Pickle

The other drawback—and the one that affected the guests even more than the artists—was that when once the Prince and Princess were seated no one could rise on any pretext or provocation whatever. I think it was at my second appearance at the royal concerts that an amusing incident occurred, which impressed the inconvenience of this regulation upon my memory. The Duchess of Edinburgh, daughter of the Czar, entered in the Prince of Wales' party. She looked an irritable, dissatisfied, bilious person; and I was told that she was always talking about being "the daughter of the Czar of all the Russias," and that it galled her that even the Princess of Wales took precedence over her.

Those were the good old days of tie-backs, made of elastic and steel, a sort of modified hoopskirt with all of the hoop in the back. The tie-back was the passing of the hoop, and its management was an education in itself. I remember mine came from Paris and I had had a bit of difficulty in learning to sit down in it gracefully. Well, the Duchess of Edinburgh had not mastered the art. She was all right until she sat down, and looked very regal in a gown of thick, heavy white silk and the most gorgeous of jewels—encrusted diamonds and Russian rubies, the latter nearly the size of a pigeon's eggs. Her tiara and stomacher were so magnificent that they appalled me. The Prince and Princess sat down and every one else followed suit, the daughter of the Czar of all the Russias among those in the front row. And she sat down wrong. Her tie-back tilted up as she went down; her skirt rose high in front, revealing a pair of large feet clad in white shoes, and large ankles, and legs nearly up to her knees. There was a footstool under the large feet, and they were very much in evidence the whole evening, posing, entirely against their owner's will, on a temporary monument. The awful part of it was that the duchess knew all about it and was so furious that she could hardly contain herself. It was a study to watch the daughter of the Czar of all the Russias in these circumstances. Her face showed how much she wanted to get up and pull down her dress and hide her robust pedal extremities, but court etiquette forbade and the duchess suffered.

The end of everything, as a matter of course, was the singing of God Save the Queen, and as there were nearly always two prima donnas present, each of us sang one verse. All the artists and the chorus sang the third, which constituted "good night" and was the official closing of the performance. I usually sang the first verse. When the concert was over the Prince and Princess with the lesser royalties filed out. They passed by the front of the stage and always had some agreeable thing to say. I recall with much pleasure Prince Arthur, the present Duke of Connaught, stopping to compliment me on a song I had just sung—the Polonaise from Mignon—and to remind me that I had sung it at Admiral Dahlgren's reception at the navy yard in Washington during his American visit.

"You sung that for me in Washington, didn't you, Miss Kellogg?" he said; and I was greatly pleased by the slight but courteous remembrance.

Supper at Second Table

So much has been said about the Victorian prejudice against divorce and against scandal of all sorts that no one will be surprised when I say that on one occasion when I sang at the palace I was the only woman singer whom the ladies present spoke to, although the gentlemen paid much attention to the others. The Duchess of Newcastle was particularly cordial to me, as were also the wife of our American ambassador and Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester.

There was a supper at the palace after the royal concerts—two supper tables, in fact—one for the royal family and one for the artists. I caught a glimpse, on my first appearance there, of the table set for the former with the historic gold plate with which English crowned heads entertain their guests. It was splendid, of course, although very heavy and ponderous, and the food must needs have been something superlative to have fitted it. I doubt if it was, however, as British cooks are apt to be mediocre, even those in palaces. Cooking is a matter of the Epicurean temperament—or rather, with the British, the lack of it. Our supper was not at all bad in spite of this, although little Lucca did turn up her nose at it and at the arrangements.

"What!" she exclaimed tempestuously, "stay here to 'second supper!' Never! These English prigs want to make us eat with the servants! You may stay for their horrid supper if you choose. But I would rather starve!" And off she went, rustling and fluttering with childish indignation.

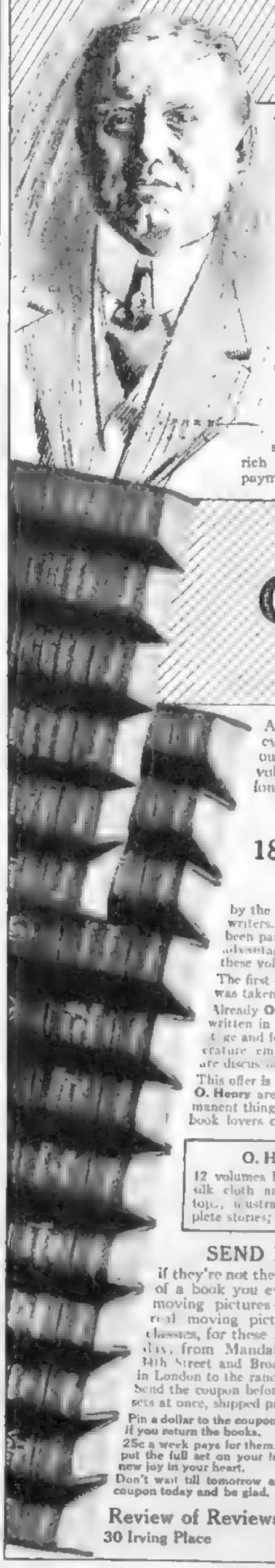
It was at one of these after-concert receptions at the palace that I had quite a long chat with Adelina Patti about her coming to America. I urged it, for I knew that a fine welcome was awaiting her here. But Nicolini, who was sitting near, exclaimed: *"Vous voulez la tuer!"* It seems that they were both terribly afraid of crossing the ocean, although they apparently recovered from their dread in later years.

There was one royal concert that will always remain in my memory as the most marvelous and brilliant spectacle, socially speaking, of my whole life. It was the one given in honor of the Queen's being made Empress of India, and among the guests were not only the aristocracy of Great Britain, but all the Eastern princes and rajahs representing Her Majesty's new empire. At that time hardly any one had been in India. Nowadays people make trips round the world and run across to take a look at the Orient whenever they feel inclined. But then India sounded to us like a fairytale place, impossibly rich and mysterious, a country out of the Arabian Nights.

My mother and I were then living in Belgrave Mansions, not far from the palace or from the Victoria Hotel where the Indian princes put up. We used to see them passing back and forth, their attendants bearing exquisitely carved and ornamented boxes containing rare jewels and decorations and offerings to "The Great White Queen across the seas"—offerings as earnest of good faith and pledges of loyalty. I was glad to be commanded for the royal concert at which they were to be entertained, for I knew that it would be a splendid pageant. And it turned out to be, as I have said, the richest display I ever saw. The rich stuffs of the costumes lent themselves most fittingly to a lavish exhibition of jewels. The ornaments of the royal princesses and peeresses that I had been admiring up to that occasion seemed as nothing compared to this array.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of articles giving the Reminiscences of Clara Louise Kellogg Strakosch. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

I Am Just A Poor Boy from the Country



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America's greatest short story writer—made when admirers tried to lionize him. "Oh, pshaw! Leave me alone! I am just a poor boy from the country." He preferred the shadows of the street corners where he could gaze upon the hurrying stream of life, and with a vision rarely given even to genius, he gazed deep into the hearts of men and pictured for you the generosity, ferocity, kindliness, want, devotion, the laughte and the mockery, the feverish activity and the stark despair—all the complex interplay of human emotions which make life.

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WHAT NEXT?

Freezing Air for Hot Homes

COOLING by electric power from ordinary electric-light wires looks like the real hope. Yet another sign of the new summer comfort is found in all the various schemes that are being attempted all over the world. Best known is the simple device rigged up by Professor Alexander Graham Bell in his home on Connecticut Avenue, in Washington. He adapted a swimming pool in the basement for his summer study. The pool was drained, and then fitted up with rugs and chairs, so as to be comfortable. In another part of the basement air from the outside was drawn in by a fan, passed over cakes of ice, and then forced through a metal duct to the swimming pool. Cold air sinks; and so the tiled basin soon filled with cool air, the watertight sides preventing the fresh cool air from escaping. As the air warmed it rose and escaped, more cool air taking its place.

J. W. Meares, electrical adviser to the government of India, has just perfected an improvement over some of the oldtime cooling systems used there. A common method has been to run a blackened ventilating pipe high up in the sunlight over a house to create a draft, and so draw the hot air from the rooms. Another has been to cool the air by passing it through screens of falling water. His idea is to build all houses with hollow walls and hollow ceilings, through which fresh air would be forced by fans, changing all the air in the walls at least once a minute. The incoming air he would cool by water or by refrigeration plants.

Textile mills in warm climates usually provide cooling for some of the rooms; the proportion of moisture in the air must be controlled, and a Swiss spinning mill solved this problem last summer by piping a cool mountain spring down to the mill and pouring the water over the roof.

Cold from a central station, as gas and electricity are now supplied, has long been a prediction of future luxury. The municipal architect of Paris, Eugène Henard, at the town-planning conference in Paris last winter, predicted that refrigeration will be supplied to houses in the form of liquid air from a central station.

In hotels cooling is a big success. In the reception and the dining rooms of the Auditorium Hotel, in Chicago, the air is cooled in the summer to an average of fourteen degrees lower than the outside air. Fourteen degrees may not sound much, but it feels a lot. In The Man Who Would Be King, Kipling tells of that hour just before dawn when the temperature drops to eighty and a man can sleep so soundly that the heat will not awaken him for several hours.

The cost of cooling five hundred thousand cubic feet of space in the Auditorium has averaged twenty dollars a day, not including interest and depreciation on the investment in the plant. At that rate the cooling of the air in a good six-room apartment would not cost over thirty or forty cents a day, exclusive of the interest and depreciation of the plant. It would actually cost much more than that, for the apartment house would have neither the advantage of low power costs nor the saving due to a large operation. Yet the figures do give hope that the cost question can be solved.

In the Ritz-Carlton, in New York, the winter-heating system is partly used for the summer-cooling system. Each room has a register at the floor level and one at the ceiling level. In the winter warm air comes into a room at the ceiling, and as it cools it drops and finally passes out through the floor register. In summer the current is reversed. Cold air comes in through the floor-level register, rises as it warms and then passes out through the ceiling level register. All the air in a room can be changed every six minutes. This cool air comes into the hotel through an airwasher, which cleans it with a water-spray. In the airwasher are located refrigeration pipes, which cool the air as it is being washed. Very similar methods are used by other hotels and by the New York Stock Exchange.

Water preferably cool and power of some sort are the only daily requirements of most refrigerating systems. The principles are simple, though the machinery is not. When air is compressed it becomes hot, which explains the heat developed in pumping up an automobile tire. After a while the air will cool off to the same temperature as the surrounding air, but it remains compressed. Then if it is allowed to expand it will take heat from everything near—or, in other words, will cool everything round it.

Most plants use ammonia as the element to be compressed, though there are many others. It is for the compressing of the ammonia that power is needed, and here it is that the electric companies get their business. The compressed ammonia, now hot, has to be cooled. The ordinary method is to run it in pipes up to the roof, if it is a large plant, and let the outside air cool the pipes.

The air, however, needs a little help to do the work; so water from a deep well or from city mains is allowed to drip over the pipes. This cools the compressed ammonia and it is ready to do its work.

The ammonia is then led in pipes to the place where cooling is required; and, still in pipecoils, it is allowed to expand. Immediately the coils become cold. The same ammonia then goes back to the compressor and makes the trip all over again. For various reasons, in most of the plants it is not desired to take the cold direct from the ammonia coils; so the coils are placed in vats of brine and cool the brine. The brine is then pumped through pipes in the refrigerator and cools the air. An advantage of this system, which would be of value for a home-cooling plant, is that the brine will stay cold for many hours; so, if enough brine is cooled, the cold can be stored up, like electricity in a storage battery, and used to do the cooling work while the compressor stops work for hours at a time—or even all night.

All these operations have now been combined in automatic control. One small refrigerator system need only be connected with an electric-light socket and with a small pipe from the city water supply, and it will run for months at a time. It looks as if it were possible to add to this device an apparatus for cooling air and sending it into a room. This may be one way home cooling for one room will be furnished. Such a cooler could be easily inclosed in a cabinet the size of a small bookcase. A cousin to such a cooler is now a common sight—the electric ozonizer, which uses the electric current to manufacture ozone in a small cabinet and blow it into a room for ventilation.

Cool air stirred up by fans, even if it is air that is not fresh and that would ordinarily be called bad, is vastly more comfortable than a slow-moving supply of warm fresh air that is pure. This is the latest discovery of science in ventilation; and since it was announced by a noted English scientist, Dr. Leonard Hill, last fall, it has been widely accepted. Of course fresh, cool, pure air from the outside is the most healthful of all; but bodily comfort is possible with cool, stirring, bad air.

Doctor Hill proved it with tests on students inclosed in a glass box. When they were supplied with plenty of warm, fresh, pure air in such a way that they did not feel any draft or breeze, they were soon distressed. Then, when they were given no more fresh air, but the air in the box was stirred up by fans, relief came immediately. If the air in the box was cooled more relief came. The explanation is that the lungs can stand, without immediate discomfort, considerable bad gas in the air; but that the skin, which in a sense is breathing all the time, cannot easily get along without a constant replacing of the air with which it is in contact.

All this will make the summer cooling of houses easier. Though the ideal summer cooling would be the constant supply of a large amount of pure air, well cooled, it will still be possible to obtain comfort with cool air stirred up thoroughly and a small amount of pure air from the outside.

Why Right-Handed?

WHY most people are right-handed is one of the unsettled questions of scientists, and now two American psychologists have come forward with evidence that it is due to the eyes. Their experiments indicate that most people underestimate space on the left hand and overestimate space on the right hand, and that this applies to the vision of babies as well as adults. Consequently they are inclined to believe that the right-hand habit develops because from infancy the reports which the eyes send in to the brain call for more work for the right hand than the left. It has long been known that the speech center in the brain of a man who is right-handed is on the left side of his head and that in the case of left-handed men the opposite is true. No general statistics have ever been compiled of the proportion of left-handed people, but it has been estimated at from two to four per cent. The Bible tells that in the tribe of Benjamin out of 26,700 there were 700 left-handed, which would give a percentage of 2.62 and accord very closely to the best estimates of today.

Submarine Greyhounds

SUBMARINE boat planning is just now showing signs of radical changes that will bring submarines much nearer to the Nautilus, the big, comfortable and roomy underwater yacht of Jules Verne's Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. It may not pay any one to build such a vessel for sightseeing, or be worth while to build one for pleasure yachting, but there is every reason to expect the appearance soon of boats that would serve as ready models in contrast to the present narrow, restricted, machinery-filled little steel tubes that are the only practical submarines.

Naval architects generally are agreed that the day of big submarines is at hand. It has been reported that plans have been drawn for a Russian submarine as big as many transatlantic steamers, 400 feet long and 5400 tons displacement, with 18,000 horsepower for surface running as high as 26 knots an hour, and 4400 horsepower for submerged running at a maximum speed of 14 knots.

While the report is not generally credited, it has not been discounted because of any impossibility of construction, and the naval men who discredit it expect to see 300-foot submarines soon. At present 176 feet in length and 800 tons displacement is about the largest, although England is working on boats of 1200 tons.

So long as submarines remained small they offered little in the way of comfort and thus gave no incentive to copying them for pleasure purposes. The coming models will be roomy enough to be comparatively pleasant. Another tendency in the latest submarine designing will increase the likelihood of their adaptation to pleasure use. They are now planned to be thoroughly serviceable boats for cruising on the surface for long distances at excellent rates of speed. They cannot have good speed and wide cruising radius both on the surface and under the water, so it is the growing tendency to be satisfied with a rather limited radius of action when submerged, and to increase as much as possible the speed and radius of surface running. The more the designers have planned them for long surface running, the more reason there has been to make them serviceable and comfortable for surface running. A level deck, high enough to be dry in fair weather, with railings and awnings that may be stowed away when a submerged run is contemplated, goes far to make the new designs comfortable.

Instantaneous Telephones

DISCARDED army bayonets are being used by the rangers of the United States forest service to enable them to send quick reports of forest fires or other important happenings in the woods direct to headquarters. The bayonets form the ground for portable telephone sets. The forests generally are being supplied with telephone lines, so that a ranger can always get to a line without traveling far. When he comes to the telephone line the ranger throws a coil of wire up over the telephone line, and saws it back and forth to scrape off oxidation of the metal and make a good contact.

He then pushes a bayonet down into the dampest soil near by and connects his portable telephone instrument to the bayonet and to the coil of wire that hangs over the main telephone line. Then he can call up the main office of the line.

THE PRICE OF PLACE

(Continued from Page 19)

"Then"—and Marsh gained control of himself by a strong effort—"of course I cannot vote for it."

The banker smiled that smile that only embraced his lips. His eyes were hard.

"I am sorry to hear you say that," he said. "I had hoped you would see your way clear to vote for it. You befriended the street-car extension into that section, you recall."

"But the Atlas Company wasn't interested then, Paxton told me."

"Not directly, perhaps, but sufficiently, I imagine, to make that vote of yours difficult of explanation if the matter should become public."

"Are you trying to threaten me?" Marsh demanded hotly.

"Not at all, my dear sir, not at all. Who am I that I should try to threaten an influential member of the House of Representatives and a senator-elect? Not at all. I merely desire to call these facts to your attention. By the way, I took the liberty of having our bookkeeper make up a statement of your account for you. You have not sent in your book in some time. I observe some heavy deposits now and then."

Marsh jumped from his chair. "What do you mean?" he shouted. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing." The banker was calm and courteous. "I thought you might like the information. We plan to have the books of our customers balanced every three months and yours has not been in for a year. That is all, I assure you."

Marsh was red with rage, but said nothing. There didn't seem to be anything for him to say.

"And," continued the banker, "while the banker's relation to his client is most confidential and sacred, at the same time that very relation intrusts him necessarily with a full knowledge of such transactions and checks as may pass through his bank. You appreciate that, of course?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, Mr. Marsh, I am informed as to the sources of your revenue. I do not desire to be harsh with you, but I am informed also, as you know, of the great benefit that will accrue to you by these street extensions. I am interested in these. It is not necessary for you to vote for them. Their passage has been arranged, both through the committee and the Congress. The matter comes up in committee tomorrow morning for final action. I trust you may be delayed and not be able to attend the committee meeting. That is all. Isn't the weather remarkable for this time of year? Not going, are you? Well, good morning."

Marsh walked out in a daze. He took a turn round the White House ellipse to think it out. The banker, of course, knew where his outside money had been obtained and how. He knew that miserable mistake of the Atlas Land Company. Marsh did not for a moment think the banker would expose him, for that would mean the banker's exposure and the exposure of others high up in Congress; but he felt he was in a way in the power of the banker. It would be fatal if one of the opposition newspapers, for example, should get wind of his transactions, small as they were. It would ruin him as a senator. Anyhow it was an affair of little importance. The street extensions undoubtedly were needed. Washington was growing rapidly and in that direction. He had been amazed, last time he drove out that way, to see the rows and rows of new houses that were going up. Perhaps he had not taken a broad view of the necessity for the extensions. He would think it over.

He thought it over with such decided results that he didn't go to the committee meeting and the extensions were recommended without protest. Instead of going to the meeting he went to see Senator Paxton.

"Howdy, senator," said Paxton as he entered the room. Marsh thrilled with pleasure at the salutation. The title of senator was yet so new to him that every time he heard it coupled with his own name he straightened up and threw out his chest.

Marsh jumped right into the matter he had in mind. "Say," he said, "that banker of ours took a fall out of me yesterday."

"What did he do? Call a loan?"

"No, but he intimated pretty plainly that if I didn't do certain things he might make trouble for me."

"Oh, indeed," said Paxton, looking much surprised. "Not really?"

"Exactly that. He wanted me to stay away from the District Committee and not oppose some street extensions."

"Well, where's the harm in that? He merely asked a favor, didn't he?"

"No," Marsh replied. "He demanded it."

"Jim," said Paxton, whirling round in his chair, "you've been here long enough to know that we're trying unselfishly to make Washington the most beautiful city in the world. And we're going to do it. Where's the harm if a few of us, while conferring these great benefits, confer a few on ourselves as a slight recompense for our labors, especially when the improvements we advocate are all in the line of a more livable and a more beautiful city?"

"If it comes to that I don't suppose there is any harm, but I didn't like the way he did it."

"Oh, forget it! Forget it! That conscience of yours is set on a hair-trigger. There'll be a dividend pretty soon from that Atlas investment. By the way, did you do what he asked you to?"

"Yes," confessed Marsh.

"Well, then, why all this fuss? It's over and no harm's done. There's a man coming in here this morning who wants to meet you."

Marsh read a paper for half an hour and then a tall, pompous man entered. Senator Paxton introduced him as Mr. William R. Elzey, of New York, receiver for a system of railroads in the Southwest. Mr. Elzey was glad to know Marsh. He had heard about him and had admired his speeches, not only for their oratorical effectiveness, but because of the profound grasp of the law they showed. They discussed legal questions, and Mr. Elzey proved to have much knowledge of the law as well as of big business affairs.

After this general conversation had continued for a time Senator Paxton said: "Elzey, I understand you desire to retain Senator Marsh's services in a purely legal way."

"Yes," Elzey replied, and he went into a long, complicated explanation of how he could use Marsh in a purely legal capacity as one of the lawyers for him in the affairs of his important receivership. He discussed the matter with Marsh for an hour. Marsh was delighted. This gave him an opportunity for making good fees at the legitimate practice of his profession. He went into the situation thoroughly, concluded to take hold of it, and Elzey gave him a check for $10,000 as a retainer. The arrangement was that Marsh was to have this retainer and fifteen hundred dollars a month and expenses. Elzey thought there would not be much necessity for traveling until after Congress adjourned, but he wanted Marsh to represent him in various capacities, both in Washington and in New York, entirely as a lawyer. He made that very clear. Neither Marsh nor the senator could see any objection, as there was nothing in the receivership that would come before Congress, and Marsh was much elated when he shook hands with Elzey and left him to talk further with Paxton.

"Curious chap, that man Marsh," said Paxton to Elzey. "He's a wonder, mentally, so far as big questions go, but the practical side of him is largely undeveloped. He will be a tower of strength to us over here when he gets into the Senate, because he has the gifts to make him invaluable as an advocate for us, to get out in front and explain plausibly to the people what we have in mind. He is one of the most convincing orators I ever heard, and he has a reputation for being upright that will be a great aid to us. He could make a lot of trouble if he were inclined to act on his real impulses, but we have been successful thus far in subduing those impulses. We've got to have him. Dobson is getting old and has all the money he needs, and he's talking about retiring. There isn't a man in sight to be the mouthpiece on the Senate floor except Marsh, and that's why we had you come over here and offer him that retainer. You fellows need him as much as we do."

"I think he can be made extremely useful," said Elzey pompously.

"Surest thing you know," Paxton replied. "If that wife of his persists in her social flight, and we can keep him full of the idea that both her efforts and what we can do for him will land him far along in power and reputation and wealth, it's easy as eating bread and butter. He is greedy for

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But wouldn't you open your eyes if So-and-So made $100,000—dropped $100,000—in potatoes?

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What he has done any man—any woman—of you can do too. And if you are hesitating about taking the step his story will help you. Next week

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power and influence and fame. His wife has him buffaloed into thinking her social game helps him. He needs money, and he has been filled to the ears with the information that the only way to get along is to be regular and play the game with the big players. We've pretty nearly landed him, and he will be a most useful asset to our crowd."

Marsh told Mrs. Marsh with great glee of his big retainer and his engagement by Elzey. Mrs. Marsh was delighted. She said she had been certain Marsh could utilize his talents and his legal knowledge if he was of that mind.

A few days later Marsh met Byron. Congress was ending in the usual confusion and tumult. There were early meetings and late sessions and a great jam of business. The newer members had gloomy forebodings that the session would end with a lot of the big appropriation bills not acted upon; but the old hands, who had been through this same mess many times, proceeded calmly, untangling things skillfully and shoving through measures one after another carrying millions and millions of dollars, with but limited debate but with exact knowledge of what they were doing in each instance. It was merely another exemplification of the expert working of the machine.

"Marsh," said Byron, "now that you are going over to the Senate there's one thing I'd advise you to do."

"What's that?" asked Marsh.

"Go into caucus with yourself and determine on your course of action. Intrinsically you are all right. At bottom you are sound, but this gang will get you if they haven't got you already—if you don't take a brace and look at things squarely."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are playing this game from the angle of the organization; that you are getting into that frame of mind where you think it is proper for the organization to control the people instead of having the people control the organization. You are coming to think as these robbers think, to act with them, to let them use you instead of standing up and fighting them.

"I don't mean, Marsh, that most of the men in Congress are not honest, for they are. It has come to be the fashion to laugh at Congress, to scoff at it, to jeer at it; but you know and I know, from our service here, that the aggregate wisdom of these men is great and that their real motives are patriotic. They are swept along by the cry of loyalty to party, and they have allowed a gang of men to control an organization that has been falsely held up to be the party itself instead of the creature of the party.

"What this gang you are training with is trying to do is to individualize the party, instead of keeping it as the party of the people. It isn't so hard as you think. The people are busy, and these men are apparently working for the good of the party. Having delegated their political authority, the people are looking out for their own affairs. Thus by buying those they have to buy and by cajoling those they can cajole, and by appealing to the fetish of party loyalty and regularity, these few men in the Senate and the House and their associates throughout the country have arrogated to themselves all the powers of the party. They are the party. Their organization is supreme and the people merely register their desires.

"They have been a long time building up their machine, but it is about perfected now and they have grabbed you as a necessary feature of it. You have great ability. You can do much, if you will; but what you do, I am afraid, will be done at the direction of these men instead of your own volition. If they haven't landed you, Marsh, they have hooked you, and I know what the bait was. Shake out the hook before it is too late, for as sure as you are standing there, Marsh, this whole affair will be blown up one of these days and you will all go down in the ruins. The people will revolt as soon as they know the facts, and you can help the few of us who are trying to tell those facts to them, and do good for all, if you will, instead of working in with these robbers and doing what you think is good, but what will really be harmful to yourself."

Marsh laughed. "You've got it pretty bad, Billy," he said.

Byron put out his hand. "Pardon me for being so serious," he said, "but I feel deeply on these matters, and I hate to see a man of your parts going to hell in a hanging basket."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 16)

"Not queer at all natural. We've just returned to the conventional and the commonplace, where we belong," I answered.

"Who lifted the curtain? Who passed us into the sacred uncommon place?"

I made no reply.

"You should not have been out so late alone," he began again presently.

"I had been with Alice, having some of that tea you sent her!" I flashed, now completely in possession of myself and my previous emotion, which I perceived was indignation after all.

"She asked me for it," he answered, a trifle too quickly, as if he also followed the thought in my mind. "I'll send you the other caddy. I have one left," he added.

"No, don't. I hate that tea. It smells like sweet poison. Goodnight!"

David and I had reached my door. I sprang up the steps, leaving him staring up at me dismayed.

"But," he exclaimed, "I want to ——"

"Goodnight, Mr. Brock"

"Goodnight, Miss Marr."

I closed the door, and stood for a moment in the dim hall looking about me, deeply wretched. What was it he was going to say? What was it he wanted? My life, my happiness depended upon knowing. Yet I had not permitted him to tell me. A woman will always exercise a peevish power over a man when she knows she can, even at the expense of her own peace of mind. That was the explanation, which I was too young to know of myself.

Francis was descending the stairs, elegantly attired, like a modern knight errant who carries a lady's glove in his breast pocket, not fastened in his helmet.

"Joy, do you know that it's seven o'clock? You've kept dinner waiting nearly an hour, and I have an engagement with Margaret Derry!"

"It is not seven o'clock!" I contradicted.

"Look at your watch," he answered, disappearing into the dining room.

I looked. It was three minutes past seven

Father came out of the library, walking very feebly, his carpet slippers flapping from his heels.

"Joy, you've kept dinner waiting over an hour," he complained.

I laid aside my coat and followed the two men in to dinner, still confused about the time, a lively suspicion taking shape in my mind about David.

Father seated himself dismally at the head of the table, bowed over it like an old warrior who has been borne in upon his shield. He took his soup as if in a certain case it would be the last nourishment he expected to swallow in this world of unjust and harassing debts.

Francis, at the other end, observed him sharply. We both recognized the premonitory symptoms that always went before a request for a loan. Seated between them, I used my spoon in a whisper and kept my eyes lowered. It was a pregnant moment which I always dreaded. It lasted until the fowl was placed before father.

Then, holding the carving knife aloft, suspended like a deadly weapon, he fixed a severe and accusing eye upon me.

"Joy, where's that hundred dollars I gave you last week?" he demanded.

"I spent it, father," I answered.

"You are becoming outrageously extravagant, Joy. How much do you owe? Come, tell me exactly."

"I do not know, father a good deal, I fear!"

"And my note falls due at the bank tomorrow!" he groaned.

As a matter of fact he had not given me a hundred dollars; my debts, which were many, remained blandly unpaid. But there are two relations women always sustain to weak and improvident men—either they try to reform them and make up for their deficiencies with their own sacrifices, or they protect them. Mother spent her life in futile efforts to reform and atone for father's transgressions, and I have always pursued the other course of protecting him, which is the only effective method.

Usually during this prefatory dialogue, of which I was the invariable victim, Francis would draw and tighten his upper lip into a silent snarl, and pass his coldly brilliant eye from one to the other of us like an angry man caught in a trap. But that night I was astonished to observe a witty smile upon his thin face.

"Francis," father resumed with a sigh, "I am obliged to ask you to indorse my note at the bank again. And I must have the loan of another hundred until next month. I shall be able then to return the entire amount."

"All right, father, but I cannot lend any more," he agreed.

"I have already explained to you, my son, that I shall not need any more. I should not have needed this if it had not been for Joy's outrageous extravagance. And I'm resolved to curb that. You understand, Joy, no more debts!"

His magnificent voice ran the scale of tones from aggrieved righteousness to Francis until it reached me severely authoritative, but contradicted by the beam of subdued wit in his eye.

Immediately he ascended into himself, squared his shoulders and proceeded to carve the fowl, as if it were the form of vanquished Fate upon the dish.

After dinner Francis took me aside and offered me a check.

"For your outrageous debts," he said, grinning.

I looked up at him in calculating amazement. I knew that the check was the price of something. He never parted with money generously.

"But, Francis, dear " I began.

"Going with Marshall tonight?" he interrupted.

"Yes," I answered.

"Do you think you could manage it again on Wednesday evening for the Franklin cotillon?"

"I don't know; he hasn't asked me," I answered, bewildered and embarrassed.

"Well, see that he does! I want to take Mrs. Derry!" he said shortly, turning upon his heel.

"So that is it!" I cried, laughing. "I'm to hold Emmet off while you pay court to Margaret"

"Exactly. I'll stand for your 'scandalous extravagance' so long as you do!" he announced, pulling on his coat and gloves without looking at me.

Here was commerce for you, the trade of love reduced to its last analysis. I resolved to embrace the opportunity it afforded for a gown I needed for that same cotillion, provided I secured the right partner, a matter that was giving me some concern, for I knew from Alice that Emmet intended to take Mrs. Derry.

We were seated in his box an hour later. The house was dark. The stage was a blaze of rosy light and crowded with a kind of variety ballet, varying from shepherdesses to girls in tights with only short, gold-embroidered frills round their hips. Mrs. Buckhaulter nodded in the darkest shadow of our curtains. She made the best of chaperons, always lifting her fan and dozing behind it through an act, always lowering it and searching the house with her opera glasses the moment the curtain fell and the lights came on. Colonel Buckhaulter was even more satisfactory. He withdrew through each act of the performance, only returning during the intermission to assist his wife in locating their friends and in receiving them. His chair was empty now. We were practically alone. The people in the orchestra circle below showed like a dim mass, ever in motion, but never moving more than their heads and shoulders. The music was flattering the heels of the dancers—light, gay, sensuous. Feeling Emmet's eyes upon me, I was satisfied to watch them. A woman never appears so unconscious as when she is most conscious of the eyes of a man.

I was supremely aware of myself. I wore a tunic of apple-green gauze over my white chiffon gown, which was cut very low, like a green calyx, upon the shoulders.

"Joy," whispered Emmet, "have you the least idea how you look?"

"No, not the faintest. I'm watching that pretty shepherdess yonder," I replied, with my eyes still upon the central figure on the stage.

"You look like a bending bough of apple blossoms in the dark before the dawn. That circle of brilliants in your hair is the dew upon the blossom!"

"Thank you, Mr. Marshall! Do you make speeches like that to all the girls?" I smiled, looking provocatively over my shoulder at him.

"Not like that, no. It makes a fellow want to wear you for a for a gardenia!"

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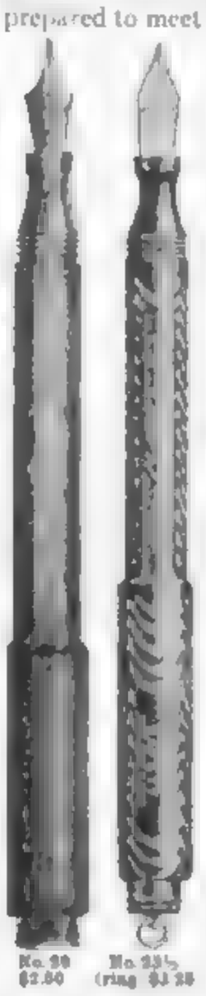

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"And cast me away withered like a gardenia afterward!" I retorted, not pleased.

"That would depend ——" he began.

"Upon whether he could get it," I retorted hotly.

"No!" he retorted impudently.

The curtain fell. The crowded pit, boxes and galleries sprang wildly applauding out of the darkness.

Mrs. Buckhaulter lowered her fan with a perceptible snort and lifted her glasses.

"Marcellus, who is that ugly dark person just entering Mrs. Franklin's box? Why, where is Marcellus?"

"Here, my dear, behind you," came the colonel's voice.

"That person to whom you refer," said Emmet, "is the West Meadow Company, known to recent fame as Mr. David Brock."

It was, in fact, David standing behind Mrs. Franklin's chair, who leaned in it like an old poison toadstool, her flabby cheeks rouged, her red lips stretched in a ghastly smile, and a tiara of diamonds in her elaborately curled auburn coiffure, sparkling like a wicked grin turned upside down.

"What does that mean?" demanded Mrs. Buckhaulter.

"Means that the old lady bought a whole block of West Meadow today and paid cash for it!" laughed the colonel.

"May mean that she intends to marry him!" added Emmet.

"Here, Marcellus, take these glasses and tell me who the other man is in there. I can't make him out."

"The Honorable Augustus Brown," said Emmet, before the colonel could adjust the lenses.

"He brought her and the companion," I explained, laughing. "I saw them enter late."

"Oh, then it is Brown she has her eye upon," commented Mrs. Buckhaulter.

"Well, he seems to have his on the tiara anyhow. Observe how he is staring at it!"

We all laughed.

"Has she invited you to her cotillon next week, Joy?" inquired Mrs. Buckhaulter.

"Oh, yes, Francis and I are both invited. He is going with Margaret Derry," I replied. I saw my opportunity and seized it.

Under cover of a conversation between the Buckhaulters Emmet turned to me.

"Did you say that your brother has an engagement with Mrs. Derry for the cotillon?" he asked in a low voice.

"I think so. He has engagements with her for everything. Francis is very much in earnest this time, I believe. You'd better look after your interests in that direction, Mr. Marshall!" I replied.

"I never compete!" he said, straightening himself and looking annoyed.

"No?"

"Never; it doesn't pay. By the way, will you go with me to the cotillon? Old Franklin has asked me to lead it."

"I'll be delighted." And I doubtless showed how delighted, for he smiled, evidently pleased with himself. I looked across and saw David apparently studying the frescoes in the ceiling above my head.

The week passed and I heard nothing from him. Then one afternoon Molly came to my door to say that some one wanted to speak to me on the telephone. I hurried into the library, only to find that she had hung up the receiver.

"Molly!" I screamed; "you've disconnected!"

"No'm, I didn't, Miss Joy. He was right dar when I went to tell you. If he lef he lef hisself. I didn't do a thing to him!" she answered, with her head through the kitchen door.

"Who was it a man?"

"Yes'm, he was a man. I know that, but I don't know which one of 'em hit was, honey. You has so many callin' you!"

"Was it Mr. Redding?"

"No'm, it warn't him. I know his voice."

"Was it Chan Peters or Bunk Hopgood?"

"No'm, Miss Joy, hit warn't none of them boys that comes round here so much; hit was a man, I tells you."

"Did he have a deep, low, rumbling voice, like—like soft thunder?"

"Lor', honey, no; he warn't mad nor nothing like that. He spoke mighty pleasant, as if he had a bouquet in his mouth."

"Go away, Molly!" I exclaimed, "and don't hang up the receiver again; leave it swinging, throw it in the waste basket, anywhere."

She retired, grumbling something about having been told when she used the telephone not to leave the receiver hanging down.

I went back into the library, sat down by the telephone and stared at it disconsolately. I was sure it was David who had called. Every hour of every day since our meeting in the park I had been expecting him to call me.

Five minutes elapsed while I struggled with my disappointment. Then suddenly I snatched up the telephone directory; turned the pages rapidly, frantically, as if it was a matter of life and death. I ran my eyes hastily down the B's until I came to the magic name and number.

"Give me Main three double six!" I called. I waited with the receiver to my ear. Not a sound, not a click. I rattled the telephone.

"Central, quick—Main three double six, please! It's—oh, it's very important!"

"Well!" came a cold, steady voice. I was appalled. It was indeed the voice of David Brock, but how harsh! I took my courage in my hands.

"Hello! Is that you, Mr. David Brock?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Oh," I almost sobbed, the blood flying to my face.

"Hello! Hello!" The telephone clattered furiously.

"Oh, Mr. Brock, did you—have you just called me?" I managed to say.

"Who is thus speaking?" came the same harsh, measured tones.

"It's Joy Marr, Mr. Brock; and some one called, and the maid hung up the receiver before I could answer, and I thought perhaps it was you."

"Bless my soul, it was of course! But I didn't recognize your voice. I ——"

"Well, if that is the way you speak to people they'll never buy your lots, that's all!" I quavered, beginning to laugh. "You almost frightened me out of my wits!"

"Seems as if I were fated to do that, doesn't it? And it's the last thing in the world I'd want to do. I beg your pardon. I was busy here in the office, and I thought it was somebody wanting me uptown."

"But didn't you say you had just called me?"

"Er—yes—I did!"

"Well, here I am. What did you want?"

There was a perceptible pause, then:

"I wanted to ask you to go with me to Mrs. Franklin's cotillon."

"Oh, why didn't you ask sooner!" I cried, giving myself away.

"I did try that night when you slammed the door in my face!" came reproachfully into my ear.

"I didn't. I ——"

At this moment Molly ushered Emmet into the room.

I clapped my hand over the telephone mouthpiece and looked round appalled.

"Joy, I called about ten minutes ago. Couldn't get you ——"

"You called? You!" I cried, horrified.

"Yes. Central disconnected. Came anyhow. I wanted to take you out to West Meadow to see how things are going out there. Haven't been, have you? Hello, talking to somebody? Beg pardon!"

"Yes, to—to Alice!" I fibbed.

Then, distracted at the predicament, I put my lips to the telephone again:

"Goodby, dear; see you tomorrow!"

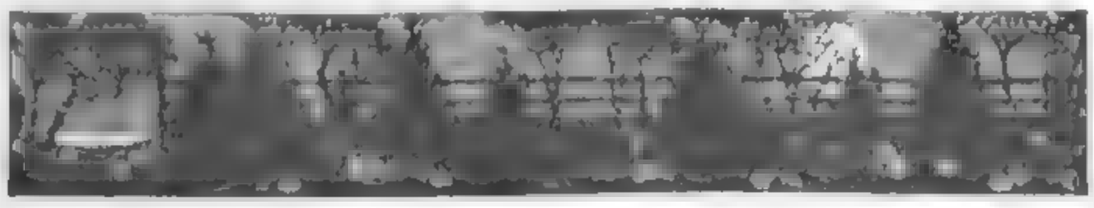
"Hello! Hello! Is that you, Joy?" I hung up the receiver.

"You two must have been saying something particularly bad and delicious to each other, judging by the warmth of your color," said Emmet, laughing at my flushed face.

"We were. I don't know how I came to do it."

"You'll do a lot of things like that if you keep up your relations—only you won't keep them up!" he said. "Now bundle up. Cold as Greenland outside."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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"A pipeful of Tuxedo after a game is the most restful smoke I can find."

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Jimmy Archer, of the Chicago Cubs, well known catcher and .300 hitter, says:

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Jack McInnis, star first baseman of the Philadelphia Athletics, says:

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THE HAUNTED DOOR

(Continued from Page 13)

on French soil under such conditions? What explanation could be given? What international complications would follow? . . . I have thought the whole thing out. I must depend solely on you, marquis. My brother Rudolph is now in Basel. Go to him there; tell him this thing in person and he will come here with his servants and release me. There is time enough. You will reach Basel tomorrow; these peasants will not murder me until the five days are up, and Rudolph will act swiftly."

"But, prince," interrupted the marquis, "how will your brother know that I come from you? There is nothing here with which to write a message. Suppose he should refuse to believe me—or take me for a madman?"

"I have also thought of that," replied Von Gratz.

He went away from the window and presently returned with the Bible of which he had spoken—a small, thick old book with a leather cover.

"During the Franco-German War," he continued, "the officers of the division to which Rudolph and myself belonged made use of this simple device. If a messenger bearing a dispatch brought with him any sort of book, no matter what, marked with a fingerprint on any three of its successive pages ending in seven, the dispatch of that messenger was to be taken as of the most urgent necessity. I have thus marked this Bible on its seventh, its seventeenth and its twenty-seventh pages. Show it to my brother, and he will not only believe what you say but he will also know by this sign that I am in the most desperate position."

And he handed the thick old book through the opening in the door.

"You will find Rudolph Von Gratz at the Hotel of the Three Kings. And now farewell, my friend! My life will depend on your devotion! Go out of the house on the side you entered so that the peasants cannot see you from their field, flank the woods round them and return to Geneva, on the road from Ferney, as you have been accustomed to do."

The marquis put the book into his pocket and left the house. He entered the woods and made a détour round the little meadow, keeping well within the cover of the trees; but when he came opposite to where the peasants worked he stopped.

The afternoon was entrancing; a warm vitalizing sun lay upon the earth; a breath of balmy air moved; the sounds of men and horses came to him from the distant fields; away in the blue sky the lark trilled. The mood of the world was a benediction. And the Italian shuddered!

It was the custom of poets in their tragedies to make the aspect of Nature symbolic of their motif, and it was thought that this relation struck the human mind with greater terror; but the exact reverse of that conception was true!

Under the gray roof of the distant farmhouse, peaceful in the sun, a human soul, entrapped by a supernal fantasy, awaited a doom as tragic as any in the Book of Kings! And before him, to the eye, two gentle old men digged a field that they might cultivate the fruits of the earth—while, in fact, they pursued an appalling vengeance.

The marquis lifted his hat and wiped the sweat from his face. He looked at the two peasants, their bodies awkward and uncouth, their faces stolid; and he thought how he would have passed them by on his quest for the fierce old passions of the race. And yet these simple creatures had conceived and carried out a thing unequaled even in the Wars of Yahveh.

And this big, vivid, hideous tragedy went on, invisibly and without a sign, at the heart of this perfect day!

The man could not escape from the dominion of this oppressive idea; he continued to consider it as he crossed the fields and on the road from Ferney to Geneva. But out here in the sun, as he approached the voices and activities of men, as he observed the children at play and listened to the peasants calling in good will to one another, he found it difficult to accept as one of the realities of life the thing he had just experienced. It seemed now—here—like the grotesque fancies of a nightmare. And unconsciously, as a sort of verification, the marquis took the Bible out of his pocket and began to look at the pages Von Gratz had named. Yes; they were marked as the German had said, with a sort of smear, as though by a finger blackened on the hearth.

He was about to return the book to his pocket when he realized that the road before him was barred by a gendarme. He looked up. He had come to the line where the road crosses out of France. On a bench before the door of the bureau of police a thin, gray man, who looked like a gentleman of leisure, sat reading a journal. The marquis stepped back and put the book into his pocket. At the same time a second gendarme came out into the road.

"Monsieur," he said, "we are compelled to detain you"

"Detain me!" echoed the marquis. "For what reason?"

"Monsieur will doubtless learn that later on," replied the gendarme.

The marquis was indignant.

"I protest against this outrage!" he said. "I am a subject of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and I demand instant permission to proceed!"

The gendarmes did not reply, but they now advanced as though they would take the Italian into custody. At this moment the man who sat on the bench before the door put down his journal, rose and came out into the road. As he approached the marquis he bowed.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said, "I have some trifling influence with the authorities here and I shall be charmed to be of service to so distinguished a personage as the Marquis Banutelli."

The Italian was at a loss to understand how his name and title should be known to this stranger; but he observed that the man was a gentleman and he was grateful for any means that offered him an escape from the gendarmes.

"I thank you, monsieur!" he said. "I shall be obliged to you—or to any one—for permission to continue on my way to Geneva. I cannot understand why this indignity is put upon me."

The stranger made a slight conciliatory gesture.

"Ah, monsieur, nations will have their little foibles." He looked at his watch. "And, now, if the Marquis Banutelli will do me the honor of drinking a cup of tea"—he indicated a neighboring villa—"I think I can promise him safe conduct to Geneva within the hour and the end of his anxieties."

They entered a gate of the villa and ascended a long garden that gained the summit of a hill toward Lake Leman. Here was a view unexcelled in the environs of Geneva. In one direction lay the ranges of Haute-Savoie and the White Mountain in the sky, and in the other the Jura and the incomparable valley beneath it.

At a table, on the summit of this garden, the stranger placed a chair for the marquis facing the panorama of the Alps, and himself sat down beyond him, where he could look into the French valley and the great road. Tea was brought and while he poured it and added a bit of lemon the stranger addressed the marquis.

"Monsieur," he began, "I esteem myself singularly fortunate in this honor. I have long wished to have your opinion upon the structure of the German opera." He made a gracious gesture, as though in deference to so distinguished an authority. "It has always seemed to me that the machinery of German tragedy is unnecessarily ponderous, weighted down with the clumsiest devices and demanding at every turn heavy, lugubrious effects—as though the mystic German mind moved always in a dense, almost palpable atmosphere of romance. Or am I in this, monsieur, merely misled by prejudice?"

The tea was excellent, the stranger had an engaging manner, and the question was launched upon the very sea the marquis sailed. He was compelled to consider it; and he found his host following his words with so close an interest, such intelligent comment and so high a regard for the speaker's opinion that the marquis was charmed.

A quarter of an hour—a half—three-quarters of an hour—fled. The marquis was deep in the subtleties of his critique when suddenly his host pointed down to the road from Ferney.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said, "but is not the person yonder, at this moment crossing out of France, the Prussian general, Prince Ulrich Von Gratz?"

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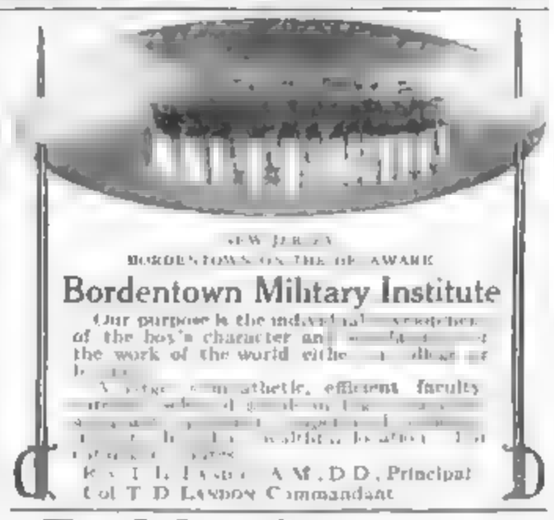

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The marquis sprang up and turned about so quickly that he almost overthrew the table. The gendarmes were standing stiffly at attention and the big military figure of the German was striding past them into Switzerland. The marquis caught his breath with a hissing murmur through the teeth.

"Thank God!" he cried. "He is safe!"

"Safe!" echoed his companion as though in astonishment. "How could a distinguished stranger be other than safe on the soil of France?"

"But he is free! He has escaped!" continued the excited Banutelli. "He goes safely into Geneva! And I left him but now a prisoner awaiting death!"

Hurriedly and with gesticulation he recounted all the details of this sinister trap in which Von Gratz had been taken, with the supernatural pressure that had forced him to enter it, the fatal patience that received him, and the diabolic vengeance that awaited him—together with the part he had played and the message that he now carried to Prince Rudolph, in Basel.

The tall, gray man standing before the amazed Italian stooped and lighted a cigarette, striking the match slowly and with deliberation. Then he held it up, watching the flame die out, with a gentle, whimsical smile.

"Ah, marquis," he said, "as you so aptly remarked but now in your discourse, the Germans are incurably romantic!" He threw away the bit of match with a little flip of the fingers. "Who but a Teuton, if his object was to get something taken out of France, something he feared to carry himself and which was to be placed by his agents in an abandoned house, with the signal that the door, usually closed, should be open when the thing was ready . . . what intriguer, marquis, I ask it of you, but a German, to accomplish that simple end, would resort to all these involved and ponderous properties of the tragic poets, including dreams and visitations, an imaginary execution and a secret cipher, and involving an empty house tied up in a French lawsuit, and two simple old peasants who never harmed a creature in this world!"

"But, monsieur," cried the astonished marquis, "what thing could Prince Ulrich Von Gratz wish carried out of France, and who are you to know all this?"

"If you will permit me to examine the Bible in your pocket," replied the stranger, "I think I can undertake to reply."

The marquis handed the man the book. He put it down on the table and, slipping the blade of a pocketknife along the edges of the leather cover, ripped it open. Within, making the thick back, were two closely folded packets of glazed cambric, crowded with drawings.

"These," he said, "are the plans of all the French forts along the range of the Vosges. . . . And I, monsieur, am Jonequel, the prefect of police of Paris!"

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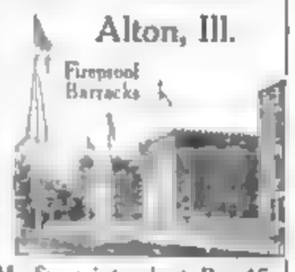

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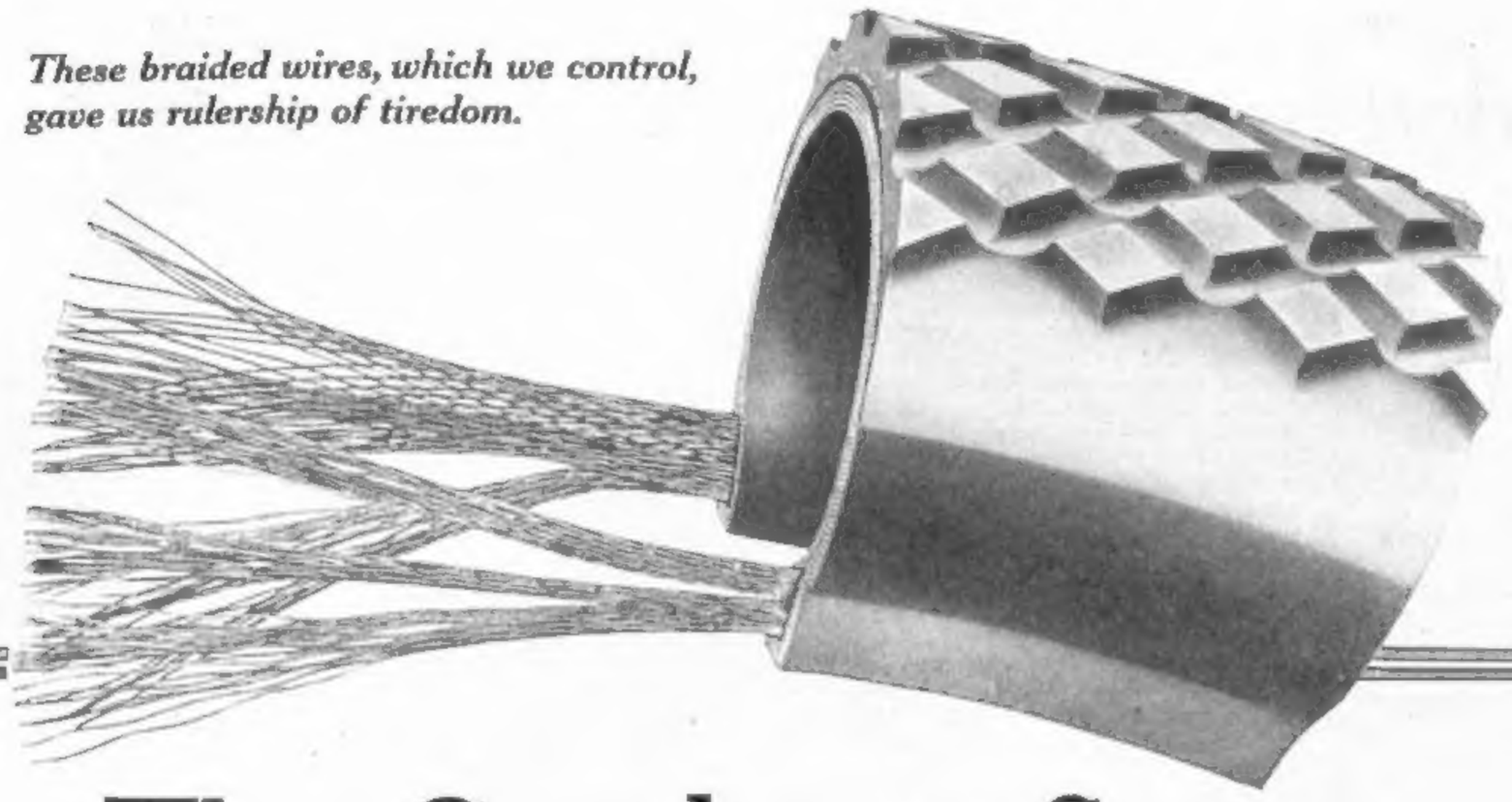

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SMOKE OF BATTLE

(Concluded from Page 7)

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"What did you do then, ma'am?" he asked.

"I didn't know what to do," she said, dropping her hands into her lap. "I run until I couldn't run no more, and then I walked and walked and walked. I reckon I must 'a' walked ten miles. And then, when I was jest about to drop, I come past this house. There was a light burnin' on the porch and I could make out to read the sign on the door, and it said Lodgers Taken.

"So I walked in and rung the bell, and when the woman came I said I'd jest got here from the country and wanted a room. She charged me two dollars a week, in advance; and I paid her two dollars down—and she showed me the way up here.

"I've been here ever since, except twicet when I slipped out to buy me somethin' to eat at a grocery store and to git some newspapers. At first I figgered the police would be acomin' after me; but they didn't—there wasn't nobody at all seen the shootin', I reckon. And I was skeered Vic Magner might tell on me; but I guess she didn't want to run no risk of gittin' in trouble herself—that Captain Brennan, of the Second Precinct, he's been threatenin' to run her out of town the first good chance he got. And there wasn't none of the other girls there that knew I ever knew Rod Bullard. So, you see, I ain't been arrested yit.

"Layin' here yistiddy all day, with nothin' to do but think and cry, I made up my mind I'd kill myself. I tried to do it. I took that there pistol out and I put it up to my head; and I said to myself that all I had to do was jest to pull on that trigger-thing and it wouldn't hurt me but a secont—and maybe not that long. But I couldn't do it, mister—I jest couldn't do it at all. It seemed like I wanted to die, and yit I wanted to live too. All my life I've been jest that way—first thinkin' about doin' one thing and then another, and hardly ever doin' either one of 'em.

"Here on this bed tonight I got to thinkin' if I could jest tell somebody about it that maybe after that I'd feel easier in my mind. And right that very minute you come and knocked on the door, and I knew it was a sign—I knew you was the one for me to tell it to. And so I've done it; and already I think I feel a little bit easier in my mind. And so that's all, mister. But I wisht please you'd take that pistol away with you when you go—I don't never want to see it again as long as I live."

She paused, huddling herself in a heap upon the bed. The major's short arm made a gesture toward the cheap suitcase.

"I observe," he said, "that your portmanteau is packed as if for a journey. Were you thinking of leaving, may I ask?"

"My which?" she said. "Oh, you mean my baggage! Yes; I ain't never unpacked it since I come here. I was aimin' to go back to my home—I got a stepsister livin' there and she might take me in—only after payin' for this room I ain't got quite enough money to take me there; and now I don't know as I want to go either. If I kin git my strength I might stay on here—I kind o' like city life. Or I might go up to Cincinnati. A girl that I used to know here is livin' there now and she wrote to me a couple of times; and I know her address—it was backed on the envelope. Still, I ain't sure—my plans ain't all made yit. Sometimes I think I'll give myself up; but most generally I think I won't. I've got to do somethin' purty soon though, one way or another, because I ain't got but a little over three dollars left out of what I had."

She sank her head in the pillow wearily, with her face turned away from him. The major stood up. Into his side coat pocket he slipped the revolver that had snuffed out the late and unsavory Rodney Bullard's light of life, and from his trousers pocket he slowly drew forth his supply of ready money. He had three silver dollars, one quarter, one dime and a nickel—three-forty in all. Contemplating the disks of metal in the palm of his hand, he did a quick sum in mental arithmetic. This was Thursday night now. Saturday afternoon at two he would draw a pay envelope containing twelve dollars. Meantime he must eat. Well, if he stinted himself closely a dollar might be stretched to bridge the gap until Saturday. The major had learned a good deal about the noble art of stinting these last few weeks.

On the coverlet alongside the girl he softly piled two of the silver dollars and the forty cents in change. Then, after a momentary hesitation, he put down the third silver dollar, gathered up the forty cents, slid it gently into his pocket and started for the door, the loose planks creaking under his tread. At the threshold he halted.

"Good night, Miss La Mode," he said. "I trust your night's repose may be restful and refreshing to you—ma'am."

She lifted her face from the pillow and spoke without turning to look at him.

"Mister," she said, "I've told you the whole truth about that thing and I ain't goin' to lie to you about anythin' else. I didn't come from Indianapolis, Indiana, like I told you. My home is in Swainboro', this state—a little town. You might know where it is? And my real name ain't La Mode neither. I taken it out of a book—the La Mode part—and I always did think Blanche was an awful sweet name for a girl. But my real name is Gussie Stammer. Good night, mister. I'm much obliged to you fer listenin', and I ain't goin' to disturb you no more with my cryin' if I kin help it."

As the major gently closed her door behind him he heard her give a long, sleepy sigh, like a tired child. Back in his own room he glanced about him, meanwhile feeling himself over for writing material. He found in his pockets a pencil and a couple of old letters, whereas he knew he needed a big sheaf of copy paper for the story he had to write. Anyway, there was no place here to do an extended piece of writing—no desk and no comfortable chair. The office would be a much better place.

The office was only a matter of two or three blocks away. The negro watchman would be there; he stayed on duty all night. Using the corner of his washstand for a desk, the major set down his notes—names, places, details, dates—upon the backs of his two letters. This done, he settled his ancient hat on his head, picked up his cane, and in another minute was tiptoeing down the stairs and out the front doorway. Once outside, his tread took on the brisk emphasis of one set upon an important task and in a hurry to do it.

Ten minutes later the major sat at his desk in the empty city room of the Evening Press. Except for Henry, the old black night watchman, there was no other person in the building anywhere. Just over his head an incandescent bulb blazed, bringing out in strong relief the major's intent old face, mullioned with crisscross lines. A cedar pencil, newly sharpened, was in his fingers; under his right hand was a block of clean copy paper. His notes lay in front of him, the little stubnosed pistol serving as a paper weight to hold the two wrinkled envelopes flat. Through the loop of the trigger-guard the words, Gussie Stammer, alias Blanche La Mode, showed. Everything was ready.

The major hesitated though. He fidgeted his paper and his pencil. He scratched his head and pulled at the little tuft of goatee under his lower lip. Like many a more experienced author, Major Stone was having trouble getting under way. He had his own ideas about a fitting introductory paragraph. Coming along, he had thought up a full sonorous one, with a Biblical injunction touching on the wages of sin embodied in it; but, on the other hand, there was to be borne in mind the daily-dinned injunction of Devore that every important news item should begin with a sentence in which the whole story was summed up. Finally Major Stone made a beginning. He covered nearly a sheet of paper.

Then, becoming suddenly dissatisfied with it, he tore up what he had written and started all over again, only to repeat the same operation. Two salty drops rolled down his face and fell upon the paper, and instantly little twin blistered blobs like tearmarks appeared on its clear surface. They were not tears, though—they were drops of sweat wrung from the major's brow by the pains of creation.

Again he poised his pencil and again he halted it in the air—he needed inspiration. His gaze rested absently upon the pistol; absently he picked it up and began examining it.

It was a cheap, rusted, second-hand thing, poorly made, but no doubt deadly enough at close range. He unbreeched it, spun the cylinder with his thumb and spilled the contents into his palm—four loaded shells, sooty and slick with grease, and one that had been recently fired; and it was discolored and flattened a trifle. Each of the four loaded shells had a small cap like a little round staring eye set in the exact center of its flanged butt-end, but the eye of the fifth shell was punched in. He turned the empty weapon in his hands, studying its mechanism, and as he did so a scent of burnt powder, stale and dead, came to him out of the fouled muzzle. He wrinkled his nose and sniffed at it.

It had been many a long day since the major had had that smell in his nostrils—many a long, long day. But there had been a time when it was familiar enough to him. Even now it brought the clamoring memories of that far-distant time back to him, fresh and vivid. It stimulated his imagination, quickening his mind with big thoughts. It recalled those four years when he had fought for a principle, and had kept on fighting even when the substance of the thing he fought for was gone and there remained but the empty husk. It recalled those last few hopeless months when the forlorn hope had become indeed a lost cause; when the forty cents he now carried in his pocket would have seemed a fortune; when the sorry house where he lodged now would have seemed a palace; when, without prospect or hope of reward or victory, he had piled risk upon risk, piled sacrifice upon sacrifice, and through it all had borne it all without whimper or complaint—fighting the good fight like a soldier, keeping the faith like a gentleman. It was the Smoke of Battle!

The major had his inspiration now, right enough. He knew just what he would write—knew just how he would write it. He laid down the pistol and the shells and squared off, and straightway began writing. For two hours nearly the major wrote away steadily, rarely changing or erasing a word.

Just before one o'clock he finished. The completed manuscript, each page of the twenty-odd pages properly numbered, lay in a neat pile before him. He scooped up the pistol-shells and stored them in an inner breast pocket of his coat; then he opened a drawer, slipped the emptied revolver well back under a riffle of papers and clippings, and closed the drawer.

He shoved his completed narrative back under the roll-top of Devore's desk, where the city editor would see it the very first thing when he came to work; and as he straightened up with a little grunt of satisfaction and stretched his arm out the last of his fine-linen shirts, with a rending sound, ripped down the plaited front, from collarband almost to waistline.

He eyed the ruined bosom with a regretful stare, plucking at the gaping tear with his graphite-dusted fingers and shaking his head mournfully. Yet as he stepped out into the street, bound for his lodgings, he jarred his heels down upon the sidewalk with the brisk, snapping gait of a man who has tackled a hard job and has done it well, and is satisfied with the way he has done it.

Under a large black head the major's story was printed in the Fourth of July edition of the Evening Press. It ran full two columns and lapped over into a third column. It was an exhaustive—and exhausting—account of the Fall of Vicksburg.

Detroiter

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Recipe for Making Good Bread

3 Quarts GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
2 Tablespoons Lard
2 Cakes Compressed Yeast
2 Rounding Teaspoons Salt
1 Quart Water
2 Level Tablespoons Sugar

Place water or milk in mixing bowl. Dissolve yeast cakes in same.

Then add salt, sugar and lard. Lastly sift and add GOLD MEDAL FLOUR.

Mix thoroughly, or until smooth. Let rise until double in volume.

Recipe for Making Good Bread

(continued)

Knead down gently. Allow to rise one half its volume.

Mould into loaves to half fill the pans.

Allow to rise to top of pans and place in the oven.

Keep the dough covered —avoid drafts.

In warm weather, use *cool* water or milk. In cold weather, use *warm* water or milk.

A thermometer is helpful. Have temperature of the dough when mixed, 84°.

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